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JOHNSVILLE
IN THE OLDEN TIME,
AND
OTHER STORIES.

JOHNSVILLE

IN THE OLDEN TIME,

Dutchess County, N.Y.

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY

NATHAN J. BAILEY.

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NOTE.

The following stories were written to beguile an occasional leisure hour, and if they afford the reader as much pleasure in their perusal as they did the Author in composing them, they will have answered the end for which they are published.

THE AUTHOR.

Goodspeed—6.00

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JOHNSVILLE

IN THE

OLDEN TIME.



THE little village of Johnsville, some forty years ago, was a bustling, active place, full of hubbub and gaiety, and, as such, presented a striking contrast to its present quiet, dreamy-like appearance.

The good dames of the village, in the olden time, were an energetic people. They arose betimes in the morning, and devoted the early hours of the day to scrubbing, dusting, baking, scolding, and to household operations in general. Their afternoons were spent in social intercourse, in meeting around from house to house, enjoying sociable tea-drinks, and discussing the news of the day. As the ladies of those days, especially in that vicinity, were inveterate smokers, the village every afternoon was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, which made navigation through it at some times difficult. But everything has its advantages, as the more vigorously the good matrons puffed away, the more their imaginations became befogged, and hence their discussions, which oftentimes were rather boisterous and excited, happily ended in smoke.

Johnsville, in the days we write of, enjoyed a lucrative trade with the country around. The anvil of the village blacksmith resounded with heavy blows from early morn until the shades of evening interposed. The old shoemaker and his one-eyed apprentice were forced to peg and wax away to keep the understandings of their customers in good order and repair. The village store, with its large assortment of calicoes, and other finery of that age, never lacked for a supply of customers. The inhabitants of the adjacent mountains came down in un-

told numbers to barter eggs for mackerel, and such was the quantity of the latter article carried off to the hill country, that the street, or road, leading from the village in that direction, became known in time as Mackerel Avenue. The village Doctor, whose business it was to supply the community with a full measure of health, discharged his onerous duty with entire satisfaction. He possessed a never-failing remedy for every variety of sickness. No matter what epidemic turned up, whether cholera or cholera infantum—the Doctor in all cases administered his never-failing remedy, epsom salts. The wisdom of the Doctor's treatment of his patients, in time, became manifest—as they finally became so thoroughly salted as to be ever afterwards impervious to all attacks of disease. Consequently the Doctor to guard against starvation was obliged to remove to another locality where the saving power of salt had not been so thoroughly tested.

Militia trainings, in the days we write of, were in vogue throughout the country. "Muster-day" was a great institution—on such occasions all went to see the *sogers*. Ethiopia, in particular, was let loose. For months and days prior to "muster," the colored gentry throughout the country were usually wide awake. All of them invariably had the promise of a look at the sogers, and the loan of a horse for that day, if they were good boys, and did up their work betimes. They therefore would, without exception, perform the various services required of them, at such times, with alarming dispatch—not forgetting to give the promised horse occasionally a sly mess of oats.

In those good old days Johnsville eclipsed all her sister villages in military matters; within her jurisdiction existed an uniformed company, known as the "Butterfly Guards." This organization remained in full force for many years, and attained to a great proficiency in arms, under its gentlemanly commander, Colonel Oliver Ladue. Owing to the lapse of time, we fail to remember why the appellation of Butterfly Guards was applied to this organization—but presume it was owing to the variegated character of the uniform worn.

The regular militia, also, in those days frequently had their company parades in Johnsville. On such occasions they shouldered arms, and performed other various warlike evolutions under the dread orders of their commander, Captain Benjamin Punch.

Captain Punch deserves more than a passing notice. He was a

soldier frank and furious. Had he received his military education at West Point, and flourished in this our day—when wars and rumors of wars pour in upon us like a flood—the world would have stood aghast at his deeds of heroism, and his fame would have eclipsed that of the first Napoleon, in the same degree that the light of the glow-worm pales before the full blaze of the orb of day. But, unfortunately for Captain Punch, and mankind in general, he lived in “piping times of peace”—hence his military exploits, which otherwise might have dazzled the world, were smothered for the want of a proper outlet—and his name, instead of being recorded in the annals of fame, remained confined to the limits of his own township. The poet has well sung,

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Training-day was always a great event to the urchins of Johnsville. We remember on one occasion, when Captain Punch and his brave grenadiers had assembled to perform the arduous exercises of bloody war—how through the livelong day, barefooted, and with rimless hat, we hung on to the rear of the grand army, as it marched and counter-marched through the streets of Johnsville. We remember, too, how we became inspired by the stirring music of the fife, and the heavy rub-a-dub of the drum, and, like young Norval, we longed to be a soldier. On the afternoon of that eventful day, Captain Punch marched his company into a field, in the rear of the mansion then occupied by Captain Stephen R. Waldron, for the purpose of giving his brave soldiers an opportunity to recuperate. While the company were thus reposing on their laurels, Captain Punch received a message that the ladies of Johnsville and vicinity had assembled at a certain house in the village, and had expressed a desire to witness the manœuvres of his company.

Captain Punch on receipt of this intelligence was in ecstasy. In a few words he informed his men of the nature of the communication he had received, and it was not long before the little army was again in motion. In an incredibly short space of time the company was drawn up in a line under the great hickory tree in the centre of the village, directly in front of the mansion where the blooming damsels alluded to had assembled.

Captain Punch, in imitation of the ancient heroes, such as Hannibal, and Pompey the Great, concluded he would make a short address to his soldiers. As the Captain was a member of the Johnsville Debating Society he retained in his noddle a remnant or two of his old speeches, which he thought might prove acceptable on the occasion, with a few variations. He therefore commenced his remarks by informing his companions in arms "that there was a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood flowed on to fortune."

The Captain, who was a bachelor, no doubt thought it was flood time with him, as the eye of many a fair damsel surveyed with intense admiration his nodding plume and tinsel uniform. The Captain continued his remarks by saying, "that in times of peace it was the bounden duty of every nation to prepare for war; it was for this purpose they had assembled." He complimented his men on their soldier-like appearance, on their powers of endurance, and their ready obedience to all his commands. He felt confident if the constitution of their country should be endangered they would wade up to their necks in gore for its preservation, and for the maintenance of those rights so dearly purchased by their fathers. In conclusion, he said "he felt assured that, while his brave companions lived, and could shoulder a musket, no blot, even as large as a fly-speck, would be allowed to rest on the escutcheon of their national liberties."

The Captain's speech was received by his men with vociferous rounds of applause, so loud and so prolonged as to startle man and beast far and near, and which sent the neighboring cats pell-mell to their allotted retreat, with a velocity unparalleled in the annals of their race.

The ladies who, during the Captain's remarks, had been hanging gracefully on the picket fence opposite, showed their appreciation of his effort by showering upon him innumerable bouquets in the shape of holly-hocks,

Holly-hocks in July, sweet shrub in early June,

clover-blossoms, and sweet-scented shrubs. The Captain, at this mark of favor, gracefully removed his cap, shook his ambrosial curls, and bowed his thanks.

After a short drill by the company, in which they acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of all concerned, they were dismissed; where-

upon these doughty warriors hied to their respective habitations without loss of time. The Captain alone remained behind—having received a private invitation to take tea with the ladies, which invitation he very thankfully accepted. And so ended one of the old-fashioned training-days in Johnsville.

Johnsville, in point of literature, always occupied elevated ground. In confirmation of this fact, we would say that its school-houses were always located on the highest land within the village. The old seminary of learning, which, like a proud sentinel, stood for more than half a century at the eastern entrance of the village, made no pretensions to architectural display. But the old edifice was not without its ornaments, for within its walls were congregated minds which have since made their (☞ ☜) mark in the world.

Education at the time we write of was not quite so costly an article as at the present day. Three dollars and twenty-five cents per annum for each child under eighteen years of age was formerly the price of tuition in the old Johnsville Academy. But probably we should explain why knowledge was measured out so cheap in “the olden time.” It was the custom in those days for the school-teacher to board around from house to house—we mean of course at the homes of the children; his board being given him, he, therefore, as it will be seen, could afford to work cheap.

The schoolmaster was always a welcome boarder. As he was expected to know everything—especially all the little household matters that had transpired while at his last place—he was on this account received at his numerous boarding-places with open arms. During the two weeks the teacher boarded in any one family, the children of that household were favored with happy times. No matter how many pranks they cut up during school hours, they escaped an application of the birch; but when the two weeks had expired, and the master had changed his quarters, such delinquencies were paid up with interest.

One of the principal exercises in the old Johnsville Academy was chewing shoemaker’s wax. This article possessed an adhesiveness which rendered the operation of masticating it tedious and difficult. A small piece, about the size of a chestnut, in the mouth of a boy ten years of age would usually last throughout the day. The shoemaker who furnished the scholars with this ingredient, so essential at that time in the

acquirement of knowledge, lived on the border of the little stream that still meanders through the village.

On one occasion the old shoemaker, after preparing a fresh supply of wax, closed the door of his shop and left for dinner. The wax lay on a little bench inside, but in full view of any passer-by who might choose to look in through the shop-window. Two school-boys after a while sauntered that way. These boys were very unlike in their appearance. One was a delicate, flaxen-haired youth, the other was short in stature, but great in circumference. The lads drew near the shop-window; they looked within and saw the wax, and for a while feasted their eyes on the tempting pile so dangerously near.

Finally the boys held a council of war and mutually agreed to make an assault on the premises. The window of the shop, fortunately for the enterprise, lacked a pane of glass. The boys measured this aperture with the nicest accuracy. After accomplishing this feat, the diameter of the thin boy was taken, when it was decided that he, the thin boy, by a little squeezing, could pass through the opening in safety. The thin boy accordingly passed into the shop, and handed out the wax to his portly companion, and then returned by the same way he had entered.

The lads divided their booty equally. He of the flaxen hair having to pass the shop on his way home from school, hid his part of the plunder in a hollow log near; but the portly youth, living in an opposite direction, thought he would take his portion of the spoils with him. For security he placed the wax in the crown of his hat, which being accomplished, the boys rejoined their school-fellows, and freely indulged in the various sports then going on. The portly lad, after exercising for a short time, felt a growing uneasiness on the top of his head. On investigation he discovered the alarming fact that the wax he had placed in his hat had become imbedded among his hair. He essayed to remove the wax, but all in vain. In his distress he sought help from his schoolmates. The urchins around him willingly lent a helping hand—they pulled and tugged away at the unnatural bump, but it was no go, as the bump, at every pull, waxed stronger and stronger. After exhausting all their efforts, the boys concluded that the sticking qualities of the wax were of a superior order, and that the bump could not be removed by any ordinary means. But they concluded what

could not be removed could be covered up; they therefore procured a sheet of foolscap, which they placed carefully over the "rising mound," and after surveying their work with great satisfaction they told the sufferer he would pass current for the balance of the day.

Soon the school-bell rang for the afternoon session. The boys obeyed the summons and passed into the school-room. The lynx-eyed school-master was a phrenologist, and had an eye to bumps. He was not long, therefore, in discovering the unusual protuberance on the head of the unfortunate scholar. He surveyed the miniature obelisk for a while in apparent alarm, but when the facts of the case became known to him he humanely endeavored to remove the obstacle, but was unsuccessful. The lad was sent home and the wax finally dethroned by parental hands, but by what process we never understood. It gives us pleasure to add that the intellect of the boy was in no wise impaired.

The old shoemaker has passed away; his shop, too, has long since disappeared, and very few, if any, of the present inhabitants of Johnsville know the place where it stood.

The trustees of the Johnsville Academy visited the institution occasionally. They generally gave the principal timely notice of such visits, in order that he might have time to scour up his pupils. The visit of the trustees was always a great occasion. For days prior to such events the neighboring hedge was ransacked for rods to bring the discipline of the school up to a proper standard. On the day of visitation the scholars were expected to wear their "Sunday-go-to-meetings"—hence old pantaloons with large patches at the knees, and at other places not necessary to mention, were discarded—but for that day only.

The trustees always arrived at one o'clock precisely. For fifteen minutes prior to that hour not a whisper could be heard throughout the school, but the slightest squeak in the vicinity of the door turned all eyes in that direction. On the entrance of the trustees, which was generally in "Indian file," the school rose *en masse*, and with bow and courtesy welcomed the guardians of education. Business then commenced in earnest. Class after class was examined in spelling, reading, arithmetic, grammar, etc., and the whole generally wound up with a display of elocution. The largest boy in the school generally declaimed that well-known pathetic effusion beginning with:

"Pity the sorrows of the poor old man";

and the smallest urchin winding up by reciting :

“ You'd scarce expect one of my age.”

On the conclusion of the exercises one of the trustees usually delivered a short address, reminding the children if they would be healthy, wealthy, and wise, they should rise betimes in the morning and be punctual at school. The address was generally concluded by the speaker making some allusion to himself, to show what education had done for man.

Formerly, during the winter months, debating societies were all the rage in Johnsville. Every young man in the place was a Demosthenes—*i. e.*, in his own estimation. The societies generally held their meetings with closed doors, but now and then the members would relax a little and invite their sweethearts and a few select friends.

On such occasions they were careful to select an easy question, one that did not transcend the powers of the speaker. When an open debate was to come off, the speakers appointed to open the argument on either side could be heard for several days previous, in the barns and corn-cribs around, practicing flights of oratory.

We were once favored with an invitation to one of the Society's meetings, which we not only thankfully, but joyfully accepted. The old Academy on the occasion was brilliantly illuminated—a double amount of tallow candles having been pressed into service. The *élite* of the village were present, and expectation ran high. The question for discussion was, “ Which passion is the strongest, love or avarice ? ”

Captain Benjamin Punch, of whom we have already made honorable mention, opened the argument in favor of love. The Captain, in the discussion of the question, appeared to be perfectly at home. His description of the power of love was certainly a masterly effort. As he proceeded in his argument, we thought the Captain's heart warmed up with the eloquence of his subject. The speaker frequently in the course of his remarks used the simile, “ love, like a potato, springs from the eye.” At the conclusion of the Captain's speech the ladies present smiled their approval.

The village Doctor replied to the Captain. He, too, was at home. He portrayed the power of avarice with a thought that gave us to understand that he had fully studied the subject. The Doctor spoke *feelingly*, and his arguments, like his medicines, had a telling effect.

Several other speeches followed *pro* and *con.*, and the debate was concluded. A vote was then taken as to the merit of the arguments adduced. The right of suffrage being extended to all present, the question was decided, by the help of the ladies, in favor of love.

We would here remark that the wisdom of the first settlers of Johnsville can not be sufficiently estimated. They have certainly placed their posterity under lasting obligations; for, when they built the village, they built it not for a week nor for a year, but for all time. In other words, by some happy calculation on their part, they erected the identical number of tenements required for all future wants of the inhabitants. Hence, the fourteen dwellings now comprising the village are the veritable originals—the same erected by the early fathers of the place, and which for so many years have weathered storm and flood.

The name of Punch formerly had a copious existence in Johnsville, owing to the obesity of the inhabitants. The rotund portion of the population, and their name was *many*, were always spoken of as Punch Pierce, Punch Bogardus, Punch Ostrander, Punch Rowland, and so on.

Speaking of Punch Rowland reminds us he once favored us with a call. He came down upon us during a driving snow-storm. Owing to the severity of the weather we expected no visitors on that day, and had taken the opportunity to polish our hall oil-cloth. Oil-cloths in those days were invariably of a blue color; they had a very slippery surface at all times, but when freshly burnished with a little grease or oil they were lubricous in the extreme.

Mr. Punch Rowland, therefore, as it will be seen, bore down upon us at an unfortunate period. He came plowing along through the immense snow-drifts. Old Boreas at the time was doing his best, driving the snow hither and thither at a slashing rate. But our visitor kept the even tenor of his way; he heeded not the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Our hall-door was ornamented with a ponderous knocker, but Rowland either did not perceive it or else he had lost all faith in knockings, either temporal or spiritual. He bolted into the hall without stopping to sound the customary note of alarm. The moment, however, he set foot on the newly polished oil-cloth he was floored in a twinkling. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! In his efforts to gain his equi-

librium he performed astonishing feats of ground and lofty tumbling. No clown in the pit of a circus ever turned so many somersets within a given time. Rowland during his flounderings, we think, must have been convinced that the ups and downs of this life were many. He finally, by sliding, skating, and rolling, reached the door communicating with the sitting-room. Here again a new fatality befell him; not noticing that there was a step down at the foot of the door, he stumbled and pitched into the room, landing on all fours—what snow he had failed to deposit in the hall he succeeded in shaking off in this last effort.

Our friend rose slowly and stood for a few moments with a bewildered air. During the calm that then ensued we took the opportunity to contemplate the appearance of our visitor. Mr. Rowland after a while recovered the power of speech. He commenced by letting us know he had just *dropped* in to say his mother had the jumping toothache, and wanted to know if he could borrow a little kamfire. Feeling the case was urgent, we immediately furnished Mr. R. with the desired article, but deemed it prudent to hold on to the bottle containing it until our visitor had regained the outer world. The wisdom of this course was soon apparent, for, as our friend left the sitting-room, he again failed to take heed to his ways. Not minding the step, he pitched out into the hall, where he again performed a second edition of gymnastic feats. After floundering a while he slipped out among the snowbanks and we saw him no more.

The people of Johnsville formerly had their trials; and who has them not? But we are speaking of jury trials, where justice is doled out to transgressors by twelve men of sound and disposing mind.

The village in its early days was fortunately blessed with an upright judge. Judge Smith, to whom we refer, was the early lawgiver of the place. He was a good citizen; no one was more highly respected than the Judge. He was frequently called Doctor, from the fact that he had been educated for a physician. He commenced the practice of medicine when quite young; but having unfortunately killed his first patient by overdosing, the people of that locality took the alarm. The sick immediately revived and sat up. The well used every precaution to keep so.

The doctor, finding his occupation gone, threw his physic to the

dogs, removed to Johnsville, and commenced the study of law. Judge Smith could not be called a profound jurist. He was somewhat eminent for his charges, however. We do not mean his charges to a jury, but charges for his opinions on legal questions. We once consulted the Judge on a question of law for which we paid a quarter of a dollar; had we given him an additional quarter to have kept his advice to himself, we should have been a gainer by the operation.

The people of Johnsville in those days were great growers of pork. They were very proud of their pigs; they kept them constantly on exhibition, *i. e.*, by letting them run in the streets. At twelve o'clock precisely every pig went home to dinner. As they pushed along in quest of their food, they invariably succeeded in giving vent to *extra* grunts and squeals, which, speaking within bounds, were truly appalling.

Getting tired of the squeals and grunts of the various porkers, which constantly kept poking their noses at us through the picket fence, we called on the Judge to ascertain if pigs were entitled to run in the street. We found the Judge at dinner, but concluded to wait until he had refreshed his inner man, as our case was not urgent. We were accordingly ushered into the study. While there waiting we embraced the opportunity of glancing at the Judge's library. Two volumes lay on the centre-table which appeared had very recently been consulted; one was a New York Directory for 1795, the other was styled, "Who Killed Cock Robin." The Judge evidently was engaged in examining a murder case.

Before we had time for further investigation the Judge made his appearance. We acquainted him with the object of our visit. The Judge, in his usual affable manner, informed us that he would immediately examine the law relative to pigs running at large. We called punctually at the expiration of the half hour. The Judge commenced delivering his opinion by expatiating largely and elaborately on the natural propensities of swine. He then gave us a treatise on the best mode of curing hams. Finally, he came to the point desired. He mentioned that he had looked into the law concerning pigs, and, according to his construction of it, no one individual could keep more than six grunTERS in the street at any one time.

On hearing the learned opinion, we broke out into a profuse perspi-

ration. We fortunately succeeded in drying up with the help of our bandana before the Judge had time to notice how deeply we were affected. We rose, gave an inward groan, paid the customary fee of twenty-five cents, and departed. We leave the reader to guess how many pigs the Judge owned.

In referring to the past we have been frequently struck at the number of great men who formerly resided in Johnsville. The world, we are aware, places its own estimate on greatness. Therefore, in the opinion of the world we have great generals, great statesmen, great lawyers, great preachers, great merchants, etc. But it will be observed that the men so-called great, are great only in one particular. Now *we* believe a man to be truly great should excel in more particulars than one—the reader here has a key to *our* definition of greatness. Therefore when we speak of the great men of Johnsville, we speak of men who were great in many ways; great in bulk, great in promises to pay, great sleepers, and finally, great consumers of mush and milk (no reference is here made to the present generation).

One of the truly great men of Johnsville was Daniel Northard, horse doctor. He possessed all of the above characteristics, besides a profound knowledge of the different diseases that horse-flesh is heir to. Northard was once the principal witness in an important horse case. A friend of the doctor's had purchased a horse which, as is usual in such cases, was warranted sound and kind. The purchaser was not long in discovering that his newly acquired animal was nearly worthless. He employed Northard to examine the horse. The doctor gave the nag a critical examination, which consisted principally of thumping and knocking the old horse around—he finally decided that the beast was not only broken-winded, but was troubled with an incurable disease.

The ill-condition of the horse being thus indisputably established, the purchaser at once brought suit for damages. The seller of the nag knew his only escape from the severity of the law lay in procuring a supple lawyer. He fortunately secured the services of a legal gentleman every way qualified for the emergency, who at that time resided in Fishkill village, where the people not only arrive very early at maturity, but are noted for their great flippancy of speech.

The day of trial arrived. The country for miles around was all

agog. Twelve able-bodied men were chosen as jurors. His honor Judge Smith, and his snuff-box, occupied the judicial seat. The plaintiff's counsel opened the case; he produced evidence to show the purchase of the horse, and the guarantee given that the animal was sound and kind. He next proved by Northard that the animal was diseased, and from the character of the complaint must have been so for many years. The plaintiff here rested. Before Northard left the stand he was subjected to a severe *cross*-examination by the defendant's counsel, which we herewith append verbatim:

Lawyer. Mr. Northard, what is your profession?

Mr. N. I'm a Presbyterian, old school.

Lawyer. I did not ask what your religious views are, I ask what's your business?

Mr. N. My business is to tell about *this* hoss.

Lawyer. You do not understand me, Mr. Northard; I mean what business do you follow for a livelihood?

Mr. N. Oh! I'm a hoss doctor.

Lawyer. You know a horse when you see one, I presume?

Mr. N. Oh, yes.

Lawyer. Well, sir, will you tell us how many incisors a horse has?

Mr. N. A hoss has no scissors at all.

Lawyer. I did not say scissors, I said *incisors*.

Mr. N. A hoss has no scissors in him; I never saw one that had.

Lawyer. Well, sir, if a horse has no scissors in him, will you tell us how many front teeth he has?

Mr. N. Both jaws?

Lawyer. Yes, sir, both jaws.

Mr. N. Well, I don't know exactly, but I guess about seven.

Lawyer. Mr. Northard, will you explain to the jury what is understood by the *nerve* of a horse?

Mr. N. A hoss has no nerve; I never saw that complaint in a hoss in my life.

Lawyer. Mr. Northard, when a horse has the blind staggers, what treatment do you pursue?

Mr. N. Well, if he don't stagger much, I props him up.

Lawyer. Suppose he staggers a good deal?

Mr. N. Then I bleed him in the mouth, and ties a tow string around his tail.

Lawyer. I hope you tie the string tight?

Mr. N. I do.

Lawyer. That's all, Mr. Northard; I am much obliged to you.

The evidence being all in, the plaintiff's counsel made a strong speech, calling loudly for damages (the reader will notice that the order of speaking was in this case reversed). The defendant's counsel, in reply, labored hard to convince the jury that Northard knew nothing about a horse. We believe Northard was the first to be convinced of the fact. After counsel on both sides had finished summing up, his honor Judge Smith arose and charged the jury. The judge succeeded in extinguishing what little light the jury had on the subject, which being accomplished, the jury retired for consultation. After being out *four* minutes they notified the judge they could not agree, and asked to be discharged. The judge requested them to hold on four minutes longer, at the end of which time, if they had not agreed on a verdict, they might decamp. The jury failed to agree, and thus ended the most important horse trial known in the annals of Johnsville.

Witches and witchcraft formerly pervaded to a great extent the minds of the people of Johnsville. Every house in the village had one or more horseshoes nailed over the doors and windows to guard against the ingress of witches—those were spirited times. The negro population, which, in those days, stood thick on every hand, were perfectly orthodox on that point. Every descendant of Ham had seen at least a dozen ghosts, and was acquainted with an equal number of witches.

At the house of Mr. Adrian Monphor (one of the old residents of the village) the negroes of the surrounding country would congregate during the long winter evenings, and spin their yarns of spirits seen and unseen.

Speaking of Mr. Monphor reminds us he had an excellent apple orchard. We are indebted to the old gentleman for many a harvest apple, taken clandestinely, for which favors we shall ever hold the old gentleman in affectionate remembrance.

Mr. Monphor's habitation was provided with a kitchen of very ample dimensions,—the fire-place was enormous,—so was the old gentleman's wood-pile, which usually occupied full three-quarters of the street. The

quantity of wood consumed in the old gentleman's kitchen still weighs heavily upon us. Mr. M.'s kitchen, as we have already hinted, was the place where the colored population most did congregate. The cellar of the house always contained plenty of good cider. The darkies were no strangers to this fact,—for, when they had assembled to discuss the subject of ghosts and witches, they drew strong drafts on the cider-barrel below. They undoubtedly believed while there were spirits without there should be spirits within.

Mr. Monphor finally concluded to get rid of his sable visitors. To his mind they *adorned* too many tales. To accomplish his purpose he procured a mask, an article at that time unknown to the Ethiopians. He chose Saturday night as a fitting time to make a descent upon his swarthy visitors, for on such nights a full kitchen was always expected. Mr. Monphor, on the night of his attack, waited until his visitors had got fairly at work. Mad Tom, the great ghost-finder and orator, had the floor. Tom, owing to his frequent calls on the cider-jug, was growing eloquent. He had seen a new ghost that very day. At the mention of a new ghost every nostril in the company became suddenly dilated. At that critical juncture a squeak was heard in a distant part of the room. In a twinkling every eye was turned that way, when a side-door was seen slowly to open, through which came an enormous head, ornamented by a ferocious-looking mask.

Had every negro in the crowd been suddenly borne aloft, hitched to the tail of a comet, their consternation could not have been greater. For a moment they stood transfixed, then came a general rush for the outer door; the door was an antiquated one, divided in the centre. The flying host fortunately succeeded in opening the upper portions of the door, but the under part remained fixed and immovable; in consequence, the terror-stricken sons of Ham were obliged to sail over. In so doing, the flank and rear movements were prodigious; their huge feet plowed the air in all directions. When landed safely on the other side, the visiting portion of the crowd struck a bee-line for home; those belonging to Mr. M. dove deep into the depths of the friendly wood-pile, where they remained in *statu quo* "till daylight did appear."

Mr. Monphor effectually cleared the kitchen, for his visitors came no more.

As the reader may well imagine, the faith of the colored population

in ghosts and witches, after that evening, remained sure and steadfast. Their remarkable escape from the infuriated monster (as they termed him) gave their principal orator, Mad Tom, fuel for the marvellous during the remainder of his eventful life.

The traveller, journeying eastwardly from Johnsville, will notice opposite the mansion of Abraham Brinckerhoff, Esq., a road diverging to the left. This road, known as "the Clove," was formerly, according to tradition, the rendezvous of a numerous family of witches. And tradition further asserted that, in the times of full moon, the road was travelled by a headless horseman, whose charger was caparisoned over with gold.

The young men of Johnsville (having, we presume, in view of the gold) formed a league to capture the headless rider. But, distrusting their own ability to bring the enterprise to a successful termination, they invited three select friends, residents of the neighboring mountain, to join them in their hazardous undertaking. The gentlemen so selected were Mr. Joseph Glover, Mr. Daniel Higgs, and Mr. Peter Wood. By the assistance of these gentlemen the necessary arrangements were soon perfected: Mr. Joseph Glover being unanimously chosen to head the expedition.

The night selected for the enterprise arrived. The valiant cavaliers, mounted on fleet chargers, assembled at the place of rendezvous on school-house hill. Glover, in a short and *decided* address, exposed the dangerous nature of the undertaking; he conjured all to stand firm when confronting the headless horseman. Finally, he spoke of the glory that awaited them if the enterprise should be successful.

At the conclusion of the address every horse's head was turned toward "the Clove." The party rode gaily forward, each man anxious to meet the foe. Soon they entered "the Clove." The pale round moon was just lifting herself above the horizon. The lowing of the distant herd broke pleasantly on the ear of the adventurers as they journeyed on. Everything seemed to betoken a favorable issue. Soon the party arrived at that portion of the road where tall trees shut out the light of day. Extreme caution was now necessary. Glover rode a few paces in advance. The next moment a buzzing sound was heard in the tree-tops overhead, which checked for a moment the advance of the party. They again moved forward cautiously, but had not pro-


ceeded far when the heavy clatter of horses was heard in the distance, which every moment sounded nearer. The little party halted; every cheek was blanched with fear. The trying hour had come; for, through the moonlight's pale glimmer, the headless horseman could be seen bearing down with alarming speed on the little band. He was encircled by a belt of fire. From the nostrils of his horse came forth vivid flashes of light. Flesh and blood could stand no such sight. The Johnsvillers turned and ingloriously fled. Glover, uttering a wild cry, vainly endeavored to rally his flying men. In the effort the girth of his saddle broke, by which fatality the heroic leader of the little band was unhorsed. All of the party escaped, except Glover, who remained a prisoner in the hands of the headless horseman. Great solicitude was felt all that night as to the fate of Glover; but next morning, to the joy of all, he made his appearance at the village. He stated that the headless horseman was none other than Mr. Beaty, a resident of "the Clove." It appears that Beaty heard of the enterprise, and concluded he would play the headless horseman. By the use of phosphorus he had produced the light which occasioned such terror to his would-be captors. When Glover fell from his horse he was severely stunned. Beaty conveyed him to his house, near by, and by proper restoratives Glover soon revived, and was accommodated with lodgings for the night.

Reader, our reminiscences of Johnsville are concluded.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

WALTER PELEG, Esq.

NFORTUNATELY, very few men condescend to write their own history, the many preferring to have their deeds chronicled by others after they have shuffled off this mortal coil. Hence, the numerous biographies which appear from time to time are not only very imperfect, but lack those minor matters belonging to every-day life which are so essential in making up the true character of man.

Not wishing that posterity should indulge in any false estimates of my character, I have concluded to be my own biographer, and in so doing, I shall be careful not to extenuate, but studiously adhere to facts.

I was born in Fishkill village on the identical day that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. I will not say positively that the commanders of the different forces engaged in deadly combat on that day were aware of my *début* into the world; but it is a coincidence which should not be overlooked. At least my dear father thought so, for no sooner had he heard of the battle of Bunker Hill than he asserted that I was destined to carve my way to fame and fortune by the sword.

My mother was of the best Dutch stock—a descendant of the Van Voorhees family, who, as their name purports, were always to be found in the *Van* of every enterprise. In the days of my childhood, the ladies of Fishkill village organized very many societies. In fact, they had a society for everything: for discussions on *help*; for ascertaining

the best method of clear-starching ; for general supervision of contemplated marriages ; for the better government of unruly husbands ; for regulating ecclesiastical matters ; for ameliorating the condition of the poor ; and many others not necessary to mention.

My mother held one or more offices in all these societies, and as I was at that time of too tender an age to be left at home, I was invariably present at all the meetings of the various societies. In consequence, at a very early age I obtained a remarkable insight into business matters, which proved of immense value to me in after years. And I would here recommend all mothers to pursue a similar course, *i. e.*, get your offspring into society at as early an age as practicable.

My father, during the period of my childhood, continued to cherish the idea that I should be given a military education—in view of which he purchased an endless variety of works on military tactics ; also the life of every hero who had distinguished himself on the field of battle. My mother, however, had other views concerning me, which will appear as we proceed with our history.

The first dozen years of my life I shall pass over, being, in my opinion, a very uninteresting period in every one's history. At the age of twelve years I still continued to accompany my mother to the meetings of the various societies, although they were composed exclusively of females ; yet owing to my long sojourn among them, I had become to be regarded as a fixture. But my membership came to a very sudden and unfortunate termination, which happened on this wise : At a society's meeting for the better government of unruly husbands, old Squire Squab was under consideration. Squire Squab had risen, within a few years, from comparative obscurity to an honorable and distinguished position in society. In a word, he had acquired wealth. His wife and daughters, with commendable zeal, had been laboring for many months to polish him, in order that he might properly adorn the position to which his immense wealth entitled him ; but not succeeding to their satisfaction, they had brought the matter before the society for consideration.

Squire Squab, fortunately, was possessed of two legs ; but, unfortunately, one leg was some three inches shorter than the other. To rectify, as far as possible, this error of nature, the Squire always wore on the foot of his short leg a heavy-soled shoe. But to the great regret

of his family and friends, he had long been in the habit, which he invariably pursued when he walked abroad, of turning up his pantaloons at the bottom—which peculiarity of his, the ladies of the society contended, unnecessarily exposed the deformities of nature.

Mrs. Jonas Flirt, who, by the way, was a talented speaker, came down unceremoniously on the Squire for what she considered an unparalleled breach of propriety, *i. e.*, in rolling up his pantaloons at the bottom. After having exhausted the powers of rhetoric on the momentous subject, she moved that a committee of three be appointed to wait on Squire Squab, with full powers to abate the nuisance. The motion being approved, Mrs. Flirt immediately, and, as we thought, with undue haste, named as the committee three prominent members of the society. At the instant, the thought occurred to my youthful mind that Mrs. Flirt was aiming to avoid responsibility. I, therefore, without thinking of the risk I was incurring, sung out, “Mrs. President, I move Mrs. Flirt be added to that committee.”

Had a tornado passed through the room, the consternation could not have been greater. As I had never before spoken a word at any of the society’s meetings, and not being considered a member, I was regarded for a few moments by all present with silent indignation. Mrs. Flirt gave me a withering look, which annihilated, for the time being, my reasoning faculties. I could at that moment have sold myself for six and a quarter cents. After the society had somewhat recovered from their amazement, some member moved that Mr. Peleg have permission to withdraw from the meeting. I required no second invitation to depart, as I bowed myself out without loss of time.

My mother reprimanded me severely that evening for the blunder I had committed in disturbing the meeting. But my father came nobly to my rescue. He had been reading that afternoon a newly-purchased work on military tactics. He therefore contended—in view, I presume, of the military knowledge he had that afternoon acquired—that I was *forced* to make the motion, which had given so much umbrage, by what he termed an uncontrollable spontaneous genius. With other like plausible reasons he soon convinced my mother that I was decidedly a boy of metal, and had not, after all, been guilty of any great impropriety. A little further conversation between my parents resulted in their mutually agreeing that I was destined at no distant day to make

my mark in the world. They recommended, however, as a conciliatory measure, that I should send to the society a letter of apology.

I at once, as requested, set about inditing a letter to the society. I wrote and rewrote, but failed to accomplish anything of a satisfactory character. In my distress I sought help from old lawyer Van Whipple, who was a particular friend of my father, and who consented, for a small consideration, to lift me out of my difficulties. After enjoining my legal friend to secrecy (as I wished the letter to appear as my own production), we succeeded in producing the following epistle, which I forwarded to the ladies, bound round with many colored ribbons, strongly tintured with cologne water :

DEAR LADIES:—Owing to the heterogeneous condition of man's mental faculties, which, under violent impulses, not unfrequently reverse the vertical capscium of that organic structure denominated the brain, thereby totally decapitating at times the most discreet indications intended to be conveyed, an obfustication of this nature suddenly overtook my lapsidoxical perceptions at a late meeting of your society, by which inextricable confusion of principles, I was betrayed into an unfortunate proceeding, causing much undue pain to your honorable body, and excessive mortification to myself.

Ladies, if I could recall the unfortunate mistake I committed in offering, in an unguarded moment, an indiscreet motion before your august body, I can assure you it would be the happiest moment of my life. When I think of the motherly kindness you have bestowed upon me during my infantile years, of the advice, and the many tokens of regard I have received from your dewy lips ; of the many sweet remembrances of your love, which now come rushing on my bewildered imagination, I repeat, when these considerations crowd in upon my already overtaxed understanding, I deem myself the most ungrateful of mortals.

Ladies, whichever way I turn myself, mountains of difficulties beset my path, and the inquiry comes up from the latent recesses of my heart, how can I mitigate or assuage the deep wound I have so unconsciously bestowed on my dearest friends. Ladies, I throw myself on your unbounded generosity, on those charitable and benevolent chords of sympathy for which your society has ever been so universally distinguished. By your forgiveness, I shall, like a crushed flower watered by tender hands, be restored to my wonted fragrance, and be long preserved for future usefulness to mankind. I subscribe myself, ladies, your unworthy and repentant servant,

WALTER PELEG.

My letter had the desired effect. Numerous were the eulogies bestowed upon it by the members of the society. I was not only freely

pardoned for the offence I had unwittingly committed, but the ladies drew up a paper which they presented to my father, stating that I possessed rare literary talent, and strongly recommended that I should be educated for the law. My father at first was not disposed to abandon his long-cherished scheme of making me a military man, still, on mature reflection, he coincided in the better judgment of the ladies, much to the satisfaction of my mother.

Accordingly, preparations were at once made to give me the necessary education, that I might be able to unravel the profound mysteries of the law. For this purpose I was sent to a neighboring village, and placed under the tutorage of good Dominie Van Vranken, who was to give me not only an insight into Latin, but in such other studies as the good man was able to impart.

I still remember with lively satisfaction the many pleasant days passed under the hospitable roof of the good Dominie of Swartwoutville. The Dominie was remarkably kind, and of a pleasant disposition. He labored hard to advance me in my studies. Not being a brilliant scholar, my progress was necessarily slow, but the few ideas I managed to imbibe I succeeded in holding on to with a wonderful tenacity; in consequence, the little knowledge I did acquire, was acquired well.

In those days ministers were few and far between. My worthy preceptor alternately filled three pulpits—at Fishkill village, Hackensack, and Hopewell. Much of his time was therefore necessarily spent in visiting his flock, thus scattered over a large district of country. During his absence from home, which was very frequent, I was invariably left to my own guidance. At such times I took the opportunity to overhaul the good man's sermons (as they were left loosely scattered around his study), and endeavored to improve on them by writing a discourse of my own from the same text. This practice I can recommend to all who may be similarly situated, as I think it qualified me in after years to criticise understandingly the discourses of the most eminent divines.

At the expiration of six months I returned home to recruit my energies, which had become wonderfully depleted by the manifold exercises I had been subjected to. My mother had been made aware of my coming, and had prepared an agreeable surprise for me. As I rode through the gateway leading up to the family mansion, bestride of the Dominie's

switch-tail mare, fairy-like music commenced swelling on my ears in unceasing echoes. The old horse had never before listened to anything in the way of music, except occasionally a little psalmody, and appeared to be wonderfully distressed at the new-fangled sounds which fell on her ears. She was apparently undetermined whether to go forward or backward; but I succeeded, by bestowing on her sundry kicks against her ribs, in urging her ahead, though by a side-way operation, and happily reached the portico in safety. But just as I was in the act of alighting, a hand-organ concealed behind the hall-door commenced to operate. The next moment the old nag and myself were going down the gravelly walk with a velocity rivaling that of the magnetic telegraph. As we turned into Canister Street about forty dogs, with more zeal than judgment, essayed to arrest our flight, but they only served to bring me into fresh difficulties, for, as one of their number, more venturesome than the rest, attempted to seize the old nag by the leg, she indignantly repelled the familiarity by sending her heels suddenly aloft, by which process I was, in a twinkling, unhorsed and thrown unceremoniously into the embraces of a friendly mud-hole, with which the village in those days largely abounded.

The old horse, bereft of her burden, quietly pursued her way back to the parsonage, satisfied, no doubt, she had sufficiently distinguished herself. I was drawn from the mud-hole by a crowd of vociferous boys. My appearance as I arose from my watery bed might be likened to that of a drowned rat. My friends immediately formed a procession, largely sprinkled with the canine species, and conducted me home. As I entered for the second time the parental inclosure, I was excused from "facing the music," as warbling of every kind had ceased, and the old hand-organ had evidently played out.

My mother, on seeing me depart with so much celerity, had fainted and still lay unconscious. She had invited, it appeared, the ladies of the society for the better government of unruly husbands to assist in welcoming me home. As I entered the house, the ladies were standing around my maternal ancestor applying their smelling bottles to her olfactories with a diligence I shall ever gratefully remember. I saluted the ladies with the Latin phrase: *Benignissimae mulierum, spero vos valere*, which, to them, was about as clear as the mud-puddle from which I had so recently been extracted, but which, as I intended,

deeply impressed them with the greatness of my mental endowments.

My mother, after awhile, was restored to consciousness, when I was accommodated with a change of apparel, and luckily managed without further casualties to get through the remainder of the day and evening, which was pleasantly spent among my assembled friends.

I had brought the Dominie's bill for tuition and board with me, the sum total of which, to my unsophisticated mind, was enormous. As I counted it over, the thought occurred to me that my father, before paying it, might wish to know whether I had received an equivalent; I accordingly prepared myself for an emergency of the kind, which succeeded admirably.

In a conversation with the old gentleman on knowledge in general, I took occasion to hint that I had made wonderful progress in my studies while at school, and had got along as far as trigonometry.

"Trig-a-what?" said the old gentleman, while a playful smile illuminated his countenance.

"Trigonometry," I repeated.

"Humph!" exclaimed my ancestor, apparently satisfied I had made great proficiency.

Our conversation for a time ceased, and I took occasion to stroll about, leaving my father to his own reflections. After the lapse of half an hour I returned. The old gentleman still sat ruminating. As I drew near he beckoned to me, saying, "Walter, what did you say that study was?" "Trigonometry," I answered. "Oh, yes," said he, with a shake of the head, "I've got it."

My place of repose was in a room adjoining the one occupied by my father and mother. The evening of the day on which the above colloquy took place I retired to rest rather early, but was not disposed to sleep. As I lay on my downy couch cogitating, I heard my father and mother ascending the stairs preparatory to retiring for the night. As they entered their room my father remarked, "Walter, I think, is getting along very well at school." "Ah!" said my mother, "is he?" "Why, yes," replied the old gentleman, "he tells me he has got into Trigonometry." "Got into what?" said my mother. "Trigonometry," rejoined my father. "Why, Samuel," asked my mother, "what can that be?" "How should I know?" replied the old man in a petu-

lant strain. Fearing I might be called upon to explain I slid a few feet under the cover and commenced a sonorous snoring. Luckily I was not disturbed. The next morning I presented my father with the Dominie's bill, which he freely disbursed without a word of comment.

During my vacation a picnic excursion was planned under the auspices of the ladies of the village. Being favored with an invitation, I concluded to accept, to gratify my mother, who was particularly anxious I should take under my escort for that day, Miss Arabella Higgins. If there was a man on earth I dreaded to see, it was old Higgins. In consequence, I felt somewhat skittish about inviting his daughter to accompany me on the contemplated excursion. Higgins had a perfect contempt for professional men, and, in fact, all others who did not, like himself, grub and toil from Monday morning until Saturday night. He had through life exercised the most rigid economy in doors and out. He had never been known to spend a day in any kind of recreation, was an uncompromising enemy to festivities of every character, and regarded picnics as the climax of humbugs. Such was old Higgins. Still I made up my mind "to beard the lion in his den," and invite his charming daughter, Miss Arabella, to accompany me to the forthcoming picnic.

Arabella Higgins was one of those bright spirits which heaven occasionally lends to earth; whether at home or abroad, she had a smile for every one, no matter who. The laborer, in going or returning from his daily toil, would pause to gaze on her sweet countenance, and felt the happier for that recognition she was ever ready to bestow. No one unacquainted with the fact, would have supposed for a moment that any tie of consanguinity existed between Higgins and the bright spirit that called him father. Yet Higgins, with all his faults, was proud of his child—notwithstanding his miserly habits and disposition, on her he was lavish of expense.

On reflection I deemed it prudent to visit the Higgins mansion during the absence of the "head of the house." I knew the old gentleman was at work in his fields during the day—as it was haying-time. I therefore concluded to call on Arabella in the afternoon instead of the evening, so as to avoid meeting the old tiger. Accordingly, adorned in my best habiliments, I started on my hazardous enterprise. I approached the home of the Higginses, I must confess, with feelings

not altogether void of anxiety. As I ascended the steps of the piazza, the knocker on the door seemed to bid me welcome; I seized it and gave a ponderous rap, as much as to say, whose afraid.

The next moment the door was thrown open, and who should stand before me but Higgins himself. The first thought that flashed on my mind was, I had not made my will; my knees knocked violently together; I really thought I was gone; but fortunately the next moment manhood returned, and I was myself again. I rushed up to Higgins, seized him by both hands, and inquired affectionately after his welfare. The old man did not recognize me; he evidently thought I was some distinguished stranger. I told him I had a message for the ladies which I would like to deliver in person. The old gentleman rather gingerly pointed me to a chair, and left saying, "he would hunt up the females."

Before seating myself I placed the hall-door ajar, as a precautionary measure, not knowing but that Higgins, instead of notifying the ladies of my presence might be in search of some bludgeon with which to dispatch me. Fortunately I was relieved from all such apprehensions by the appearance of Mrs. Higgins, who gave me a cordial welcome. After making known my errand, which was favorably received, I was strongly urged to stay to tea, and as matters thus far had progressed satisfactorily, I concluded that I might as well make a day of it, and so I concluded to remain.

In the course of half an hour Arabella made her appearance. She was the same frank, angelic spirit as ever; she had grown much taller since I last saw her. As she took my offered hand, she exclaimed, with a sweet smile, "Walter, I am very glad to see you." Her easy, frank manners soon made me feel at home, and I rejoiced greatly that I had concluded to stay to tea.

Arabella, when I made known my request, said she would be happy to attend the picnic. When I hinted about obtaining her father's consent, she replied that her father was not near as cross as he used to be. The gentle influence of the daughter was stealing imperceptibly on the father's heart.

I saw nothing of Higgins until tea-time, when I received a formal introduction to him. He eyed me very keenly for a moment, and then said, "Young man, you are stretching up in the world." I replied,

“that during the last six months I had considerably enlarged my proportions.” Ever since I entered the house my thoughts more or less had been occupied how I could ingratiate myself into the good graces of the elder Higgins. The present moment I deemed favorable for the trial. I commenced by saying that I thought agriculture the noblest pursuit of man (Higgins of course was not aware that I was preparing for the law). I dwelt largely and elaborately on the unfortunate ravages of the grasshoppers, and other destructive insects, which had within a few years been the pest of farmers. After having exhausted this particular theme, I commenced to deplore the extravagance of the rising generation. I predicted that unless a change for the better occurred, starvation and want would be the inevitable fate of all those coming on the stage of action. As I eloquently proceeded, the old gentleman nodded assent. I found I had hit him in a vital part. For Higgins, as if to endorse all I was saying, kept passing to me the gingerbread and sweetmeats without cessation.

After tea I made preparations to return home. Before taking final leave, I mentioned to Higgins that the ladies of the village were preparing for a picnic, and I had been particularly requested to make one of the party. I told him I presumed he did not approve of such a waste of time, and inquired what he thought I ought to do under the circumstances, adding that I was fearful if I did not attend, the ladies might take offence. The old gentleman answered, “There were times when a body had to give into other people’s notions.” He thought, on the whole, I had better go. I asked him if he thought he could trust Arabella with me. He thought he could; whereupon I thanked him kindly, and politely withdrew.

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As I wound my way homeward, I came to the conclusion that Higgins, after all, was a clever fellow, and I determined for the future, come what would, I should stand up for Higgins.

Arabella came to see my mother the next morning. She stated her father desired me to accept his horse and gig for the picnic excursion. I regretted exceedingly the old gentleman had grown so polite, as his gig was a sorry affair, destitute of paint, and never failed, when in motion, to make hideous groans. The boys of the village had nicknamed it “old crazy.” Not wishing to offend Higgins (for I had made up my mind to stand by him), I accepted his offer, although I had already

made partial arrangements with Cooper, the stage proprietor, for a splendid "turnout." I had determined, as I was to wait on the prettiest girl in the village, my equipage for the occasion should be excelled by none. But, alas for human expectations, I was doomed for a certainty to go in Higgins' gig "old crazy."

We read that even in the darkest hours of adversity we can find a few crumbs of consolation. And such was my experience on that occasion; for I reflected, even when seated in Higgins' old gig, with Arabella by my side, I should be happy, and no one would dare to cast at me a look of derision while in company with one so universally esteemed.

Arabella also told my mother not to make any arrangements about eatables, as she and her mother would attend to that duty. I flattered myself that morning that I was growing in the estimation of the Higgins family.

Picnic-day arrived. The morning dawned brightly, not a cloud dimmed the horizon; the dewdrops, which during the night had clustered on the grass and flowers, disappeared as the sun sped his way through the heavens. The village at early morn was in a buzz of excitement; vehicles of every kind and character rapidly traversed the streets; well-filled baskets and pails of provisions flitted before the eyes as they were carried by willing hands to the place of rendezvous. The ladies of the various societies were out in full costume, surrounded by an innumerable company of juveniles. Everything betokened a day of unalloyed happiness to all concerned.

I decorated myself that morning with unusual care; I dumped cologne water in my hat, boots, and different pockets, as I was anxious, if possible, to make up in some degree for the shortcomings of the old gig. At eight o'clock I appeared at the Higgins domicile. In front of the door stood the old horse and gig ready for action. I knocked for admission. Higgins opened the door; he smelt the cologne, and, I thought, stuck up his nose a little—but of this I'm not certain; at all events he gave me a cordial reception. I thanked him for the loan of his horse and gig. He begged me not to mention it. Mrs. Higgins at that moment hove in sight, followed by a retinue of colored domestics, each armed with a formidable dish of eatables. How the gig was to contain the numerous vessels was to me a poser. But Higgins easily managed the

matter—he was in the habit of stowing away. Among the good things provided was an enormous chicken-pie, baked in a tin pan about two feet in diameter, the crust of which, to my unpracticed eye, resembled grated cheese.

Mrs. Higgins, as she gazed admiringly on the chicken-pie, said, “Walter, you and Arabella must try and eat up all that pie.” I hinted we would do it justice. At that moment Arabella made her appearance, dressed in raiment of the purest white. As she fastened her jet-black eyes upon me and bade me good-morning, my heart bumped fearfully, and it was with great difficulty that I could control my emotion. We were soon comfortably seated in the gig. Higgins pronounced us all right, when I gave the horse the word “go.” As we passed out of the gate into the street, I waved my handkerchief to the Higgins household by way of a parting salutation; a passing breeze must have carried a little of the cologne, with which the handkerchief was strongly saturated, into the nostrils of Higgins, as he gave a ponderous sneeze, and I fancied I could hear the old gentleman exclaim, “Why, where did that come from?”

As we rolled along to the place of rendezvous, I asked Arabella what the horse was named; she said “Firefly.” I thought the nag had not much *fire* left in him, or else he had not as yet got fairly at his work, for he moved forward with the greatest caution. As we passed down the main street of the village, the wheels of the old gig uttered most dismal strains, and every bolt in the vehicle took up the lamentation. As we jogged on, I heard now and then a boy sing out, “Why, if there don’t go old crazy.” We arrived without accident at Cooper’s Hotel, where the picnic procession had already formed, and was in the act of moving; in consequence, we had to take our position in the rear. Though we were last, yet, in our opinion, we were not least.

Our friends drove off at a rapid pace. Firefly lingered strangely behind, but, like the Irishman’s horse, he had the satisfaction of driving all before him. I did not like to hit him very hard, fearing Higgins might count the ridges on him when we returned; consequently we took our time. In going down Poor-house Hill one of the breeching-straps burst, bringing the gig in contact with the horse’s heels. Firefly in a moment was up and doing. Forgetting the infirmities of age, he dashed down the hill at a fearful pace. As we sped along the music

from the old gig was awful. Had the horse kept the road, all would have been well; but he failed to adhere to the "beaten track," for at the bottom of the hill he pitched through the fence opposite the Poor-house with an eagerness which led me to believe he was a candidate for that institution.

As the gig followed through the fence it gave a sudden lurch and toppled over; out went the chicken-pie, myself following in close pursuit. I was rendered senseless by the fall. When memory returned, I found myself seated in the exact centre of the chicken-pie—the crust of which, happily, was made of such good materials that I had made but a slight indention in it. Arabella was but slightly hurt. She had, however, unfortunately fallen on my new beaver hat, giving it very serious impressions. Its appearance when replaced on its owner's head strongly indicated that some one had been on a bender.

By the assistance of our "poor friends," who clustered around us, regarding our spilt eatables with longing eyes, our vehicle was soon righted. On inspection I found it minns a spoke or two, in addition to those which had gone before. Arabella and myself both concluded that, in consideration of our soiled apparel, and the further dilapidation of the gig, it would be best to return home; whereupon we jogged slowly back, as surveyors have it, to the place of beginning, leaving our eatables in the keeping of the poor, who showered down upon us innumerable blessings for our condescension.

On our way home, Arabella, I thought, eyed my hat rather sharply. She was evidently disposed to be witty. She remarked we had started on a picnic and brought up at the Poor-house. She was curious to know if I did not think the matter looked rather ominous. I parried her jokes as well as I was able. I took off my crushed beaver, holding it in such a way that its freshly made creases could be seen to advantage, telling her that she knew how to make lasting impressions, and hinted that impressions could be made elsewhere than on hats. Thus we whiled away the time until we arrived at the Higgins mansion. Fortunately the old man was not at home. I tied Firefly in front of the house and stealthily departed. During the remainder of my vacation I kept clear of Higgins.

Philosophers tell us that the world (meaning, no doubt, its inhabitants) is daily growing wiser, and that mankind has but just discovered the

true art of living well. As a proof they point us to the many discoveries which have been brought into existence within the past fifty years, in the shape of steamships, railroads, telegraphs, to say nothing of the thousand and one minor inventions, each important in itself, and all in their proper sphere, conferring blessings irrespectively on the human family.

Notwithstanding such undeniable proofs of the world's advancement in those matters which so greatly contribute to man's temporal happiness and comfort, yet the aged, like myself, ever recur with pleasure to the days of youth, and mourn over the innovations made in the good old customs of our fathers. Although my native village has moved very moderately in the paths of progression, owing doubtless to a preponderance of Dutch element yet even within her borders, many of the good old customs of my boyhood have become obsolete, giving place to others, which the rising generation fail not to remind us, are more in keeping with the times, *i. e.*, more aristocratic and fashionable.

These reflections have been forced upon us by recurring to those days when the venerable fathers of our village were prone to congregate on the veranda of the Ackly House and regale themselves with pipe and quid while waiting the arrival of the stage-coach, which, in those days, constituted the only public conveyance by land between New York City and Albany.

The stage-coach formerly was a great institution. Its arrival and departure always created a lively sensation. It not only brought the daily mails, but frequently much startling wayside intelligence, which was peculiarly acceptable in that day to the gossips of the village.

The driver of the coach, in particular, was a man of consequence; invariably when nearing the village he would quicken the pace of his horses, and failed not to notify the inhabitants of his coming by numerous blasts from his echoing horn. As the coach dashed through the main street of the village, the driver's whip was brought in full requisition; its inspiring music as it floated around the ears of the awakened steeds, was the signal for heads to protrude from the windows of the different dwellings, each one anxious to spy out the contents of the passing vehicle.

When the coach was behind-time, which was not unfrequently the case, the venerable fathers, in order that they might exercise becoming

patience while waiting for the sound of the driver's horn, would indulge in a horn of another kind, to be had at the bar of the hotel.

But I find I am digressing.

After a few years devoted to study under the supervision of Dominie Van Vranken, I became an inmate of the law office of Lawyer Gripe in Poughkeepsie.

Lawyer Gripe stood high in his profession. His most prominent bump, speaking in a phrenological sense, was caution. He seldom or never spoke in the positive mood when consulted on legal matters. Knowing the uncertainties of the law, he kept his clients in the same glorious state of uncertainty. His opinions invariably were delivered somewhat after the following :

If this or that should so turn out,
Or something else is brought about,
And then if that should next take place,
Then so, or so, will be the case.

Lawyer Gripe, unfortunately, too frequently indulged in this doubting propensity when addressing a jury. To give an instance : A Mrs. Bumble, residing in Academy Street, rejoiced in the ownership of a son about ten years of age, who, beyond question, was the most incorrigible lad in the street. Adjoining the Bumbles resided a family composed exclusively of females. Young Bumble took every opportunity to annoy this family. On one occasion, when he had been a little extra abusive in the use of language not very polite, one of the females seized him and bestowed upon him a little healthy correction. His outcries soon brought Mother Bumble to his rescue. Mother B. was always rough and ready. She pitched into the corrector of the son, whom she soon put *hors de combat*. The result of which was, Mrs. Bumble was prosecuted for assault and battery. Lawyer Gripe was her counsel. After the examination of the witnesses was concluded, Mr. Gripe addressed the jury as follows :

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY : I have been led to infer, during the course of this trial, that each one of you at some period of your life was blessed with a mother. Of this, however, I am not positive. But reasoning from established principles, it is but reasonable to presume such must have been the case. Perhaps some of those natural protectors of your helpless infancy are

still alive ; if so, you of all men, know how to appreciate so great a boon to man as a mother.

Gentlemen : My client, who sits veiled before you, is not only a mother, but a widow. She has an only son coming up in life, promising to be the stay of her declining years. She has been arraigned at this bar for trial, charged with committing assault and battery. Simply, gentlemen, because she resented a high-handed attack on her son. The noblest attribute of the brute creation is the indomitable defence of their young. If this quality, which shines so resplendent in the breasts of the animal kingdom, is commendable, how much more should it be esteemed when we see it *strikingly* illustrated in the human family.

Here one of the jurors, who had a cold in his head, used his handkerchief rather freely. Mr. Gripe, thinking he was weeping at the pathetic picture he was drawing, elevated his voice, saying :

“ Perhaps some of you, gentlemen of the jury, remember the time when your anxious mother, under similar circumstances, rescued you from the gripe of some ferocious female.”

It will be only necessary further to say that Mr. Gripe sufficiently melted the jury, who, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of acquittal.

I soon became tired of the dull routine of office life, and spent much of my time in the different courts when in session, where I made two very important discoveries. I noticed during the examination of witnesses, the jury, as a general thing, employed such times in meditation, relying on the lawyers when summing up to post them in relation to the evidence taken. I also noticed that juries were greatly influenced in their decisions by the manner or mode in which the lawyers addressed them. Those lawyers, I observed, who were somewhat frantic in their gestures, and indulged in many complimentary epithets to the jury, were very generally successful.

Deeming these two points all that was necessary for one to know in order to acquire legal fame, I bade adieu to Poughkeepsie and returned to Fishkill, where I rented an office, and gave notice to the inhabitants of the place, by many conspicuous signs placed in and around the building, that Walter Peleg, practitioner at law, was ready to serve them in any legal way.

I had not been many days installed in my office when I received an invitation to deliver a lecture before the “ Blinkers Association ” of

Hortonsville, a village some six miles east of Fishkill. I gladly accepted the invitation as I was anxious to make a favorable impression on the people of that section, knowing if I succeeded I should be greatly benefited in a pecuniary point of view, as the inhabitants thereabouts were great sticklers for legal rights.

My mother, with perhaps laudable ambition, was exceedingly anxious I should make an impression in another way. She had more respect for the outer than for the inner man. As there were several aristocratic families residing in the vicinity of Hortonsville, possessed of marriageable daughters, she was desirous my appearance should be of a captivating kind; consequently she had the arranging of my dress for the occasion. Among the many decorations I was subjected to, my hair, a few hours before starting, was done up in papers in order that it might possess a graceful curl. My mother was careful to instruct me to remove the papers when nearing my destination, but becoming absorbed in the lecture I was about to deliver, I forgot the instructions so given, and passed into the lecture-room on my arrival at Hortonsville without removing my head ornaments. I was, however, reminded of my neglect in the course of the evening, for on making a favorite gesture on which I had bestowed much practice, and which consisted in twirling a book around the head balanced on the fingers of the right hand, I swept off several of my head appendages. I was somewhat disconcerted for the moment, but having thoroughly committed my discourse, my embarrassment was but slight.

The "Blinkers" concluded that my way of dressing the hair was a new fashion just introduced, and they hastened to adopt it,—for on the following Sabbath all of them appeared in Hopewell church with their hair tastily decorated in paper. They continued the custom for several months before discovering their error. In the meantime, on account of their flashy headgear, the name of the village was changed to "Gay Head," which title it retains to the present day.

At that time the young men of Fishkill village became imbued with a military spirit. I was solicited to address them on the subject. My address was so well received that steps were immediately taken to organize a military company. So great was the military enthusiasm I had awakened that a company was soon formed and called the "Fishkill Fusileers," which included all the young men of the village. Mr. Ben-

jamin Tub and myself were the candidates for captaincy. Mr. Tub was elected, having received two more votes than myself, consequently I dropped into the ranks as a private.

Old Mr. Buckram, the then fashionable tailor of the village, was employed to make the military suits for the company. Buckram always made good fits, having been subject to fits in infancy,—he therefore always gave fits to his customers. If a coat had been cut a little too large, Buckram assured his customer that large coats were in the nick of fashion. If cut a little too small it was ditto. Buckram, in cutting coats, therefore never failed to suit.

Mr. Benjamin Tub felt greatly elevated in being elected Captain of the Fishkill Fusileers. He entered on the duties of his office with great zeal,—for which, in some respects, he was eminently fitted. He had cultivated, to some extent, an acquaintance with the fine arts; was a horticulturist of some promise; was also a great admirer of sunflowers, which conspicuously studded his dwelling at certain seasons of the year. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Tub was not without qualifications for the office conferred upon him.

As soon as Mr. Buckram had finished the military suits for the company, Captain Tub gave notice that training-day was near. Every man was ordered to appear armed and equipped, on the ensuing Saturday, in front of the Ackly House.

Training-day arrived, creating a new era in the history of the village. The Ackly House was gorgeously decorated on the occasion. The American flag, among other emblems, was conspicuously displayed from several parts of the building. The ladies of the different societies congregated on the veranda, heavily laden with bouquets and sweet smiles. The Fusileers, in their gay uniforms, arrived on the ground with commendable promptness; their regimentals, to an observant eye, presented rather a singular appearance. A long man wore a short coat, and a short man wore a long coat; but as Buckram was the maker of the regimentals, no one questioned at the time but that all was right. Subsequent investigations, however, proved that Buckram, in order to expedite business, had sent home the regimentals without reference to whom they belonged,—in consequence every man got a coat intended for his neighbor.

Captain Tub greatly delayed his coming. The Fusileers began to

manifest signs of impatience at the tardiness of their leader. Just as they were on the eve of appointing a committee to look him up, the Captain came dashing around the corner, mounted on his brown colt. His appearance was hailed with great enthusiasm. The ladies on the piazza of the hotel pressed forward to obtain a glimpse of the intrepid warrior. As they caught sight of the hero they peppered him with bouquets, which the Captain vainly endeavored to catch in his hat. The Fusileers, to a man, stood uncovered. Captain Tub, I saw at a glance, was greatly pleased with his reception. He had taken the utmost pains to make a favorable impression, if one might be allowed to judge from the many decorations bestowed on his horse and himself. His nag's mane and tail streamed with ribbons of every known color. The Captain himself was certainly a beauty,—on each shoulder, for epaulets, he had secured an enormous sunflower. His hat was decorated with many feathers, the most conspicuous among which was the peacock's. In lieu of spurs a shoemaker's awl protruded from the heel of each boot.

The Captain requested his men to "fall in," signifying he had something important to communicate. His men accordingly "fell in," forming a line of beauty, as philosophers call it, waving in and out, here and there, centre everywhere, circumference nowhere. When order was restored, the Captain produced quite a formidable document, which he commenced to read. The document struck me as reading rather singular for a military paper,—it contained many expressions such as "my dear brethren," "firstly," "secondly," and so on. When the Captain had read for about fifteen minutes the village Dominie came elbowing his way through the crowd. On reaching the Captain, he gave him a slap on the back, exclaiming: "Why, Tub, you've got the wrong paper; you've got my sermon for to-morrow." Tub's countenance in a moment went down to zero. The whole scene was so ludicrous that all, young and old, bond and free, sent up a universal shout.

The colt must have taken unbrage at what might have been considered disrespect to his rider,—for he darted off, scattering the crowd like a passing whirlwind. Tub hung on well for a short distance; but not understanding the rules of horsemanship, he inclined his heels inward, which brought the awls in contact with the colt's hide. The colt undoubtedly considered there was rather too much *point* about the affair, for with one bound he scaled the fence fronting the graveyard on the

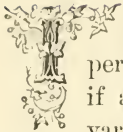
opposite side of the street, and deposited the Captain unceremoniously among the tombs.

The Captain, for a few moments, uttered most doleful cries. He was taken up and placed on a bier, which was fortunately near at hand, and conveyed to his residence, followed by the members of his company with trailed arms, and so ended the first training of the Fish-kill Fusileers.

It appeared that the Captain had engaged the village Dominie (the Dutch church in the village at that time had dissolved connection with Hackensack and Hopewell) to prepare a suitable speech for him to deliver. In calling for the document, the Dominie, through mistake, handed Tub the sermon he had just written, intended for his pulpit on the morrow. (Mr. Peleg's manuscript here suddenly terminates. We are in hopes, in overhauling his effects, to discover the remaining portion of it.)

THE ISSOPS AND THE WHITES.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

KE ISSOP was a great admirer of female beauty, though perhaps a more bashful youth never lived than Ike. At school, if a pretty girl came within easy reach of his eye he would invariably place his spelling-book close to his nose, and commence mumbling over his lesson, with a bumble-bee like music, but his eyes, all the while, would be peering cautiously over the top of the page at bonny lassie.

As we have just said, Ike was a bashful youth, and consequently when young ladies were around was a great coward. If, when on the highway a gay bonnet hove in view, worn by its owner, Ike would be filled with the wildest alarm; but on such occasions he invariably displayed the greatest strategic qualities, for he would dash over the fence, and into the nearest corn-field, or crouch down in the meadow-grass, as most convenient, where he would lie snugly ensconced until the object of his dread had passed by, and was wholly lost to view.

Ike's mother was a great favorite with the young people of the neighborhood. Far and near she was known by the familiar name of Aunt Phebe. She was a widow, and had been such for nearly a dozen years, for in the fourth year of her married life she was called to part with her husband, who died after a few days' illness. Of course on her devolved the education of her two children, Jennie and Isaac.

Fortunately she had been left in comfortable circumstances. In fact, by her less affluent neighbors, she was looked upon as wealthy. Her little pink-colored house, which stood prominently at the entrance of the village, was the very pink of neatness; embowered as it was amid tall trees and clambering vines, which were kept well trained and pruned, it failed not to arrest attention from every observant trav-

eller. Internally the little dwelling compared favorably with its outer surroundings, for from the cellar to the garret the most perfect order and neatness reigned. Although the furniture was decidedly antiquated, both in fact and in appearance, yet it more than made up for such deficiency by its polish and lustre, for on every day, if we may except the Sabbath, every article of furniture, from the foot-stove to the much prized side-board, was carefully dusted and polished by the brawny hand of the colored maid, Miss Dinah, who for years had done the honors of Sunshine Cottage, by which name Mrs. Issop's residence was familiarly called.

Miss Dinah was decidedly one of the institutions of the day. Although she had seen some sixty summers, yet time had dealt very gently with her, for her countenance was still devoid of the slightest wrinkle, and her powers, both mental and physical, retained all the freshness and vivacity of youth. When Mrs. Issop was but a little wee bit of a thing, she had taken the whole charge of her,—in fact she was a sort of an heirloom in the family,—and when her young mistress bade adieu to the paternal roof as Mrs. Issop, Dinah, from choice, followed her, and from that hour had been the factotum of her young mistress' household.

Mrs. Issop's children were, as may be supposed, great favorites with Miss Dinah. Jennie was nearly a young lady, at least she so considered herself, for she was in her fifteenth year, while Isaac was two years younger. Ike, in the opinion of Dinah, was the pink of perfection; oftentimes when he merited the corrective powers of the birch, and was about to receive the application, Dinah's vigorous arm stood between him and the impending danger. "Tut, tut, Mistress," she would say, "leave him to me; I'll attend to him"; which she generally did by giving him a hunk of gingerbread, and patting him on the head, saying, "Be careful, Isaac, you may not come off so well next time." Ike, whenever such dangers befell him, always fled for protection to Dinah, for in times of tribulation she proved to him a shield and a strong tower.

Next door to the Issops resided a family by the name of White, who were decidedly aristocratic, in fact they were considered the bon-ton of the place. Mrs. White's daughters, Mary and Ella, were the acknowledged leaders of the new fashions introduced in the village. They had

friends in Boston, who gave them the earliest information of every new style of dress, and what bonnets were in vogue. Therefore, when the Misses White appeared in church with any new article of dress, such article was narrowly criticised, and by the time the next Sabbath rolled around, every young lady of the place possessed a similar article, or one that would be considered a respectable imitation.

A controversy had long existed between Mrs. Issop's Dinah and Mrs. White's servant Betty, as to which family was the most aristocratic. Many a friendly set-to they had on the subject around the kitchen fire. In every encounter Betty contended that her family, the Whites, was the "fustest family in the place." She would say with some asperity in her manner, "Don't our young ladies set all the fashions? Aint our house the grandest and most splendiferously furnished of any in the village?" and with an air of fancied triumph would ask, "Don't Missus, when she wears her new brocade, look real quality?" "Why, Dinah," she would continue, "don't you know that dress cost a heap of money; it is the real stuff, I tell you, and no mistake." To which arguments Dinah would wrinkle up her nose as though she snuffed something shoddy, and in reply would pitch into Betty, somewhat in the following style: "Why, Betty, you is nothing but a chile—do you suppose titivations can make a fine lady? no, no, nor money either for that matter. Now, there is Missus and our Jennie, it makes no difference whether they have on any highfelutins or not, any one who has had any broughten up, can see they are real giniwine quality. No, no, Betty, you've got a heap yet to larn. Now, mind what I tells ye, 'tis hedication and broughten up wot gives the polish." But though Dinah was ever ready to maintain her rights, and vindicate the honor of the family, yet her big heart harbored no envy, for she generally wound up her speech with a softening conciliatory tendency. She would say, "Betty, I don't wish to say anything agin your folks, for Mrs. White and the two young ladies are proper nice people; every time I goes over to your house, Mrs. White says to me, 'Good-morning, Miss Dinah'; she speaks just as a lady ought to speak. You see, I knows wot belongs to edication and polish. I am always agoing to stick up for your people, Betty, you may count on that; but you mustn't come around here trying to put your folks above my family, for if you do, this chile will be after you, sartin sure."

These harmless controversies between the two champions for family distinction were quite frequent, though neither was able to convince the other so as to decide which family was entitled to the highest seat in the scale of aristocracy; yet there was a point on which they mutually agreed, for at the close of each debate they would shake hands and say, "Well, one thing is certain, our two families are the fust in the place, anyhow," and with this pleasing understanding they would separate in the best of spirits. Although, as we have remarked, these disputes between Dinah and Betty were of frequent occurrence, yet they went no further, for the two families have ever been, and still continued on the most friendly terms, and the idea as to any superiority had never entered the minds of the members proper of either household.

Mrs. White's eldest daughter, Mary, was at boarding-school, and as she was expected home a week before Christmas, which time was drawing near, the family had begun to make preparations for her arrival. Mrs. White, wishing to please her daughter, and to give her an agreeable surprise, had purchased a new piano, and made some other additions to the parlor furniture. These new additions to the parlor had caused Betty, the maid, to go off in the greatest ecstasy. "Now," she thought to herself, "Miss Dinah will have to give up and acknowledge clear beat. Dear me, I wonder what she will say when she sees our new things. I mean to send over for her this very night; won't I crow over her, though!" So Betty, with the help of a scribe, forwarded a message to Dinah, requesting the pleasure of her company that evening for an hour or two when work was done up. Betty thought she could afford to be generous on that occasion, as she was to reap a great triumph, so she provided a nice little supper for her old antagonist on family points. "Dinah," she said, "liked good strong tea, and she was a mighty good judge of it; no better judge of tea lived than Miss Dinah." So she went to her mistress and explained matters, and craved a drawing of the Old Hyson kept for special occasions, but she forgot to mention the main object for which Dinah had been invited.

Dinah was much pleased with her invitation, particularly as it was a written one. She got Ike to spell it out for her. Ike, who was Dinah's right-hand man, especially when he knew gingerbread was

coming, labored hard to decipher the document, and, for a wonder, got through the epistle without breaking down. When he had finished, Dinah remarked, "That's a proper nice note; that's real quality way of inviting people. I'll have to go, for sure; Betty and me, you know, are great friends; though there is some p'int on which we do differ. I'll own up to that, any day."

Dinah, after finishing her work for the day, commenced preparations for the contemplated visit. She put on her best cap and dress, and when her toilet was completed, surveyed herself in the glass with much satisfaction. She was very much afraid of going too early, for she said the invitation looked kind of formal, and so she lingered around until some one hinted that it was time she was off, when she departed with the air and carriage of one clothed in the robes of dignity.

In order to conceal the object she had in view, Betty invited a few cronies to meet Dinah, who had already arrived, and were engaged in social chit-chat as Dinah entered the spacious kitchen of the Whites' mansion. Dinah, during the first half-hour of her visit, was extremely dignified, but as the odoriferous perfume of the Old Hyson greeted her olfactories, her stiffness relaxed, and by the time she had drank her third cup of tea, she became exceedingly voluble. "This tea," she remarked, "is the real giniwine article; just the kind one would expect to drink in such a house as this." So profuse she became with her compliments, they fell like snowflakes. Every one came in for a share of her laudations, and throughout the evening the best of feeling prevailed. As the guests were about to depart, Betty, in a careless way, remarked that she would like them to step into the parlor. As they entered the spacious, and, to some extent, newly-furnished room, an exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of several of the guests. "Dinah," said Betty, "I want you to look at our new piano, as you are a judge of such furniture."

As Dinah's eye caught a view of the highly-polished instrument, she trembled. Had she at that moment been struck by an iceberg, the revulsion in her feelings could not have been greater, as from fever heat she travelled down to zero. But she tolerably well succeeded in concealing her chagrin; she stepped up to the piano and gave one of the keys a gentle touch, saying, "That's the real quality sound; it's

proper nice." But her eyes studiously avoided the triumphant gaze of Betty.

On her way home Dinah kept mumbling to herself somewhat in the following manner: "No great shakes of a piano; anybody could see that; but I wasn't going to tell 'em so. I never mortifies people, especially when they use me well; but they have got to use me well, I tell ye. Lor! they ought to have seen my old missus' piano, all striped with gold, that was worth takin' folks into the parlor to look at. 'Shaw! what does folks know now-days?" With these and like soliloquies Dinah reached her home.

Mrs. Issop and Jennie were still engaged at their needlework in the sitting-room. Dinah immediately marched into the apartment and opened her batteries. Her first exclamation was, "Missus, the Whites have gone crazy." Mrs. Issop for the moment was seriously alarmed, for she eagerly asked, "What is the matter?"

"Matter!" said Dinah, laying an awful stress on the word, "why, they have gone and got a new piano and ever so many fixins, just because Miss Mary is coming home next week. I suppose Miss White will hold her head pretty high now; but she mustn't show off any of her airs around me."

"Why, Dinah," said Jennie, "what makes you talk so? You know Mary is very kind. Don't you remember that beautiful head-dress she gave you last fall, and which she brought all the way from Boston? Mary certainly has been very kind to you, Dinah."

"Lor!" said Dinah, "so she has"; and a big tear immediately rolled down her cheek. "Why, what a poor memory I'se got," she continued. "That was a real pretty head-dress, and 'tis just as good as new, for I was looking at it only last Sunday. Sartin sure, Miss Mary is a great friend of mine. Now I jist remember Miss Mary is very fond of punkin-pie. When she was a little girl and come to see me, I would say, 'Mary, won't you have a piece of punkin-pie?' and the way the dear chile relished it done me a heap of good; and then she would say, 'Dinah, I wish our Betty could make such punkin-pies as you does.' Lor! go way, if that chile didn't know everything. Now, there's that big punkin in the garden, if I don't hetchel it off the vine to-morrow morning in no time, and when Miss Mary comes home she shall have one of my superiest pies." With these sayings and reflections Dinah retired to rest, greatly mollified in spirit.

Ike was a great admirer of Mrs. White's second daughter, Ella, and was never tired of gazing at her, particularly if he could do so without being seen in return. He would often climb the big pear-tree in his mother's yard, where, screened by the foliage, he would sit for hours watching Ella, as she skipped around her mother's door-yard, or helped her little brother Tom to fly his kite. But Ike never ventured near the object of his affection. If he did not believe the sentiment of the poet, he at least practiced it, for, with him, distance oft lent enchantment to the view.

But Ike did not always enjoy the felicity of viewing Ella at a distance, for on one occasion he was favored with a nearer view than he desired. A few days after the return of Ella's sister from boarding-school, the two young ladies called on Mrs. Issop. The day was somewhat unpleasant, as a drizzling rain was falling. Ike, at the time, was holding a skein of yarn on each wrist, which his mother was winding off on a ball. He had kicked off his shoes, thereby showing that his feet were well protected by two blue-colored stockings. A gentle knock was heard at the door, which opened directly on the piazza. Ike knew by the sound of the voices without who sought admission. His hair instantly bristled up, down went the skein of yarn, and away went Ike behind the fireboard. The fireboard swung upon hinges, which enabled Ike to conceal himself with the dispatch that the necessities of the case called for. Mrs. Issop, thinking her visitors would not tarry long, allowed Ike to remain in his place of concealment. But the guests did tarry, much to the discomfort of Ike, for every few moments he would say to himself, "How they do hang on."

Whether Ella mistrusted that Ike was behind the fireboard we know not, but her eye, with a comical expression, was frequently turned that way. Presently she said to Mrs. Issop, "Something must be behind the fireboard, for I hear a noise there." Ike plainly heard Ella's observation, and, had a pistol been leveled at his head, his consternation could not have been greater; he broke out in a profuse perspiration, his head reeled, and he would undoubtedly have given the entire world, had he possessed it, to have been delivered from his perilous situation. To heighten his distress, the fireboard gently swung on its hinges and there stood Ella with a face which betokened that she not only enjoyed the scene, but much admired his cosy retreat.

Ike was a very sorry picture to look at; his nose was covered with smut, his pantaloons had received a recent fracture at the knee, his hair somewhat resembled the quills of the porcupine, and, take him all in all, he was very far from being presentable. Ike thought he was called upon to say something, or to make some explanation as to his situation. So he hallooed out, "Who you looking at? I aint been doing nothing." Mrs. Issop called to him, saying, "Isaac, you had better come out of there." Ike, it appears, thought so too, for he started from his hiding-place with a rush for the outer door, but unfortunately the skein of yarn he had dropped had escaped the observation of his mother, and still remained on the floor. As he was rushing from the room his feet became entangled in the yarn and down he went, to the great merriment of his friends. After rolling over once or twice, he regained his equilibrium, and succeeded in bolting through the door, and was thus speedily lost to view.

A day or two after the exciting events just related, in which our hero played so conspicuous a part, his sister Jennie invited her young friends to an evening sociable. It was Miss Jennie's first party, and of course to her an important event, and as there were two distinguished strangers to be present, the occasion called for the ablest exercise of Miss Dinah's culinary tactics. The strangers were Mr. Rolf and sister, of Boston, who were the friends and guests of Miss White.

The village in which the Issops and Whites resided, differed in no respect from other villages. The same custom then prevailed to lionize strangers, particularly if they were known to fame, or occupied a place among the *élite*. Miss White's guests, ever since their arrival in the village, had made an unusual sensation; every one was seeking an introduction. Mr. Rolf had been subject to hourly criticism from the young ladies, and his dress and manners had perhaps received more attention since his arrival in the place than they had during all his former years. While the young ladies were speculating on Mr. Rolf, and seeking to know who among them had been favored with an introduction, Miss Rolf was receiving the like attention from the young gentlemen, and many expressions like the following could have been heard by the attentive ear: "I say, Tomlinson, have you been introduced to Miss Rolf? They say she is a charming creature, positively captivating. As for me, I have not as yet sought an introduction. I shall

wait until the evening of Miss Issop's party, before paying my respects to this Boston belle."

Mrs. Issop's kitchen, for several days prior to the much-talked-of entertainment, was the scene of great bustle and activity. The big cooking-stove glowed with heat, and the chimney puffed away, sending forth huge volumes of smoke. Miss Dinah, who was in her element, stalked around among the waffle-irons and various other utensils belonging to her profession, talking aloud to herself, as she was wont when engaged in matters of importance. "Now," said she, "this getting up a big company 'pears jist like old times. Why, Missus wanted to know if I hadn't better get Betty to help me. 'Shaw! I wonder what Betty knows about making sponge-cake and such likes; jist nothing at all. And besides, I'se got a small account to settle with Betty. I haven't forgot that piano. I do believe, after all, it was a consarted plan to get me over thar. But never mind, Miss Betty, jist wait until I'se got the table sot for the company, and all the silver on, what's been up in that big chist in the garret for ever so many years, and what nobody knows nothing about, then I'll show you. I use to say, 'Missus, why don't you use your silver?' but she would say, 'Dinah, time enough.' I do believe Missus has been saving it all the time for this company. She is a wonderful lady to look ahead. Now, Betty makes great reckoning on seeing our table; but won't she stare, though, I guess, when she gets one good look at it; she won't be showing folks any more new pianos."

The knocker on the hall-door suddenly interrupted Dinah's soliloquies. Hastily slipping on a clean apron, she proceeded to answer the summons.

The evening for the company arrived, and all was in readiness. Dinah had her table tastefully arranged. On it stood the long-neglected silver, shining like polished mirrors. The parlor was gaily illuminated, and Miss Jennie and her mother were awaiting the arrival of the guests. Ike, too, was in the room, but, to use a military phrase, he had been forced in at the point of the bayonet; and it required but slight military skill to discover that he was intent on an early retreat.

Miss Jennie was attired in white embroidered muslin, with a sash of rose-colored ribbon; her hair fell in natural ringlets around her neck, looped up with a spray of natural flowers.

The first arrival was Mr. Blue and his sister. Mr. Blue was clothed in blue (we, of course, refer to his coat and pantaloons), which color at the time was in the extreme of fashion. His appearance gave evidence that much time had been spent in the preparation of his toilet, for he looked decidedly fixy. Mr. Blue was a young man of few words, for his conversational powers were mostly confined to the adjective "prodigious." On entering the room he appeared a little startled at the fascinating appearance of Miss Jennie, for he exclaimed aloud, "Pro—" but catching himself, he succeeded in suppressing the remainder of the word; but all knew what should have followed. His sister was decidedly pretty, neatly and tastefully dressed. The true physiognomist would have had no difficulty in pronouncing her leading trait to be amiability.

The next arrival was Mr. Slope, whose age was about thirty, and who belonged to that class known as bachelors. Mr. Slope was stiff and prim in his manners; he wholly ignored fashion, for he had not changed his style of dress in many years. He wore his stock so alarmingly high as to slightly throw back his head; his collar came close up under his ears, and protruded to at least three inches beyond his nose. Mr. Slope at once proceeded to pay his respects to the ladies. His bow, which was very low, was as quick as a flash, and as he resumed an upright position, he exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "The compliments of the season," and then fell back, with rapid gait, on Mr. Blue.

The guests now arrived in such rapid succession as to preclude any further description. The Misses White and Mr. Rolf and sister were among the number.

Miss Flame was the accredited belle of the evening—she was not only pretty, but played her part with commendable adroitness. She immediately sought an introduction to Mr. Rolf, and wholly monopolized his attention for the evening; but the observant eye could see he was restive under her powers, for his eye frequently wandered, and failed not to light up when it contemplated the pleasant smile of Miss Jennie. Finally, in order to change the scene, he requested Miss Flame to invite Miss Issop to favor the company with a tune on the piano. Miss Flame complied, with the condition that he would unite his request with hers.

Miss Jennie, to the great surprise of Miss Flame, immediately com-

plied with the request, and seated herself at the piano without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, and as her fingers ran over the keys, it became evident to all she was no stranger to the instrument. She sang and played with much ability for one of her years, and as her voice, which was naturally clear and musical, rose to its full power, Mr. Blue was heard to exclaim in an undertone, "Prodigious!" As Jennie arose from the piano, Mr. Rolf thanked her in words which conveyed a deeper meaning than they expressed.

Miss Dinah was greatly delighted at the attention bestowed on her table, for she measured the appreciation of the company by that never-failing standard, appetite; and as her friend Miss White whispered to her, "Dinah, you have eclipsed yourself," the old lady's cup of joy was completely filled, and for many days and weeks afterwards, when talking to her cronies, she failed not to impress on their minds that *our* company was a great success.


Seven years have come and gone since the evening of Miss Jennie's party, and time has wrought its changes in the families who have been the subjects of our friendly notice. Mrs. White's two daughters are married, and have left the paternal roof. Miss Jennie has become Mrs. Rolf, and resides in Boston. Our garrulous old friend Dinah still holds converse with herself, and retains her peculiar ideas as to what constitutes genteel society. She has recently had an invitation to visit Mrs. Rolf, which invite she daily ventilates among her acquaintances.

Ike has grown to be a man, but his bashfulness still clings to him with the tenacity of a vice. He made several attempts to capture his favorite, Ella, but his bashfulness held him in check, and prevented the consummation of his hopes. He had once mustered sufficient courage to wait upon her to an evening service in the church, but when he entered the edifice his eyes, to use his own expression, became cloudy, and in consequence he blundered into the wrong pew, and in attempting to find the hymn, he had the misfortune to drop the book, which calamities prevented his ever repeating the like experiment. But he still kept on devising ways and means to capture the citadel of his hopes, but amid his preparations a more valiant knight appeared and carried off the prize, and Ike was left to realize that there was much truth in the proverb that "a faint heart never won a fair lady."

THE EARLY SETTLERS

OF THE

VALLEY OF THE SPROUT.

HE Sprout Creek, one of the pleasantest streams of Dutchess County, forms an important tributary of the Fishkill, and according to the latest surveys rises in the town of Pleasant Valley, passes through La Grange, and from thence to its mouth constitutes the boundary line between the towns of Fishkill and East Fishkill.

The valley traversed by the Creek is appropriately known as the Valley of the Sprout, and comprises within its bounds some of the best farming lands in the county of Dutchess. The early settlers of the valley were "solid men," noted for their industry and thrift, and for those qualities which go to make up the good citizen. They were firm believers in the truths of Christianity, and at an early day contributed largely of their substance for the erection of houses of worship,—the true pillars of every country's greatness.

A sketch of the early settlers of the Sprout would at this time be of much interest, especially to the present residents of the valley; and it is to be hoped some *local* pen will undertake the task of perpetuating the memory of those early pioneers, as the leading facts in their history can now be easily gathered, but if delayed for a few years will be irrecoverably lost.

The writer of this article, with his usual modesty, makes no attempt at history; but his ancestors on the maternal side being among the first settlers of the valley, he is constrained to set forth a few facts, as well

as other kindred matters pertaining to the subject, such as he is conversant with, and which he trusts will be acceptable to the reader.

Among the early settlers of the valley the names of Brinkerhoff, Van Wyck, Swartwout, Griffin, Scofield, DuBois, and Montfort stand forth conspicuously. One branch of the Brinkerhoff family early located on lands near the mouth of the Sprout, which place subsequently came into possession of the Van Wyck family, who occupied it for very many years. The old family mansion, though now laboring under the weight of time, retains something of its ancient grandeur. It was here the "father of his country," in Revolutionary days, occasionally tarried for the night; and the room in which the hero slept is, even now, regarded with much veneration, and according to report retains in a remarkable degree the impress of greatness.

General Jacobus Swartwout, of Revolutionary fame, owned and occupied a large tract of land adjoining the Van Wyck farm. The General was a representative man, foremost in every good word and work. In ecclesiastical matters he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries in that line. When the present Dutch church of Fishkill village was erected (now strangely internally altered), the General brought into requisition an immense colored retinue, the Cæsars and Pompeys of that day, who were particularly instrumental in the building of the edifice. Though they were not shining lights in an architectural sense, yet in the no less important matters of hewers of wood and drawers of water they were considered brilliant. We wonder if the venerable fathers of these latter days, who worship within the sacred edifice, are aware of their indebtedness to the General, and to that much-abused race, the noble sons of Ham.

The African population of the valley in those times was very numerous, and if we may be allowed the expression, were a most useful class of citizens. In clearing the land, and in all matters of stubborn toil, they were ever marshaled to the front, and bore without a murmur the burden and heat of the day. It may be supposed that these sons of toil, as to rank, stood on equal footing; but it was otherwise, for they were not slow to perceive that there were different grades of society; and those of them whose masters occupied public positions, or were noted for their wealth, considered they had a right to participate in such family distinctions; therefore, on all state occasions, they

were careful to inform their less favored brethren not to be too familiar, but to keep at a respectful distance, as there was such a thing as aristocracy.

The General being a representative man, his darkies, of course, held their heads loftily; they were bound to uphold the dignity of the family. The standard by which men were judged in those days differs greatly from that of the present time. Now, as it is well known, the tailor and dressmaker contribute largely to the status of the human race. Brains, culture, honesty, and moral worth, in these times, exercise but little weight; on the contrary, assurance, questionable morality, and apparel make up the man. Had the General's darkies been judged by this standard they would have stood at a terrible discount; for, barefooted and with rimless hats, they grimly fought the battle of life, and, notwithstanding their low estate, they held on to the family dignity with a grip that never tired.

Among the many servants of the General was one who rejoiced in the name of Hannibal. This individual was a favorite of his master, or, in other words, was his body-servant, and held the reins on Sabbath days. When seated on the box, bound churchward, Hannibal's features immediately assumed a remarkable degree of gravity; every muscle of his face, on the instant, became rigid as marble. As he drove along, his most intimate crony, loitering by the wayside, failed to extract from him the slightest recognition,—his mind was more profitably employed. When within a half mile of the church, by a dexterous movement of the whip he informed his steeds that the time had arrived to show off, consequently the awakened animals dashed forward at a rapid pace, leaving in their track clouds of rolling dust.

The General being one of the main pillars of the church, of course Hannibal was ditto. When perched in the gallery of the sacred edifice, in what was known as the *dark* corner, he put on a sanctimonious look and failed not to reprove, by an ominous shake of the head, the slightest levity on the part of the colored brethren. When the good dominie, who always had a word for the humblest member of his flock, turned his eye on his colored hearers, Hannibal, under the impression he was the one particularly addressed, would lean forward to signify he was all attention. But we regret to say that Hannibal, like many rigid churchgoers, had his failings. On Sunday afternoons (then regarded as a negro

holiday) he became rather worldly-minded,—for he would strut around, clad in an old military suit (discarded by the General), to the great envy of his comrades, but to the intense delight and admiration of the colored belles of the period. Hannibal, on such occasions, had a true military stride, and was decidedly captivating. How many broken hearts have been put down to his account we know not, but we do know he was as proud of his conquests as was his illustrious predecessor, the ancient Hannibal, when thundering at the gates of the Roman Commonwealth. But enough of Hannibal.

The lands adjoining the General's were owned by the DuBois family, known as the Sprout Creek DuBoises, who were among the first settlers of the valley. They came from Ulster County about the year 1736. The elder DuBois was not blessed with a large family; if he was, they decamped in early life, for in the year 1768 his household proper consisted only of himself and a son named Christian, then pronounced in broad Dutch accent *Chrast-ye-yaun*, emphasis on the last syllable. Owing to the many leaks in household matters, occasioned by a superfluity of colored help, a council of war was held by father and son to determine how the leaks could be stopped. After much deliberation, it was decided that a maternal head in family matters was needed, and Christian was duly authorized to go forth in the world and procure a wife. Impressed with the importance of his mission, and staggering under the weight of parental advice, he sallied forth to seek a sharer of his proportion of this world's joys and sorrows. After scouring the country for innumerable miles around, his choice fell on a Fishkill Landing belle, a Miss Helena Van Voorhis, then residing a short distance north of the Five Corners. The Van Voorhis family still occupy the place, and we are happy in being able to state, a modern family mansion has for some years past adorned the premises, showing that the family in worldly affairs are progressive.

The old family mansion, in which the marriage of Christian DuBois and Miss Helena Van Voorhis was celebrated in 1768, stands a few rods north of the more modern structure, though in appearance it presents but the vestige of its former self. It stands apparently wrapped in silent reverie. The tread of busy feet, the ringing laughter of childhood, the stories of garrulous old age, which in days of yore enlivened the ancient structure, long years ago were hushed in the stillness of the grave.

“We come like shadows and so depart !”

In the last century marriage ceremonies were celebrated very different from the style now governing such occasions. Then there were no *Home Journals* to sound the praises of the guests, and to record in high-faluten style the adornings of the bride and her attendants. Had sensational newspapers then existed, and the present custom prevailed of resorting to their columns to give the marriage occasion a little prominence, something like the following might have appeared in some ambitious journal of the period :

“On Thursday evening last, as the round, resplendent moon rose with great prominence over the adjacent mountains, and as her silvery rays sank in magnificent proportions into the liquid depths of the ever tranquil Hudson, the elegant domicile of Major Van Voorhis, bathed in a verdant landscape, and reclining artistically a short distance north of the picturesque village of the Five Corners, was extensively illuminated. The occasion calling for such magnificence, was the alliance of the Major’s eldest and accomplished daughter, Miss Helena, to Baronet DuBois, a large and influential landholder of the Valley of the Sprout. The bride was arrayed in a magnificent costume, gotten up in the style worn on court occasions in the times of Henry the Ninth. The bridesmaids were possessed of great personal charms, which were peculiarly heightened by the manifold arrangements of their toilet, each being enveloped in labyrinths of cambric muslin, and irradiated by jewels of inestimable value. Among the notables present, were Hon. Peter Swell and lady, Obadiah Gudgeon, the great millionaire, and his accomplished daughter, the latter the acknowledged belle of the evening. The press was ably represented by the talented editor of the *Babbler*, whose fascinating appearance elicited many compliments. The Highland Band, under the leadership of Ubiquitous Higgs, discoursed at intervals rapturous music. At 12 o’clock precisely the company sat down to a sumptuous banquet, gotten up under the supervision of our esteemed colored fellow-citizen, Peter Jackson, whose attention to the wants of the guests called forth the warmest thanks. The occasion was one calculated to leave happy and lasting impressions on all present. To-day, we understand the happy pair will leave for their home, escorted by a large body of mounted cavaliers. May success attend them.”

The youthful couple, we are happy to say, were spared any such infliction as recorded above. They were married in purely democratic style, and went on their way freighted with the kind wishes of relatives and friends. When it became known among the colored population belonging to the DuBois household, that a new mistress would soon be installed as head manager, great was the consternation in and around the edifice. Aunty Phillis, an ancient fixture in the establishment, who had had the direction of household affairs for long and weary years, became greatly excited. The old lady was a privileged character; her orders within doors were imperative, and to do her justice, if we except the prodigality natural to the race, had ever labored faithfully in the service of the family. But she had attained to that age which unfitted her for the many cares incident to her station, yet she could not brook the idea of resigning the reins of government to other hands. Like all mortals she had a thirst for power. When made acquainted with the fact that a new mistress would be shortly installed in the house, she might have been heard indulging in the following soliloquy:

"I s'pose Massa Chrast-ye-yaun dink he'self mighty smart, fetch'n in here new Missis. I s'pose he dis'members how when ole Missis die, I sot up tendin' to her ever so many nights. An' ole Missis she say to me, 'Phillis, when I be gone to glory, I want you to 'tend to my little boy; mind now, take de berry best care on him,' an' I tells ole Missis I tends him mighty sharp. I'se not forgot my promise. No! no! let old Phillis 'lone fur dat.' I brings him up fust rate. He no be sich a fine gem'n if I no tends him. Gorrry! dat's jist de way with dis ar' world, folks all de time dis'member what's bin doo'n fur'm. When Chrast-ye-yaun were a little boy, he kotch a big fever, an' de doctor he say, 'Phillis, dis am a berry sick boy,' an' I say, 'I 'spects he be,' an' I tells de doctor I tends him mighty sharp. When de doctor he go way, I feels mighty queer, case I dink Chrast-ye-yaun he die, and go to glory, and he meets ole Missis dar, an' ole Missis say, 'Dar now, I know'd Phillis wouldn't 'tend to dat boy,' den I jist gits down side ob de bed, as ole Missis use to do when she talk to de bress' Lord, an' I told de bress' Lord all 'bout it, an' he hears ole Phillis, case I feels right way sich big comfort, an' den Chrast-ye-yaun, putty soon, he gits well, an' now he dinks he'self mighty smart fetch'n in here a new Missis."

Notwithstanding the lament of Phillis, had her feelings been analyzed, there would have been found an under-current which exhibited a far better state of things. She was secretly glad that her boy, as she called Christian, when talking to her cronies, was about to bring home a wife. So, when a few days after, she was presented with a new dress of the most approved pattern, and several other adornments, that she might be properly equipped against the arrival of the bride, she was profuse in her thanks, declaring she would be proper glad to see new Missis.

"You know, Aunty," said Christian, who was disposed to blarney the old lady, as was his custom, when necessary to conciliate, "my wife will be very anxious to see you; she has heard so much about your good management, that I want you to appear to the best advantage when she arrives. Give her a hearty welcome; you know how to do it if anybody does."

"Lor!" said the old lady, "you let Phillis 'lone fur dat. Don't I know how to 'tertain company. When ole Dom'no Rysdyck use to come har an' eat dinner, arter ole Missis had gone to glory, he say to ole Massa, 'You be berry fortunate in having Phillis here, she keeps things 'mazing slick. I don't git any sich good dinners as I git here.' Dom'no Rysdyck he wur proper nice man. Sometimes he stay all night; an' when ole Massa ax him to pray 'fore goin' to bed, he say, 'Call in Phillis an' all on 'em'; and when he speaks to de bress' Lord 'bout de family, he mentions me, too. Dem prayers of his did me a heap of good. No! no! no fear of ole Phillis. I knows how to 'tertain company. When you an' new Missis gets here, I stands right in de front door, wid my new dress on, an' I say, 'Dis way, new Missis, please.' Den I makes a big kurtsy, an' 'vites her in de parlor, an' takes her bundles, an' ax her if she am berry well to-day. No! no! Massa Chrast-ye-yaun, I knows what hedication and broughten up bee's."

The arrival of the bride at her new home was an occasion long remembered by those who participated in the festivities of that glorious day. A proclamation was issued from head-quarters that a feast of fat things be provided, and all comers, whether bond or free, made welcome, and fed sumptuously. Pomp, the colored financier of the establishment, who had grown gray in the service, was ordered to furnish

the necessary supplies. This ancient functionary was duly impressed with the responsibility imposed upon him, and in the fulfilment of his mission, made numerous raids on the hen-roosts and sheep-folds within legitimate bounds, which were conducted with consummate skill, showing plainly he was an "old hand" at the business, and slightly intimating that, under the cover of night, he had frequently indulged in similar enterprises for his own benefit.

Aunt Phillis was in her element; her orders were given in tones of great authority, and the dark mass of humanity, swayed to and fro at her bidding, for the first time in many days, in the culinary line, performed prodigies of valor. The kitchen chimney was also a prominent actor in the scene, for like another Vesuvius it puffed away, indicating to the wondering neighbors that the DuBois household had got up an unusual head of steam, and for once in their history, in a corporal sense, was considerably exercised.

Among the colored pussons who figured conspicuously on the occasion was a genius called Samson—an honorable attaché of the family. The strength of this Samson lay altogether in his appetite. The quantity of mush and milk set down to his account was never correctly footed up, owing to the want of a competent mathematician to sum up the matter. Samson was stationed on a rising knoll a short distance from the house, and provided with an old dinner-horn (as he was great on dinners), and was instructed, the moment the bridal party hove in view, to blow the horn with a vim, in order that the household might have time to "fall in" and be in readiness to receive the bride.

Samson's horn on that day gave many uncertain sounds, for when anything loomed up in the distance, whether man or beast, Samson, without waiting to ascertain who or what was coming, blew a vigorous blast on the dinner instrument, causing much confusion and disappointment to those concerned; consequently, Samson was early relieved from his arduous duties, and a more reliable bugleman substituted.

The darkies on the different plantations, for miles around, having been apprised that a free dinner was to be given at the DuBois mansion to all comers on the day in question, put in an early appearance. These swarthy visitors arrived in prodigious numbers, and rejoiced greatly when they beheld the vast preparations in process for the coming feast. The huge joints of meat and other fixings which simmered and splut-

tered before the kitchen fire, caused their mouths to water freely, which, coupled with the savory smells arising from the additional cooking operations outside the building, drew from them many complimentary ejaculations, as they were frequently heard to say, "Massa Boyis am a gran' gem'n; berry good to de poor; I wish he buy dis chile."

When it was announced that the bridal party were actually in sight, the household and visitors moved in a solid column to the front, to be in readiness to pay their respects. The most conspicuous figure in the crowd was that of Aunty Phillis. Like a veteran commander, she stood prominently forth. The old lady, at all times, was great in bulk, but owing to the extra quantity of clothing worn on the occasion, her bodily proportions just then were truly astounding—vastly reminding one of that very ancient cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

In those days, parties of pleasure invariably travelled on horseback. To be an expert rider was then considered the highest accomplishment that could be accorded to either sex. Therefore, as the approaching cavalcade moved gracefully up towards the family mansion, their every movement was narrowly criticised. No one better understood what belonged to true horsemanship than the negro of that day, and as these colored observers saw the graceful manner with which the bride handled her palfrey, as it came bounding up directly in their front, their enthusiasm could not be restrained.

Christian was not a little surprised, and perhaps was a little chagrined at the vast number of colored friends who had assembled to do him honor—yet he felt a warm kindness for these untutored sons of toil, and being somewhat impressed with their enthusiasm, got off the following impromptu speech:

"My friends, we are told that every day's experience adds something to our stock of knowledge. Who the author of this wise saying may be, I know not; but in confirmation of the fact, I this day learn, if a man desires to know who his friends are, and their numbers, he must take unto himself a wife. I was not aware until now that Dutchess County contained so large a colored population. Perhaps some of you hail from other parts, and have journeyed from afar to do me this unexpected honor—if so, you are none the less welcome. Now, boys, I beg leave to introduce you to my wife—the future Mistress of this house."

The bride, who sat on her palfrey, richly enjoying the scene, on being introduced, bowed gracefully, and bestowed on the crowd one of her blandest smiles. The effect was electrical, for quick as thought every countenance was illuminated with a broad grin of delight; hats and caps, which had already been removed from their accustomed perch, went tossing into the air, and many were the exclamations, "Lord bress young Missus!"

When the bride alighted from her horse, she was formally introduced to Aunty Phillis, and to the other elderly retainers of the family. Taking Aunty Phillis by the hand, the bride saluted her kindly on the cheek, which sent a thrill of joy to the old lady's heart, and established her young mistress high in her favor, which was never lessened through all her after years.

The entertainment given on the occasion, according to the accounts handed down, reflected great credit on the head managers. While the gentry, under the skillful arrangements of Aunty Phillis, fared sumptuously within doors, the colored populace were equally well cared for beneath the spreading trees on the adjacent lawn. Pomp, who had been delegated to attend to the outdoor matters, was careful to have everything done with a dignity befitting the occasion. Therefore when all things were ready connected with his department, he opened wide his capacious mouth, informing the hungry crew, "Dat de gals mus' be help fust." Accordingly the *fair* sex, with many bows and grins to Pomp for his politeness, stepped up, and each became the happy recipient of a plate heavily freighted with a variety of good things. Then followed a long line of Pompeys, Catos, Cæsars, etc., arranged according to age and influence. As each man received his platter, it was curious to note the roll of his eyes, and the peculiar sniff of the nose, evidently indicating that the offering was "berry" satisfactory.

When all appetites had been appeased, a couple of old fiddles were introduced, and soon the inspiring cry was heard, "Choose your partners!" In a twinkling, every gem'n led forth his dark-eyed favorite, and then the exercises on the "light, fantastic toe" commenced in earnest, which were kept up with unabated zeal until a late hour of the night.

The great doings at Massa Boyis' on that wedding occasion were long remembered by the colored friends who had the good fortune to par-

ticipate in the festivities. The story was handed down from parents to children, and lost nothing in being often re-told, and even to this day the aged members of the race who still linger in the valley, revert to the doings of that glorious day, with the same fervor as when they first listened to the story in infancy.

Cranberry Marsh, situated near the present hamlet of Swartwoutville, figured conspicuously in the early history of the valley. It was then a forbidden spot, covered with tall bushes, and abounding with many treacherous bogs, which made it extremely difficult to journey over. The incessant hum of insects, the guttural notes of the frog, and the discordant cries of prowling animals, that nightly arose from the marshy pool, together with the strange lights frequently seen there, clothed the place with the supernatural, and made it a special object of dread to the negroes of the vicinity. The main road, leading up through the valley, skirted the southerly border of the marsh. When the dark-ies of the neighborhood were obliged to pass that way after nightfall (as was frequently the case), they would move forward with teeth chattering and limbs quaking, and now and then, as some boisterous bull-frog near by broke forth in song, they were given an impetus which sent them ahead with more than locomotive speed.

The marsh, in those days, was owned by a family named Griffin, who were also the owners of a sable individual called Tobacco Jack. This "culled pusson" had acquired this title on account of his enormous consumption of the "weed." How he managed to procure so large a quantity of the article was a query to his friends, as he always had on hand a superabundant supply. Jack was one of those individuals whose character is not easily defined. On a first acquaintance, he would have been regarded as a remarkable specimen of stupidity, but when subjected to a close examination it would be found he possessed an unusual amount of shrewdness and cunning. When introduced to a new-comer, Jack always acted the part of a dummy, which deception he kept up until he had thoroughly mastered the character and habits of the new man. But notwithstanding his taciturn manners before strangers, yet, when in the company of those he deemed reliable, he became extremely sociable, and was considered a good, jovial fellow.

Jack had also a fascinating way of telling a story, and many were the marvellous tales hid away in his cranium, which, however, like "crack sermons," were brought forth only on special occasions. His greatest theme was the big ghost of Cranberry Marsh. For purposes of his own, as will shortly appear, he invariably made this ghost very formidable. When describing it, he always took a standing attitude, requesting his hearers to keep very still, as the ghost had big ears, and could hear everything said a great way off. He then in a cautious, half-whispering way, would tell how the ghost looked; what a big mouth and eyes it had; how it could pull up any tree, and drink a river dry. In this way he would proceed until his hearers crouched closely together, trembling in every limb. He advised his cronies on all occasions to give the marsh a wide berth, for should they venture to go within it, they would be quickly gobbled up, and forever disappear from the haunts of men. How many stray darkies the ghost had captured and eaten, he was unable to tell, but he knew that many a runaway nigger from other parts, thinking to hide in the marsh, had been seized by the ghost and savagely devoured. He would be sorry to hear that any of his friends had come to grief in that way; he therefore admonished them to be prudent and watchful when passing near the place.

Among the then distinguished residents of the valley was an odd genius named Abe Scouten, who belonged to a class of individuals whose business chiefly consists in lounging around public resorts, manufacturing sensational news, and indulging in other idle fancies. Abe was one of the distinguished manufacturers of sensationals at the old Swartwoutville Tavern, where he frequently held forth to crowds of attentive hearers. When not engaged in this work, he was employed as a sort of an express or carrier, in which capacity he displayed great ability. Newspapers, in those days, were unknown in the valley, but Abe in a large measure supplied such deficiency—in fact, for that section, he might have been considered the news organ of the day. When going his rounds, he always managed to have on hand much startling intelligence, therefore every old lady and young maiden living on the road he was accustomed to travel, hailed his appearance with the utmost pleasure. When halting to leave a package or message at such places where refreshments were given, Abe generally straightened himself—for he knew the quantity and quality of the food to be offered

would depend altogether on what news he had to communicate; he, therefore, at such places managed to get off something particularly startling—what might be termed a “bumper.”

Abe, having occasion, one day, to pass along the northerly side of Cranberry Marsh (a very retired spot, seldom if ever visited), noticed the impress of human feet leading into the place. As the tracks were quite numerous, and as stepping-stones and other materials had been placed here and there, forming a sort of causeway, Abe's suspicions were aroused. He therefore deemed it prudent to investigate affairs. Like a model detective, he evinced great skill in working up the case. His examinations resulted in discovering (without being discovered) a colony of negroes encamped on an island in the centre of the marsh. How they came there, or what purpose they had in view, surpassed Abe's logic. He therefore proceeded to call in council a boon companion, named Brom Scofield, who was a shrewd, active fellow, just the one for the emergency.

Brom, on being consulted, at once comprehended the situation. His advice was to keep matters dark, and wait for developments. For this purpose Brom and Abe that same day, a little after nightfall, cautiously proceeded to the border of the marsh, at the place where the tracks were discovered, where they lay in ambush, keeping a close watch for any suspicious movements that might turn up. About eleven o'clock, a smothered squall of a fowl announced that some one was approaching, and soon a dark figure hove in view, which the watchers had no difficulty in recognizing to be that of Tobacco Jack, who passed quite near them, with a bag on his shoulder, in the direction of the encampment. After waiting a few minutes, Brom and Abe followed, and when within a short distance of the island on which the negroes were congregated, they halted to ascertain how matters stood. They were not long in discovering that the darkies were preparing for a feast, probably on the provisions brought in by Jack. The twain then cautiously retired to their respective homes, to meet again the following day to determine what further steps in the matter should be taken.

At the second council, Brom (who was well acquainted with Jack's ghost story) contended that the darkies on the island were runaways from other counties, and that Jack was the only colored man in the neighborhood who associated with them. Jack's story of the big ghost

of the marsh, he said, was simply a blind to keep the darkies of the vicinity from going too near the place, and so prevent the discovery of the runaways. The many cries of animals and other peculiar sounds so frequently heard in the marsh, he had no doubt were made by the negroes. He therefore thought, as Jack had so often painted the story of the big ghost of the marsh, the matter might with profit be given a show of reality. It was therefore determined that on the next Saturday evening a descent should be made on the encampment, and Brom, for that occasion, appear in the character of the ghost.

When the next Saturday came around, Brom and Abe, at a late hour of the evening, in company with two friends, started for the encampment; the latter were invited to join the expedition in order that it might have a respectable show of strength. Brom's attire for playing the ghost was not very elaborate—he was simply arrayed in a white dress and cap, borrowed of his grandmother, with the addition of two ox-horns fastened to his head in front. Each man carried a short stick, having tow wrapped on one end, which was saturated with turpentine and other combustibles, so that it could be fired up at a moment's notice. The party happily succeeded in threading their way through the marsh to within fifty feet of the encampment, without attracting attention. The negroes were evidently in high glee, as they were feasting and indulging in various kinds of sport, totally unconcerned how the world wagged without.

At the signal agreed upon, Brom threw off the mantle covering his ghost attire, and at the same moment each torch was lighted, and held so as to bring the ghost into prominent notice. The effect was magical, for the encampment in an instant became as silent as the grave—the negroes were apparently struck dumb with terror. Soon, however, one of their number ventured to inquire, in a voice which sounded as though he had a touch of the fever and ague, "Who's dar?" The answer was, "The big ghost of Cranberry Marsh." The next moment every Sambo was on the go—the island was evacuated in about one minute and a quarter.

Tobacco Jack, who made a very early departure, in attempting to dodge past the ghost, plunged nearly up to his neck in a quagmire. At that particular moment he undoubtedly thought he was a goner, as with nose and mouth partly filled with the muck, he gave vent to the

most supplicating cries, which sounded like a score of muffled drums when in full play. Fearing he would suffocate, the party deemed it expedient to turn to and haul him out, which proved no easy task, for it was not until several attempts had been made that the ghost (who was the most active of the liberators) succeeded in clutching him by the wool and planting him once more on solid ground, when, with sundry kicks and cuffs, administered by way of a lecture, he was sent toddling home to reflect at his leisure on the sudden and peculiar changes in the affairs of men.

What became of the other negroes was never known ; some supposed that in their confusion and alarm they ran into the numerous bogs or quagmires with which the marsh abounded, and perished. But the more reasonable supposition was that the negroes knew of many safe outlets through the marsh, which they were in the habit of travelling at all hours of the night, and therefore made good their escape to rendezvous elsewhere.

We conclude our sketch of the early settlers of the valley with the simple remark, that we have in no way exhausted the subject—in fact, we have only trod on the threshold.

THE ROBBERS OF WINDAM PEAK:

A TALE OF FISHKILL HOOK.



NE of the lofty spurs of the Fishkill Mountains, which lifts up its bold summit near the winding mountain road leading from Johnsville to Philipstown, is known as Windam Peak. The extended view from this lofty elevation can not fail to elicit admiration from the most ardent lover of the picturesque.

In the month of June, twenty years ago, we wound our way up the craggy steep of Windam Peak. As we seated ourselves, after our toilsome ascent, on a jutting rock, whence is heard the continuous splash of a little cascade many fathoms down, we ran our eye over the extended landscape, which, like a map, lay outstretched before us, and for the first time truly realized the beauty and faithfulness of the poet's description of a similar scene:

“Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view,
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low,—
Each town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives to each a double charm.”

During our brief stay on the mountain we gathered from an old inhabitant of that region the outlines of the following story, which we relate, interwoven with such corroborative facts as we have been able to glean from other sources:

Near Windam Peak, during the Revolutionary War, lived a family by the name of Wasset. The family consisted of but three persons,—father, mother, and a little daughter about ten years of age. They

came from none knew where; quietly and almost unnoticed they had taken possession of a rude tenement, erected some years before for the accommodation of wood-choppers, and which was located on lands then owned by General Jacobus Swartwout, of Revolutionary memory.

As may be supposed, many were the speculations of the few inhabitants of that section as to who this family were, and from whence they came, but speculations and inquiries failed to elicit at the time any facts concerning them of a satisfactory character. That portion of the Fish-kill Mountains where the Wassetts were located was at the time very sparsely inhabited. The few roads that traversed the mountains were but simply paths, used only during the winter months by the inhabitants of the lowlands for procuring their annual supply of fuel. In summer the few denizens of the hills enjoyed a calm solitude, unbroken even by the sound of the sportsman's rifle.

There were but two cabins in the vicinity of the one appropriated by the Wassetts, one of which was occupied by a widow woman named Jewell, who had an only son, then about eighteen years of age, called Laughing Joe, from the fact that his physiognomy was fashioned in such a way as always to present a comical appearance. In the other cabin lived a man by the name of Briggs, who, as far as known, was destitute of either family or kin. Briggs was a noted poacher, or at least enjoyed that reputation.

The Wassetts, the man Briggs, and the Jewells, after a time, became a little community among themselves. The former two, during the daytime, invariably kept aloof from the world below; but their nocturnal visits were supposed to be frequent, judging from the petty robberies and many depredations on the various hen-roosts along the foot of the mountain.

Laughing Joe and his mother occasionally descended from their airy abode in the open day. The visits of the latter to the plains were, however, but seldom; but whenever those visits occurred, her uncouth figure and grotesque appearance spread terror among the juveniles of the lowlands.

Dame Jewell had long enjoyed the reputation of being gifted with magic powers; many, whose veracity on other matters was deemed reliable, asserted that often at twilight they had seen the old woman, bestride of her broomstick, flying around the peaks of the mountains,

and throwing aloft huge balls of fire. Whether such was the case or not, it was certain the old lady was gifted with powers akin to the supernatural, as she was known to perform many marvellous feats, but by what process remains unexplained to the present day.

Near the foot of the mountain on the old Wiccapie road, near where it crosses the Wiccapie creek, stood, in the days of which we write, a small secluded Inn. This Inn, on account of its isolated location, was frequently the resort of the "cowboys" and the various spies of that day, which scouted alike within the lines of the American and British armies.

On a cold stormy evening in December, four men were seated around a rude table in the small bar-room of this Inn, engaged at some play with cards. The weather during the day had been intensely severe. A furious snow-storm, that had commenced at early morn, was still raging with great severity. As blast after blast shook the frail tenement, its inmates, the card-players, began to manifest signs of uneasiness.

"Wasset," spake one of their number, "your predictions about the weather are sadly at fault," at the same time sweeping the cards from the table, as though more important business now demanded attention. "You said," continued the speaker, "that the gale would expend itself before twelve o'clock, but, if anything, it is increasing in violence, and unless it abates soon our business for this night is spoiled, and we shall be obliged to find our way back to the hills as empty-handed as we came."

The man to whom these remarks were addressed appeared in no haste to reply; he sat drumming with his fingers on the table, apparently unconscious he had been spoken to. After the lapse of a few moments he slowly pulled from his pocket a heavy silver watch, and in a voice as though communing with himself, said: "Ten minutes past eleven; if anything is to be done to-night we must be stirring soon. That old witch of the hills," he continued, "must have scented our business and called up this fearful storm to balk us."

"The old hag," remarked another speaker, "this is not the first time she has crossed our path—she must be careful, or she may cross it once too often," and fetching his clenched fist down with a powerful blow on the table, he added: "If I had the old beldam here I would teach her better manners than to raise such a storm as this."

Scarcely had the speaker finished his threatening remarks, when the outer door was thrown violently open, as though driven in by the force of the wind. A figure, that instant, muffled in a deep red mantle decked round with curious ornaments, glided into the apartment. The door suddenly returned to its fastenings as though moved by an unseen hand. The figure stalked to the centre of the room, directly in front of the last speaker, and casting aside that portion of the mantle which covered the head, revealed the scowling visage of Dame Jewell. The old woman stood for a few moments keenly eying the man before her, who quailed under her searching gaze, then turning as if to make all aware of her presence, she exclaimed :

“Beldam is here !”

“Mother,” said one of the men, evidently with the intent of soothing the ire of the old woman, which had become dangerously aroused, “what sends you around on such a night as this ?”

“I am on the track of you blood-hounds,” replied the old dame. “Had you consulted me before you left the hills I could have told you that nothing but ruin, yes, ruin and death to some of you, will come of this night’s business.”

“Mother,” continued the speaker, “you are cold, come sit down ; here is a little whisky which will put you all right, and enable you to predict better things of the business we have on hand.”

The old woman seized the proffered flagon, and without pausing, completely drained it of its contents. Then pulling from beneath her mantle a small silver vase, she placed it on the table, and proceeded to pour into it something that resembled yellow powder. Some minutes were spent by the old crone in determining the requisite quantity of powder necessary for her purpose ; when satisfied that the vase contained the required amount, she adroitly threw a small ball into the vessel. Immediately a blue flame shot up, which she narrowly scanned for some moments with evident concern. As the flame began to gradually lessen, the old woman indulged in low, incoherent mutterings. Suddenly turning around, and fastening her eye on one of the men, who had eagerly watched her operations, she fiercely exclaimed : “In forty minutes the wind will cease, then if you have the courage, go, carry out your fiendish purpose ; but,” elevating her bony hand, she added, “remember my warning !” Hastily replacing the vase under

her mantle, she, without further observation, strode from the apartment.

As the door closed after her with a heavy sound, the man whom she had particularly addressed, and whom we recognize as Briggs, sung out:

"Whew! what ails the old hag to-night? Never mind," he added, "we have business on hand which must be attended to, and I, for one, am not to be deterred from doing it by the threats of that old woman. If," he continued, "the hag has predicted right that the storm will subside in forty minutes, Robert Briggs will be found ready to proceed," at the same time fetching his fist down on the table as if to give emphasis to his declaration. The others appeared to acquiesce in the determination of the speaker, as they at once proceeded to make preparations for their departure.

While the events we have described were transpiring, another scene was opening some three miles distant, which we now proceed to relate.

During our Revolutionary struggle the great mass of the American people were divided into two distinct classes, Whig and Tory. They were not divided by State or county lines, for it was often difficult for one to determine to which of these parties his nearest neighbor adhered. Owing to the divided state of public opinion on the great matter then at issue, the British commander found no difficulty in obtaining any desired information respecting the movements of the American forces. In fact, spies existed in many communities where they were regarded as strictly loyal to the American cause.

At a late hour of night, two men were seated at a table in a well-furnished apartment, who were evidently father and son. The latter was engaged in the examination of accounts, judging from the numerous bills which lay scattered around him. The other, wearing large-rimmed spectacles, was carefully counting a quantity of gold coin, which lay in small glittering piles before him. Occasionally, as if mistrusting that some of the pieces were not of the required weight, he would place them in a small scale and test their accuracy with scrupulous care. As the scales now and then slightly turned in favor of the coin, the old man's visage would light up with evident satisfaction. After satisfying himself that the coin was all right in weight and amount, he carefully placed them in a small bag, remarking as the last

glittering piece glided to its hiding-place: "Henry, it can't be denied but that his Majesty pays well."

The person addressed, without pausing from his work, answered, "He can well afford it; we have rendered him no trifling service."

At that moment a slight tap was heard at the room-door. Hastily securing the bag containing the gold the old man arose and proceeded to answer the summons; placing his ear closely to the door, he demanded who was there. Being satisfied that the person was some member of the family desiring to speak with him, he removed what appeared to be twisted paper from the key-hole, and unlocked the door. After learning the message he returned to the table, and conferred for some time in a low voice with his son. The conference ended by the old man saying to the person waiting, "Admit him."

In a few moments Laughing Joe was ushered into the apartment. Joe's countenance, perhaps for the first time in his life, was devoid of the comical. He was extremely agitated, and for some minutes was unable to command words sufficiently intelligible to explain the object of his visit. After quite a lengthy interrogation, sufficient was elicited to know that a robbery of the premises had been determined upon, and was to be attempted in the course of that night. Joe, it appeared, unbeknown to the robbers, had accidentally overheard them discussing the matter on the mountain. One of the robbers, from their conversation, was cognizant of the fact that the house contained a large amount of gold. Their design, as Joe understood it, was to obtain the gold, burn the building if possible with its inmates, and thus cover up every trace of the robbery. Joe had communicated these facts to his mother, who, notwithstanding her wild life, and supposed lack of regard to the claims of humanity, had sent her son (while she enacted another part in the drama) down the mountain in the early part of the evening to give information of the designs of the robbers, but owing to the severe storm, he had nearly perished, and his progress was greatly retarded.

Preparations were at once made to give the robbers a proper reception. The lights were extinguished, pistols put in order, and every male member of the household properly armed. As the night drew on apace, and no appearance of the robbers, it began to be thought that either Joe was mistaken, or the courage of the robbers had oozed out.

But after the lapse of a little further time, a faint voice was heard without, and it soon became manifest that efforts were being made to open one of the windows. The shutters slowly yielded under the heavy pressure, then came in view a lantern, slowly followed by a man's head, whose eyes could be seen by the lantern, cautiously peering around the room. After a short survey the head was withdrawn, its owner apparently satisfied that the premises were unoccupied. A short conference was held by those outside, which being ended, two men crept cautiously through the opening. The moment they had gained the inside the report of a pistol rang on the night air, and the foremost robber fell lifeless on the floor. Ere the report of the pistol had fully died away, two other men came bounding through the open window. The hindermost, as he reached the floor, pitched over the dead body of his companion, and ere he could rise, was transfixed by the bayonet.

The two remaining men saw at a glance their case was desperate, and determined, apparently, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. One of them seized the old man, and, with a well-directed blow, sent him headlong to the floor. As he bent over him with an uplifted dagger, Joe, who was remarkably athletic for his years, and who, up to this moment, had stood paralyzed, seized the robber ere the uplifted dagger could descend, and hurled him to the wall as with the strength of a giant. The contest was now of short duration; the men were speedily secured and closely guarded for the night. They were released the next morning, on their agreeing to join the British army, safe transportation being given them for that purpose. The dead men were secretly interred, and none but those engaged in that night's encounter knew of the robbers' grave.

Dame Jewell from that night was missing, but when the snow had melted from the hills her body was discovered. She, in returning to her mountain home, had frozen to death.

Joe was generously rewarded for the services he had rendered that night. And it will only be necessary for us to add, that the old man of the mountain, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts here related, was none other than Laughing Joe himself.

THE FIGHT

AT

STEBBINS' CORNERS.



FEW years after the erection of the school-house at Purdy's Corners, there came rumors of trouble with the mother country. Every intelligence of the kind was earnestly sought for and eagerly digested by the denizens of the hills of that vicinity, all of whom, we are happy to record, when made acquainted with the origin or cause of the troubles, were unanimous in favor of the rights of the colonies.

Soon followed the news of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, which set the mountains aglow with patriotic fire. Hawks, the school-master, who, at the time, had acquired considerable reputation as a scholar, was bold in his denunciation of the tyrannical course of the British government, and whenever he could obtain an audience, would ventilate his ideas of the wrongs of the colonies, and pitch into the mother country in a style that raised to fever heat the enthusiasm of his hearers.

Hawks' reputation as a public speaker soon became widely known, and many were the invitations he received to address the inhabitants of the surrounding country on the then great subject, British oppression. Hawks, not a little ambitious for distinction, gladly accepted the invitations to speak, and, as we were recently informed by his grandson Tommy, made not only great impressions on his audience, but stood prominent among the public speakers of that day, who, by their eloquence, awoke that resistance to British arrogance which resulted in the independence of the colonies.

We here take occasion to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Tommy Hawks, now residing at Wolfs-bend, for many papers relating to Revolutionary times, amongst which we find the outlines of a speech delivered by his grandfather, Joseph Hawks, at a meeting of the inhabitants of Jug Hill, convened at Smith's Tavern, which formerly stood about a mile south of the present village of Shenandoah.

Mr. Hawks' speech is prefaced with the following memorandum :

This day, August 17th, I was waited on by Mr. Jonathan Snyder, with the request that I would, at my earliest convenience, address the inhabitants of Jug Hill and vicinity on the cause of the present troubles with the mother country. Mr. Snyder, who is a prominent resident of Jug Hill, observed that a clear exposition of the matter would no doubt be productive of great good, as the people of his vicinity were generally men of clear perceptions, always bold in a good cause, and when once convinced that the acts of the British government toward the colonies were unjust and oppressive, would fight the matter to the bitter end. I told Mr. Snyder I felt highly complimented in being selected to address the people of his vicinity on the great subject now so fearfully agitating the country ; but, notwithstanding I distrusted my ability to do the subject justice, yet I did not dare to refuse, as I considered it to be the duty of every loyal citizen to respond to every call made upon him in defence of those great principles, Liberty and Equality.

We give a few extracts from Mr. Hawks' speech, to show the spirit which actuated the sons of Liberty in those days,—“the times that tried men's souls” :

Fellow-citizens of Jug Hill : Your speaker appears before you this evening with feelings of no little embarrassment, not only on account of the magnitude of the subject to be brought to your notice, but feeling as he does his inability to address acceptably so large and intelligent a body of his fellow-citizens as now stand before him. But, gentlemen, your speaker trusts as he proceeds with his discourse, he may be inspired with the grandeur of his subject, and thus be able to rise in the course of his remarks to the full dignity of the present occasion.

Gentlemen, we have met this evening to consider the unjust and tyrannical acts of the mother country towards these colonies, and to determine what should be our course or duty in relation to so grave a public matter. Without wishing unnecessarily to trespass on your time, it will be sufficient for me to say that the British government, by a long course of wilful extravagance, of wasteful expenditure, of the paying of large salaries to titled drones in her service, and from other causes not necessary to enumerate, has depleted her treasury, and now, in her financial distress, she turns to

these colonies and demands that we be taxed to replenish her exhausted exchequer.

Gentlemen, suppose we should accede to this, the first demand of the mother country for financial aid, do you suppose no other demands will follow? By no means; the taxes which the mother country now seeks to impose upon us are but the entering wedge; submit to these and it will not be long before heavier burdens will be laid upon you, the result of which will be that under the crushing heel of British oppression you will be stripped of your hard-earned possessions, and emphatically as a people be ground into powder. [Hear! hear!]

Gentlemen, our brethren of Massachusetts have already resisted unto blood the tyrannical acts of the British government,—for at Lexington and on Bunker Hill the men of that glorious commonwealth have faced with lion-like courage the hirelings of George the Third, and by their bravery and fidelity in the sacred cause of Liberty have rendered their names immortal. Those battle-fields, consecrated with blood, will ever remain sacred to the American people,—for there, in coming time, monuments will be erected to commemorate those glorious events, and to perpetuate the memory of the heroes who so gallantly laid down their lives in defence of great and imperishable principles. And there, too, generations yet unborn will repair to pay a grateful tribute to the early martyrs of Liberty.

Gentlemen, should the historian of coming years, in passing through this section of the land, inquire of your descendants: "Where are your Revolutionary battle-fields and monuments?" what shall be their answer? Shall they be able to point to some towering shaft, some skyward-looking column, denoting the place of gigantic slaughter, and dilate with pride on the valor of their fathers? Yes, fellow-citizens, I feel satisfied your posterity will not only be able to point to battle-fields and monuments on these mountains, but will be able to portray, in words of burning eloquence, how you, their worthy progenitors, in the great battles of freedom, stood knee-deep in blood, and with defiance in your eye hurled back, as with lightning flash, the dastardly invader. [Cries, "We'll give it to 'em."]

Gentlemen, your speaker professes to be no prophet, neither is he the son of a prophet; but he plainly foresees that the sanguinary battles of this rebellion, or call it what you may, must be fought among the fastnesses of these mountains. The British government will not loosen her grip on these colonies until she is forced to do so; she will, we unhesitatingly say, put forth her mightiest efforts for our subjugation. The city of New York, owing to her exposed situation, will soon be occupied by her mercenary soldiers. Then will speedily follow the occupation of Westchester County by her armed bandits. But here on these cloud-capped hills, this great natural wall of defence, the grand and glorious stand for Liberty must be made. Here, your speaker prophesies, will be rolled back triumphantly the tide of war.

Gentlemen, as I look over this assembly, composed as it is of the bone and sinew of the land, as I see your flashing eyes and determined mien, I feel confident that when the bold invader shall penetrate these mountains, every hill-top and every mound will prove to him a sepulchre. [Loud cries, "That's so."]

Owing to the blurred condition of the manuscript we are obliged to omit the balance of Mr. Hawks' speech.

We also give a sketch of a speech delivered at the same meeting by Mr. Francis Scouten, then a resident of Brier Hill. Mr. Scouten, according to the reporter's notes, spoke substantially as follows :

Gentlemen, my name is Frank Scouten, well known to every man in these mountains as one who never backs down in a fair and honest fight. I profess to be as loyal to the cause of the colonies as the next man ; and in this contest or fight with the mother country I am prepared to go in, not for an hour, nor for a day, but for the whole war.

Gentlemen, whether you know it or not, there is always two sides to a question. I belong to that class of men who look before they leap,—that is, I examine matters thoroughly at the outset ; and should you consult the good book on such matters, you will learn that a wise man, before he undertakes a big job, sits down and deliberately counts the cost. If eloquence could win battles our young friend, Hawks, would make a successful general ; but he, and perhaps a few others, will discover that, before we are through with this fight, other materials will be wanted besides high-sounding words.

Now, suppose for a moment we put aside all undue excitement, and come down to the consideration of a few facts. I would ask, gentlemen, whether you are aware of the grave responsibility you are now assuming. Suppose this war, on which we are now entering, should prove disastrous to the colonies ; then, of course, the proceedings of this evening will be regarded as treasonable, and punishable as such ; then, when we are no longer able to keep the field, when we shall have fired our last shot and turned our backs sullenly on the foe, which event your speaker honestly thinks can not possibly occur ; but still, he would be wanting in his duty were he not to picture to your imaginations the worst possible phase of the case. He therefore repeats, if so great an emergency should arise, when our cause shall be considered irrecoverably lost, when we shall have thrown up the sponge, then those of us who shall have escaped the casualties of war will become fugitives and vagabonds on the earth, and will be hunted down like beasts of prey. A greater part of us, no doubt, will be caught and hung ; others will be beheaded, and the balance doubtless burned at the stake, or on some funeral pile. But you may say, under the impulse of the hour, or led away by

the eloquence of Hawks : "How refreshing, how delightful it will be thus to die in the cause of Liberty." Well, I can truly say that I hope it will prove so, and would advise, before you are led out to execution, that you read a few chapters on "Indian cruelties," which will enable you to go through the ordeal with the dignity and courage of freemen.

Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, if you are prepared for all this and a good deal more, I say to you, go ahead, and old Frank Scouten will be the first in the field and the last man to show his back to the foe. [Loud cries, "Good for old Scouten."]

The speech of Mr. Scouten somewhat dampened the ardor of the meeting, which, however, was of short duration, as a few encouraging remarks from the presiding officer rekindled the enthusiasm, and set every heart palpitating anew with patriotic fire. After a little further deliberation, it was unanimously resolved that a military force be immediately organized, to consist of not less than fifty men, to serve during the war, and to be known as the Mountain Rangers. After several ballots, Brom Tallman, Esq., was chosen captain of the company, with full power to enlist the men, and to select a suitable encampment for their military instruction. Brom was only a tall man in name, for in length he measured but five feet six inches, but this deficiency was fully made up in breadth, as his corporeal dimensions were astounding. The reader is doubtless aware that many of the best fighting generals of the past, those who have figured conspicuously in history, were men of under-size. Whether this circumstance influenced the meeting in the selection of Mr. Tallman for so responsible a post, of course must be left to conjecture.

Mr. Tallman, however, as a military man, had a fair record. He had served with ability in the French and Indian war, and, according to his own story, had inflicted more damage on the enemy than any man then living. He was on several occasions (we take his own words for it) selected by his commanding officer for enterprises requiring great courage and discretion ; was also, as he said, twice captured by the Indians after a deadly encounter ; the first time when on the eve of being tortured by his captors, was set at liberty by his consenting to marry an old squaw, whose husband had been killed a few days previous in battle, and who had thirteen fatherless papooses to be provided for. The Indians, no doubt, thought the support of the widow and her numerous family would be too great a tax on the tribe, and

concluded their wisest course was to consign them to the keeping of Brom, who had, for purposes of his own, impressed them with the idea that he was a mighty hunter. Tallnan, after he had regained his liberty, suddenly changed his mind as to matrimony, for that same night he stole away from the Indian encampment, leaving the disconsolate widow and her thirteen juveniles to shift for themselves, and made his way back, with all convenient dispatch, to his own regiment.

Thus it will be seen that Commander Tallman had something of a military reputation. He was greatly elated at being chosen to organize a military company to fight the battles of freedom, and immediately went to work, with all the promptness and energy of a true soldier, to accomplish the important mission assigned him. Lookout Hill, situated midway between the east and west branches of the Wiccapie, and about one mile above the junction of the streams, was selected for his camp of instruction, and not many weeks elapsed before the requisite number of men was enlisted, and from that hour until the close of the war Lookout Hill daily resounded with the soul-stirring music of the fife, the heavy rub-a-dub of the drum, and the soldierly tramp of armed men.

After Commander Tallman had got his encampment in fair working order, and his men somewhat perfected in military evolutions, the following important dispatch was placed in his hands :

PRIVATE.

To his Excellency, Commander Tallman :

The undersigned begs leave to inform you that he has reliable information that a large body of Tories has assembled at Stebbins' Corners, intent evidently on mischief. I received these facts a few hours ago from Mr. Joseph Glover, a reliable citizen, and well known to your majesty. Mr. Glover also informs me that the Tories have invented an infernal machine, now in course of construction, which when finished will possess formidable annihilating powers. Mr. Glover thinks it is the design of the Tories, when the machine is completed, to convey it, on some dark night, into your camp, when it will be touched off, and of course if it works *satisfactorily*, will utterly annihilate your entire command. I presume Mr. Glover's surmises are correct, as his wife is quite intimate with several old women, living in the neighborhood of Stebbins' Corners, who are great blabbers and incorrigible Tories, and as Mrs. Glover has an artful way of obtaining information, and is a good Whig, therefore I consider the information about the gathering of

the Tories and their infernal machine to be perfectly reliable. I would advise your Excellency to make immediate preparations for a descent on the Tories, before they have time to complete their machine—a night attack will be preferable, which, if conducted under your immediate supervision, will no doubt prove successful, and will not only electrify the country, but cover the troops under your command with imperishable glory.

Yours most respectfully,

PETER WOOD,

Scout of South Mountain District.

Stebbins' Corners was situated five miles due south from Lookout encampment, and at the time of which we write, was a place of small import, consisting of only one house—a log shanty—which numbered but one occupant, who was known to the community around as old mother Stebbins, and in whose honor the cross roads, running within a few feet of her house, had been named. The old lady had been an inhabitant of that particular spot for many years, during which time she had avoided as much as possible all society. There were many curious stories current as to her antecedents. Some said she was a rich gentleman's daughter, and in early life had been disappointed in love, and to hide her grief had sought a home among the mountains, renouncing for all time the pomp and vanities of the world; other stories, equally curious, were told concerning her, all of which probably existed only in the imagination of the relator.

It was certain, however, that the old lady had seen more palmy days, as she occasionally exhibited those marks of refinement and culture which, as is well known, when once acquired no circumstance nor situation in after life can wholly obliterate,—but her long life of seclusion and toil had rendered her manners frigid and stoical in the extreme. Perhaps if the secrets of her heart could have been written, a story would have been unfolded claiming our charity and sympathy. But we are not disposed to moralize, as every heart is entitled to its own secrets, and the daily lessons of life confirm the Scriptural teaching, that man at his best estate is vanity.

When Commander Tallman had read the dispatch relating to the gathering of the Tories at Stebbins' Corners, he girded on his sword and concluded the hour had arrived in his military career when he could betake unto himself a great name. Standing up before his men,

he informed them, with many contortions of the countenance and waves of the hand, he had received reliable intelligence that the enemy was massing heavily in his front, and he had concluded to anticipate him in his nefarious designs by an immediate attack on his works. He took occasion to congratulate his comrades in arms on the opportunity thus early afforded them of testifying their fidelity to their country, and of teaching the enemy a lesson in the art of war he would long remember. He exhorted his men to act with courage and decision in the critical hour of battle, and not fail to remember the eye of their commander would be upon them.

That evening, at the setting of the sun, the Mountain Rangers moved out of their encampment adorned in all the paraphernalia of war, and proceeded, with colors flying and drums beating, in the direction of Stebbins' Corners. When within one mile of their destination, the army halted to recruit a little, and to await the rising of the moon, before encountering the foe. When the moon had risen, and had sufficiently unveiled her peerless light, the Mountain Rangers again took up the line of march, each man determined to do or die in the great struggle before them.

In order that the reader may have a clear conception of the battle we are about to describe, it will be necessary for us to say that immediately adjoining mother Stebbins' residence stood a patch of broom-corn, on which the old woman had devoted many hours of toil, and which she daily regarded with pride and delight.

As the Mountain Rangers emerged from the woods and came within sight of the old woman's shanty, they espied by the light of the moon the broom-corn nodding gently to the breeze, which, in the flush of excitement, they mistook for the Tories drawn up in line of battle. Without waiting to reconnoitre, orders were immediately given to move forward on the double-quick, and when within ten paces of the enemy, to open fire and then charge with the bayonet. To the great gratification of their commander, the Rangers dashed forward with the intrepidity of veterans, and when within the prescribed distance poured a destructive fire into the broom-corn, mowing it down as though it had been swept by a passing tornado.

Old mother Stebbins, who at that particular moment was wrapped in balmy slumber, dreaming doubtless of days of happiness yet to come,

was awakened by the pattering of the bullets against her shanty, and mistaking the noise outside for an earthquake, bounced out of bed like the spring of a steel-trap, and rushed frantically into the open air.

As the old lady emerged from the building with her night-dress and other appendages streaming in the wind, the Rangers mistook her for the infernal machine "in full blast," and immediately became panic-stricken, and commenced a disorderly and rapid retreat. The old lady saw at a glance the fallen condition of her broom-corn, and was so fired with indignation at her loss that she put after the retreating Rangers with a will, hallooing at the top of her voice, "Come back, yer rowdies, and pay for that are broom-corn!" The Rangers, in their confusion, thought the outcries of the old woman were indications that the machine was about to burst and to scatter them into a million of fragments, whereupon they increased their motive power to such an extent that they were soon ensconced within their fortifications, with the exception of their commander, whose legs were too short to run well, and who for safety had crept under a pile of brush, from which he emerged about daylight and rejoined his demoralized forces.

The Mountain Rangers through life remained firm believers in the infernal machine. They were wont to say, whenever the battle was referred to in after years, "Confound them Tories, if they hadn't brought out their infernal machine, we'd given them the biggest lickin' they ever had."

A few days after the battle, Commander Tallman sent off a glowing description of the engagement. He stated the troops under his command encountered a heavy force of the enemy at Stebbins' Corners, in which his men acted with the steadiness of tried soldiers, and inflicted heavy damages on the foe; but owing to the superior numbers of the enemy, and an infernal machine brought to their aid, he was compelled to retreat, which was effected without loss of materials or men.

The Mountain Rangers, during the war, participated in several other hard-fought battles, the particulars of which we have not been able to ascertain with sufficient accuracy to warrant their publication. Should any of their descendants have in keeping any papers relating to Revolutionary times or battles in which their distinguished ancestors were engaged, they will please communicate with the author.

At the conclusion of the war, when the colonies had gained their

independence, the Mountain Rangers, or those of them who had survived the arduous duties of the campaign, formed a society, that met at stated times at Beagle's Tavern, which formerly stood on the Wiccapie Road near Charlick's Mills, and on lands now or formerly owned by Charles L. DuBois. There the Rangers in after years would recount to the rising generation their mighty warlike deeds and their many hair-breadth escapes from the foe; and when well ballasted with toddy, would shoulder a crutch and show how battles were won. But those glorious old fellows have long since bid adieu to sublunary things, and we, their descendants and successors, will do well to emulate their virtues, and endeavor to uphold the great principles for which they so heroically fought and bled.

The patriotism of the Revolutionary fathers of the hills did not die with them; it descended in full strength and with undiminished lustre to their children. For in the war of 1812, when that great military commander, the late General Abram Van Wyck, of East Fishkill, was ordered to bring his fire-eaters to the front, and when, in obedience to the summons, he notified the members of his regiment to repair to his standard, many of the lowlanders dodged, suddenly turned Quakers, and in order to show their works, sported with great prominence the broad-brim, put on the shad-bellied coat, and became particularly famous in the use of the personals "thee" and "thou." But when the General's aide, the renowned David Whaler, passed up among the hills, bestride the General's favorite charger, and as the blast of his war-bugle reverberated from hill-top to hill-top, the mountains, as of yore, blazed forth with patriotic fire. The old Revolutionary blood was up, every man seized his musket, took a big horn of applejack, and declared in words not over-polite, he would make short work of the British army.

The warriors of the hills repaired with alacrity to the standard of their favorite General. First came the Truxtons of the hills of Shenandoah, men of stalwart frame, great sticklers for the principles as taught by that distinguished statesman, Thomas Jefferson; they were loud swearers and tremendous imbibers of whisky, and when properly loaded with the fluid, in a rough and tumble fight could have quickly doubled up an entire regiment of the British army.

Next appeared the Shaws of Windam Peak—men of lank build,


though tough and wiry; they were great climbers of rocks, and particularly adapted to scale fortifications. Then came an innumerable tribe from Honsas Mountain, Raccoon Hollow, and Carey's Hill, all double-fisters, and demanding loudly to be led against the foe. These latter arrivals completed the complement of men required. Whereupon the General, with his accustomed promptitude, put his gallant army in motion, and not many days thereafter appeared with his command on Harlem Heights, just north of the city of New York.

The arrival of the Fishkill Pounders (the name by which the regiment was known) immediately restored confidence and tranquillity to the citizens of New York, for, as they gazed on the fierce aspect of the warriors of the hills, they felt the British would keep at a respectful distance while they were around. So it proved, for in the opinion of the ablest military men of that day, the safety of the city of New York, in those war times, was mainly due to the warlike renown of the Fishkill Pounders.

The author concludes this popular tale with the prognostication that should another foreign war ensue, the Fishkill Mountains for the third time will be lighted up with patriotic fire.

THE GOLD-DIGGERS OF MOCCASIN HILL :

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

OME three miles east of the village of Fishkill, and near the little hamlet of Swartwoutville, rises a conical-shaped mound of earth which was known in the early history of Dutchess County as Moccasin Hill. It was said, but by what authority we know not, that the various tribes of Indians formerly inhabiting the east bank of the Hudson, when preparing for the war-path, were wont to dance their war-dance on that spot, and hence came the appellation of Moccasin Hill.

The inhabitants residing in the vicinity of Moccasin Hill, in the early settlement of the town of Fishkill, very generally entertained the opinion that the Indians had buried much treasure there; but it was said that it was faithfully guarded by the spirits of those who had deposited it, and in consequence no one had the courage to attempt its recovery or possession. In fact, the man who in those days would have dared to venture on Moccasin Hill after nightfall, would have been regarded as a great hero; for tradition had clothed the place with the supernatural, and so afforded a theme for many a marvellous tale, nightly told around the hearth-fires of those days in that vicinity.

The village of Swartwoutville formerly boasted of a quaint little building, denominated a store; which building, for aught we know, may be still standing, as the writer has not visited that locality for near a quarter of a century. During the Revolutionary war and for a period still later, the store at Swartwoutville was the chief place where the young and old in the vicinity congregated to discuss the topics of the day, and for the exchange of opinions on matters of public interest. On Saturday evenings, in particular, the edifice was well filled, as that evening was considered, in the olden time, a holiday evening, when

work of every kind was suspended, and allowance given for a little indulgence. Therefore, among the visitors at the store on such evenings, the social glass went round, and the hours were beguiled by spinning yarns the most incredible, and indulging in such ghost stories as were in unison with the superstition of the times.

Among those who frequently visited the store at Swartwoutville was a tall, raw-boned youth named Brom DuBois. Brom was a good-natured fellow, possessed of indomitable courage, and, what was more essential in those days, he could tell a capital story, for, when indulging in the marvellous, he was exceedingly happy in drawing on the imagination. Brom but seldom engaged in any sort of manual labor, but spent most of his time in quest of game among the forests, which then largely abounded in those parts, or in angling in Sprout Creek, which latter pursuit was with him a favorite employment.

Another visitor at the Swartwoutville store was a chubby youth named Jake Griffin. Jake was one who dealt largely in wishes—for he was continually wishing for this thing or that, and at least twenty times each day wished he had the treasure buried on Moccasin Hill. "If it wa'n't for those plaguey ghosts," he would say, "I'd soon have all the gold I wanted." But Jake, notwithstanding his daily desires to possess the hidden gold, yet made no efforts to obtain it—for, to speak plainly, he was not overstocked with courage, and we doubt if all the gold in the world could have tempted him to face a ghost.

While Jake and a host of others maintained unshaken faith in the buried treasures, Brom DuBois had no faith of the kind, for to use his own expression, he regarded the matter as all moonshine, and as he was also a non-believer in ghosts, he resolved to have a little fun with Jake and the other friends who so frequently coveted the hid treasures on Moccasin Hill.

Brom, after largely ruminating on the subject, concocted a plan which he thought would answer his purpose. So on the next Saturday evening he entered the place of general rendezvous, with a sad expression on his countenance, looking as though he was deeply exercised in mind. During the early part of the evening he kept unusually taciturn,—so much so that his friends wondered greatly at his silence, and many of them whispered that something unusual must have befallen Brom.

At length Brom was openly interrogated as to his sadness, when he replied, with many a long-drawn sigh, that for three nights in succession he had had a remarkable dream, which weighed heavily on his mind. As may be supposed, much curiosity was manifested by the company to know what the visions of the night had revealed to Brom. After much solicitation and importunity Brom consented to relate his dream. As we have already said, Brom was capital at telling a story, and was withal something of an orator; he therefore mounted upon a soap-box, in order that his eloquence might have full scope, and then proceeded to relate what had been revealed to him during the last three nights while locked in the arms of Morpheus.

"My friends," commenced Brom, "as I was sound asleep three nights ago, having went to bed about eight o'clock, some one came and stood by my bedside, and said, 'Come, Brom DuBois, wake up and go with me.' At first I thought it was our nigger Cato, and so I said, 'Cato, what's happened?' and then the person said, 'I'm no Cato; I'm an Ingin what's been dead two hundred and fifty years.' Said I, 'Is that so, Mr. Ingin?' and he said it was, and that I must get up and go with him. And then I asked if he couldn't wait till daylight, and he said, no, I must go right along, as he was going to show me something that would please and astonish me. So I got up right away and dressed myself, and went outdoors with this Ingin, and would you believe it, right before the door stood a big white horse, and on him was a gold saddle and bridle." At the mention of gold saddle and bridle Brom's hearers rolled up their eyes, and immediately every mouth stood ajar. "The Ingin," continued Brom, "jump'd right on the horse and placed me behind him, and before I know'd it, we were right on Moccasin Hill. Then the Ingin said to me, 'Brom DuBois, do you see that big stump there, what's got that foxfire in?' and I said, 'I do.' 'Well,' said he, 'just six feet under that stump is twenty-seven jars filled with gold, and each jar contains sixty-two thousand dollars, and if you want 'em, you can come here any night, when the moon rises after twelve o'clock, and get 'em.' Said I, 'Mr. Ingin, ain't you jokin' with a fellow?' and he said he was never so serious in all his life; and then he laid his finger on his nose, and said again, 'Brom, do you know, I've been watching this gold two hundred and fifty years, and I ain't a-going to do it any longer,' and I told him I wouldn't

if I was he. 'Now,' said he, 'if you want it you can have it, but if you don't want it, say so, and I'll give it to somebody else.' So I told the Ingin I would take it, and was very much obleeged to him, and jist at that minit I woke up.

"And now," said Brom, "my friends, I've drempt that same dream three nights in succession, and of course, as you all know, it must be true; therefore if any of you fellows want any of this gold you can go with me and get it, as I'm going up there next Wednesday night, for then the moon rises twelve minutes past twelve precisely."

Brom related his imaginary dream with such an air of plausibility that his hearers believed every word of it to be stern reality. And besides, in those days it was universally acknowledged that a dream repeated three nights in succession was infallible. Therefore all were anxious to accompany Brom on his expedition, especially as the danger of going up on Moccasin Hill was greatly lessened from the fact that Brom's invitation came from the rightful owner of the treasure. Brom requested his friends to keep the matter a profound secret, and be sure to meet him on Wednesday night at the appointed place, armed with pick and spade, when they would proceed to business.

In the meantime Brom kept steadily at work making his preparations. His father owned nearly a dozen negroes, for in those days slavery was tolerated in the State of New York. He selected from the flock four of the most trusty darkies, to whom, after binding them to secrecy, he made known his plans. He told them they were to go up on Moccasin Hill, on Wednesday night, disguised as Indians, as himself and others were going up there on that night to dig for gold, and while he and the party were digging, they must rush from their hiding-place, and sound the war-whoop, and brandish their hatchets at them, and make such other noises as their several fancies might dictate. The negroes were very loath to engage in the enterprise, as they had a great dread of Moccasin Hill, but by the promise of a large reward, and a plentiful supply of whisky to keep off the night dews, they consented to undertake the work.

After making the arrangement with the negroes, Brom grew apprehensive that they might fail him, as they were all great cowards, and so defeat his plans. He, therefore, as a precautionary measure, engaged three white men to keep an eye that evening on the negroes, so

that if the sons of Ham failed to come to time, they might fall in as substitutes. The darkies of course were not made aware of this arrangement. They went to work with commendable zeal, practicing the war-whoop, and arranging their disguises so as to act well their parts in the coming drama.

The three men employed to look after the negroes resolved among themselves that there might as well be two acts in the play. They therefore prepared disguises of their own, different from those to be worn by the negroes, and which consisted of long white frocks, reaching from the neck to the feet, and caps of the same material—made in the form of an immense sugar-loaf. Their design was that when the darkies had scared the gold-diggers, to rush on them in turn, and so repay the compliment.

Wednesday night came around, and, according to the arrangement, Brom met his friends at the appointed place; when the party, armed with pick and spade, proceeded with high expectation up the steps of Moccasin Hill. On arriving at the place, Brom appeared to have had no difficulty in finding the stump which the Indian had showed him in his dream.

"There, you see," said he, "is the very stump the Ingin pointed out. I know'd it the very minit I seed it. So you see, boys, it's all right. Now, let's off coats, and go to work, and if we don't have them jars of gold in less than twenty minits, then my name ain't Brom Du-Bois."

For the next five minutes both spade and pick admirably fulfilled their office. But hark! what noise is that?

"That's nothing," said Brom, "but the winnering of an owl. Keep to work, boys; we're nearing the gold—I can almost see the jars."

Work was accordingly resumed; but, in a few minutes more, noises of a more alarming character broke upon the ear, and again the work was suspended.

"Something certainly is in the wind," said Brom, "and I must confess," he added, "things begin to look rather scary."

Scarcely had he finished his remarks when there came gliding from the bushes near by four horrid-looking figures, rending the air with the war-whoop and brandishing aloft immense broadaxes.

"Run for your lives!" shouted Brom, and, setting the example,

down the hill he went at a headlong pace, closely followed by the terror-stricken crowd.

The negroes were for a few moments in high glee at the success with which they had played their parts, but the next instant a noise behind them attracted their attention. Turning around they saw three tall figures draped in white advancing rapidly towards them. Quick as a flash each darky gave a snort after the fashion of a horse, and then fled with amazing speed down the hill, following hard in the wake of the retreating gold-diggers.

At the foot of the hill ran a deep ditch, which at all seasons of the year was partly filled with water, and as the retreating party had in their confusion extinguished the lights, it became exceedingly difficult to tell the precise spot where the ditch lay, and as none of the flying troop thought of abating their speed, the consequences were that most of them ran pell-mell into the ditch. Before they had time to scramble out, the terrified negroes came tumbling in upon them, which greatly added to the general consternation.

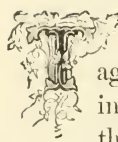
The mingled cries for help which arose from the motley crew as they rolled and pitched in the miry bed would have excited the risible faculties of the most stoical observer. After floundering awhile, all succeeded in scrambling out of the muddy pool, when, with rapid strides, each sought the covert of his own habitation.

Brom DuBois for many days afterwards was greatly puzzled to know what occasioned the stampede among his darkies. He questioned them closely on the subject, but the only account they were able to give was that "When Massa Brom and the other gemmen run'd away, they looked around and seed three big white spooks as tall as a meetin'-house, and then they run'd as fast as they ever could to ketch Massa Brom!"

As the three men who created so much terror among the sable sons of Ham kept their part of the performance a secret, Brom never became rightly posted on the subject.

The adventurers of that night, we believe, never discovered the deception practiced upon them; for they continued to assert through life that had it not been for those plaguey ghosts they would certainly have got the gold. But as they never afterwards mustered sufficient courage to repeat the experiment, the buried treasure of Moccasin Hill in all probability remains undisturbed to the present day.

YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

HE "culled" population of East Fishkill some fifty years ago, numerically speaking, exercised considerable weight and influence. They were an ambitious people, anxious to do something for their mental elevation, believing the time had fully come when they should emerge from a state of darkness and show the world that they possessed talents and capabilities equal to their white fellow-citizens or any other class of men.

For this purpose a meeting was held on a stormy evening in December, 1825, at the house of Jack Burroughs, in Fishkill Hook. The meeting, which had been extensively advertised, was largely attended, made up of the influential "culled" men then of that section.

When the meeting was fully organized, Mr. Burroughs, at whose house the meeting was held, in a neat speech explained the object for which the meeting had been called. He said :

"De white folks were getting 'way ahead ob de culled fellers in larnin', which had a dark look for de future ob de culled race. He believed de head ob de brack man would hold as much larnin' as de head ob de white man and a good deal more, as de head ob de brack man had a thicker rim, and couldn't be busted by any amount ob larnin' stuffed into it. Darfor'," said the speaker with an elevated voice, "you see, my culled friends, de head ob de brack man am specially qualified for holdin' larnin' and I trust you will see to it dat dem heads ob yourn, so long laid waste and holdin' nothin', will be speedily filled wid de sciences. Fur dis subject dis meetin' am called."

The next individual to ventilate himself was Martin Colden, generally known as Dandy Colden, from the fact that at parties and on wedding occasions he was the man who saw that the hospitalities of the table were properly dispensed. Martin at such festivities was in his element; his eye shone with unwonted lustre, and his enormous shirt

collar and swallow-tail coat, which he invariably donned on such occasions, not only gave him an air of importance, but lent him becoming grace. No guest departed from the feast without thanking Martin for his kind attentions, and the bestowment of some solemn token expressive of their appreciation of his services.

On the evening in question, Martin was arrayed in his party uniform. As he arose to speak his swallow-tail swayed gracefully in the rear, and his whole appearance bespoke the modern Cato in the act of addressing a Roman forum. After drawing forth his highly-scented bandana, with which he polished up his ebony nose for a moment or two, the orator proceeded to say :

“I agree on many points with my venerable culled brother. He say dat de white fellers am usurpin’ all de larnin’; dat’s so in my ’pinion. But if de brack man wants to get larnin’, why don’t he wake up and do as de white fellers do, have ’baten societies fur de polishin’ ob de mind, and glee clubs, so as to go round nights when de moon shine and serenade de culled gals. Dat am de way we culled fellers aught to do if we want to polish up de intellect, and not be sittin’ round doing nothin’ fur de culture ob de mind.” Here Mr. Colden subsided, and the audience became more composed.

The next gem’n to relieve his mind on the subject under discussion was Richard King, better known as Musical Dick, who was a professor on the banjo, and many other musical instruments then in vogue. Mr. King, in addition to his other accomplishments, had the reputation of being an educated darky, and in consequence his views and opinions on all subjects exercised great weight with his dusky brethren. He complimented Mr. Colden on his speech, said he had hit de nail on de head, and he fully agreed with him that what de culled man just now wanted was a general stirrin’ up ob de brain, and when dat was done he would put de brack man against any other man fur de true polish. After giving his opinion at some length on the value of larnin’, Mr. King moved dat de meetin’ resolve itself into a society for the investigation of scientific subjects, and for the cultivation of the art of music; and, should the meeting so resolve, he would further move that a question for debate be furnished for discussion at a meeting of the society, to be held on the evening of the first of January next, or on any other evening the society may elect.

Mr. King's motion having prevailed, the Chair appointed Mr. King and Robert Bowman a Committee to furnish the question for debate.

As Mr. Burroughs' house was limited to one apartment above ground, and as it was necessary for the Committee to have a room in which to deliberate over the duty assigned them, they were accorded the use of the cellar, into which they descended with a full sense of the responsibility resting upon them; and when seated on the potato-bin they produced, after a prolonged sitting—owing to a barrel of cider on tap within easy reach—the following question: "Am de moon made of cheese?"

The Chair, after thanking the Committee for the scientific question furnished, appointed Mr. King to open the debate in the affirmative.

Mr. King, at the time, was a field-hand on the farm owned and occupied by the writer's father. His peculiar vein of humor and happy disposition made him a general favorite with the family. On long winter evenings, in the ample kitchen, when the blazing hearth lent cheerfulness to the scene, Richard, surrounded by the youthful members of the family, would spin wonderful tales, in which he often took occasion to play the hero. The world has had many brilliant orators whose eloquence enchained vast assemblies, but we doubt if any of them ever made deeper or more indelible impressions on the minds addressed than did Richard on those of his youthful auditors. Though Richard long since was gathered to his fathers, and no stone marks his place of sepulchre, yet his stories live in the recollection of many, and constitute a cherished place on the page of memory.

One of Richard's stories ran as follows:

"You see, childers, when I live up in de Clove, an' work fur ole Massa Boon, dar was a house up dar wat no feller dar live in; de folks call it de witch-house. It stood all 'lone in de woods, an' every Saturday night de witches use to go dar an' have a big dance; and de folks use to say if any feller went near dat house on Saturday night, de witches would turn him mighty quick into a brig brack hoss. Well, you see, one night I was down to the tavern and de fellers got a talkin' 'bout de witch-house, and ole Massa Pierce he war down dar, too, and he say, 'I like to see de feller dat dar to stay in de witch-house all Saturday night.' Den I, like a foolish niggah, say to Massa Pierce, 'If you wants to see de feller what dar stay in de witch-house all Saturday night, and you wants to give him som'thin' fur so doin', I'se your man.'

Den Massa Pierce he laugh and wink to de fellers, an' he den say, 'Richard, what might you ask to stay in de witch-house all Saturday night?' and I say, 'I ask your big brown hoss.' Den Massa Pierce he laugh agin, an' den he say, 'Richard, if you stay in de witch-house all Saturday night you shall have my big brown hoss, sartin sure,' and every feller say dat am a fair bargain.

"Well, you see, childers, den I goes home and tells Massa Boon 'bout de bargain, an' he say, 'Richard, if you go to the witch-house an' stay all Saturday night, you'll be a big hoss in de mornin', sartin sure.' Den I say, 'Massa Boon, if dem witches turn dis niggah into a hoss, he'll go into de oats mighty sharp.' Well, de next day I meets ole aunty Durky, what use to be a witch, but she jine de meetin', an' den she was no more a witch; an' aunty says to me, 'Richard, I heah you am going to de witch-house an' stay all Saturday night'; an' I say to aunty, 'Dat am de bargain.' Den aunty tells me how to do when I goes to de witch-house. She say, 'Richard, take wid you a big piece of chalk, a testament, a big sword, a lamp, an' a bench, an' when you gets to de witch-house, you mus' enter de door backwards, and say all the time, "Dis am de man wat's goin' to stay all night"; den make a big ring on the floor wid de chalk; den put in de ring de little table you see standin' dar; den put on de table de sword, de testament, an' de lamp; den light de lamp, an' den sit down on the bench you bring; den read de testament all night, an' de witches can't get you nohow.'

"Well, you see, childers, when Saturday night comes, I goes down to de witch-house wid all dem tings aunty Durky tole 'bout. When I gets to de witch-house, I enters de door backwards, and says berry loud, 'Dis am de man what's goin' to stay heah all de night'; den I heah a big laugh in de cellar, but I goes to work mighty sharp an' makes a big ring on de floor wid de chalk; den I takes de table I sees stan'in' dar, an' puts it in de ring; den I heah 'nother laugh in de cellar berry loud, so I works mighty sharp and puts on de table de testament, de sword, an' de lamp; den I lights de lamp an' sits down on de bench what I brings, an' den I reads in de testament. After 'while it grows berry dark; den I heah de witches in de cellar sawin' de wood; den I heah dem on de cellar-stairs, an' den I tinks dem witches will have dis niggah sartin sure. But berry soon all get still agin, an' I heah nothin' more till de middle ob de night; den I tinks

de ole house be comin' down sure, for de chimny begin to roar, an' de next minit twenty big brack cats, wid caps on dar heads, come down de chimny an' stands up on dar hind legs an' look right at me wid dar big eyes. Den dis niggah feels mighty blue, but I soon dismembers what I heah de preacher once say, 'Desist de evil feller, an' he trabel off mighty sharp'; so I takes de sword an' I goes fur dem cats; an' I slashes dem ober de head, de ears, an' all round, an' de way dem cats trabel up de chimny was a caution. Well, childers, berry soon daylight comes, den I goes home an' goes to bed, kase I hadn't any sleep all de night. When I wakes, Massa Boon say, 'Richard, dar am twenty ole womans 'bout heah what can't get out of bed to-day for de cuts on dar head.' You see, childers, dem twenty ole womans wur the witch-cats I slashed on de head wid de sword.

"When ole Massa Pierce larn how I slashed de witch-cats, de ole feller was mighty tickled, an' he sent me down de brown hoss wid his compliments; an' I puts de brown hoss in Massa Boon's stable, an' gives him a peck of oats to start wid. De next Saturday night, as I was sittin' in de kitchen smokin' de pipe, I heah a big knock at de door, an' I say, 'Come in,' an' in comes de big brown hoss an' sets down in de big chair 'fore de fire, an' den he puts a big pipe in his mouf; den he looks at me, an' he say, 'Massa King, would you 'blige wid a light.' Den dis niggah feel mighty scared; but as I wants to be polite, I hands de hoss a light; den de hoss looks at me agin, and he say, 'Massa King, what am de price ob oats?' Den dis niggah rolled ober in de ashes and knowed nothin' more, an' de next day, at early morn, he puts out from de Clove. Now, childers, run to bed; don't you heah ole Missus a-calling you?"

During the two weeks following Richard's appointment to open the coming debate, he was greatly affected wid de moon on de brain. His lunar observations after nightfall were many, and were conducted in such a way as to indicate he meant business. The queen of night, when Richard commenced his observation of that orb, was at its full, and as night after night he saw the object of his contemplation lose bulk, his philosophy was greatly puzzled to divine the cause of so unnatural a proceeding. In his dilemma, he sought counsel of the writer, then a youth of some promise and of ready expedients. Of course we readily responded to Richard's call for aid on the moon question,

and fortunately succeeded in cramming into his head some useful knowledge pertaining to the subject. On several unclouded nights that followed, the writer and his swarthy pupil might have been seen standing under the lea of the old barn, gazing upward at the starry firmament with an earnestness that would have done credit to old astronomers. In the course of our instruction, we called Richard's attention to the milky way, the dipper, and expatiated learnedly on Taurus, the bull, on Gemini, the twins, and on many other interesting things that had a bearing on the matter under consideration, all of which strongly confirmed Richard in the opinion dat de moon was made of cheese.

After four nights' instruction, Richard deemed himself able to cope successfully with the subject, and retired to put his arguments on paper, so as to be ready to open the debate.

The evening appointed for the debate arrived, and owing to the demand for tickets of admission, the spacious barn of Daniel Southard, Esq., was engaged for the occasion, so as to better accommodate the vast throng desiring to hear the debate.

RICHARD'S OPENING ADDRESS.

"Mr. Pres'dent and Gem'n: De question for concussion dis evenin' are: Am de moon made ob cheese? De speaker dat now occupies de flo' hab looked into dis question, and hab insulted de bes' 'thorities, an' hab come to de delusion dat de moon am made ob cheese, an' am a fust-rate article at dat.

"Gem'n: No doubt many ob you hab been 'fore now huntin' de coon in de night time. Had you let de coon run, an' looked up whar de stars shine, you would hab seen de place what 'stronomers calls de milky way. Dis milky way am de place whar all de milk come from what makes de big cheese da calls de moon, and you would hab seen many udder tings up dar whar de stars shine, had you let de coon run; you would hab seen de big bull what da calls Roarus, what roars all de time. I specs he am a berry fierce hanimal, an' you would hab seen Jemima and de twins. Jemima am de mudder's name, an' de twins am named Katy an' Polly; berry nice little gals, I spec, an' what drinks lots ob milk from de milky way, out ob de big dipper what hangs up dar.

“Gem’n: I spees some ob you, when you was younger dan you am to-night, ’fore de finger ob time painted dem woolly heads ob your’n wid de gray, dat you ask to go out ebery night sparkin’ de gals. In dem sentimental days ob your’n, when de gal ob your choice, now an’ den, gin you de cold shoulder, you no doubt looked to de moon for comfort. Sometimes you seed de moon round like de grine-stone, and de nex’ night when you goes out on de same business, you see one corner clipped off a little, and de nex’ night when you goes de rounds agin, you see a little more clipped off ob de moon, an’ no doubt dem curious doin’s up dar in de moon puzzled dem woolly heads ob your’n. But de ting am berry easily ’splain’d by de light ob science. You see de moon am made ob cheese, an’ de fellers what owns de cheese cuts off a piece ebery night just ’fore dark, an’ sends it to de market. You see, gem’n, it wouldn’t do to send de whole cheese at once to market, kase you would ober stock the market and bring down the price. When the cheese am all sold, da goes to work up dar an’ makes a new cheese by adding a little to it ebery night. Gem’n, dis am de folosophy ob de subject.”

As Mr. King took his seat, every eye in the vast assembly was turned to him, and expressions like the following could have been heard in many parts of the house: “Dat speech am a stumper.” The gentlemen in the negative evidently thought so too, as they failed to come to time. Finally the Chair was obliged to observe, “If any gem’n am prepared to defute Mister King’s arguments, he will please do so at once, udderwise de debate am closed.”

This announcement brought Dandy Colden to his feet, who, as usual, was faultlessly attired. His shirt collar was apparently one or two inches higher than it was wont to be, and his other personal adornments were shaped accordingly. Mr. Colden, after nearly draining the water-pitcher, in order to give proper pliability to his organs of speech, said as follows:

“Mr. Presentment an’ Gem’n: Mister King’s speech am a berry curious production. I spees it wur wrote by some white feller fur de fun ob de ting.”

Here Mr. Colden was called to order by the Chair, who observed that personalities were not allowed. Mr. Colden apologized, and proceeded to say:

“Mister King tells us dat dar am many curious tings up dar whar de stars shine. He say dar am a big bull up dar, what am a berry fierce hanimal. Now, if de larn’d gem’n will take us out ob doors to-night, and pint out whar dat bull am, and I can see him, den I fur one will believe in dat bull; an’ if de larn’d gem’n can’t do dis ting, den I fur one renounce all his arguments as only nonsense and moonshine. Den, again, Mr. Presentment, you all know de moon am a body ob light. Am dar any light in de cheese? All de light in de cheese dat I knows ob am de light weight we gets when we buys de cheese ob de grocer. Mr. Presentment, I will not occupy dis flo’ any longer, an’ I give way to some udder gem’n.”

As no other “gem’n” felt prepared to debate the question, the chair proceeded to sum up the argument as follows:

“Ladies an’ Gem’n: Dis ’kasion am de one we shall long disremember. When I heah Mister King’s argument I tink de moon am made ob cheese. But when I heah Mr. Colden say dat de cheese hab no shine in him, den I don’t know what to tink. De decision ob de Chair am, dat ebery feller can believe jist what he am a mine to.”

This decision of the Chair having proved satisfactory, the meeting, after passing the following resolution, adjourned:

Resolved, As dis society hab a glee club, be it ordered dat de glee club as-semble next Saturday night in dis place, and proceed to saranade de culled belles in de vicinity.

In those days there lived in Fishkill Hook an aged gentleman, the owner of many broad acres, who was styled Captain Swart. The Captain was one who enjoyed Revolutionary fame, and had been a power in his day. He held a commission in the Continental army, and at the battle of Monmouth he was so severely wounded that he retired from active service, and afterwards became famous in hunting the Tories, and the Tories frequently reciprocated by hunting the Captain.

At the time of which we write, the Captain’s mind, by reason of old age, was considerably impaired. He imagined at times that the Revolutionary war was still in force, and would frequently at night lie awake for hours with his trusty musket near at hand, expecting a visit from the Tories.

The kitchen of the Captain’s house, in those days, was ornamented

with two culled ladies of a blushing age, who, on account of the Captain's wealth and position, held their heads pretty high,—in fact, in the color line, they were the acknowledged belles of the vicinity.

The glee club, according to arrangement, sallied forth on Saturday night to serenade the fair, and to give a specimen of their musical genius. Their first call was on the ladies of the Swart mansion, at which place they arrived about midnight, and immediately proceeded to unfold their musical knowledge. As the unearthly strains from their wheezy throats, and more wheezy instruments, floated out on the night air, not only did the cats "put out," but a general stampede ensued among the brute creation for a mile around.

The Captain, who had evidently been dreaming of the Tories, was awakened by the terrific noise outside, and supposing the Tories were upon him, seized his musket, which he brought to bear upon the supposed enemy, and banged away. The discharge from the musket reduced the swallow-tail of Dandy Colden's coat a foot or so, but as Mr. Colden's flesh remained untouched by the discharge, and as he did not discover the sudden reduction in his swallow-tail garment, and supposing the Captain was firing a salute in honor of the club, he ordered three cheers for the old hero. The club immediately proceeded to moisten their throats by numerous quaffs from the refreshment-jug, in order to give the three cheers with proper effect, and in the meantime the Captain reloaded his shooting-iron. When the club had got their throats sufficiently moistened, which proved a slow business, they proceeded to give three cheers; as the first cheer was heard the Captain's musket again spoke, and as quick as a flash the banjo in Mr. King's hand was sent "a-flying." The boss of the club suddenly realized that the Captain on murderous intent was bent, and so gave the order, "Go as you please," whereupon the club started off at a high rate of speed, leaving the three cheers unfinished.

The next morning, when the Captain learned who his noisy visitors of the night before were, he was highly incensed. Had his visitors been Tories, he said, that would have been a legitimate transaction, and in accordance with the rules of war; but these noisy fellows were destitute of all military knowledge, and were a nuisance, so he had them all bound over to keep the peace,—which wound up the glee club, as well as the debating society.

THE MOVING LIGHTS:

A STORY OF FOX HILL.



ABOUT two miles from Fishkill village, in a southerly direction, and near the old Albany Turnpike, rises a lofty spur of the Fishkill Mountains, known as Fox Hill.

In the early settlement of Fishkill, Fox Hill presented an appearance wholly different from that of the present day. It was then covered with large chestnut-trees, clambering vines, and an endless profusion of briers, which made an ascent to its summit both tedious and difficult. It was the favorite resort of the fox and the catamount, as well as the lesser animals. The grandfather of the writer, in the fall of 1759, while on a gunning excursion, attended by two fox-hounds, encountered a large bear at the foot of the hill. The dogs at once charged on Bruin, but they soon retired from the fight badly crippled, and refused to renew the conflict. They managed, however, by a slight show of pluck to engage the attention of the bear until a third bullet penetrated his vitals, when the "wanderer of the wood," like a sensible warrior, laid down and died.

In the latter part of the year 1804, or it might have been a few years later, as we are not precise as to dates, moving lights were seen at night on Fox Hill, which occasioned much wonderment on the part of the inhabitants of the plains below, as all knew that that part of the mountain was, at the time, uninhabited. At first it was thought that a party of hunters had encamped there. But as the lights continued to be seen night after night, several leading citizens of the neighborhood concluded an investigation of the matter should be made. Accordingly preparations were set on foot to solve, if possible, the mystery.

For this purpose an extended notice was given that a meeting would

be held at the Ackly House, in Fishkill village, to devise means that would explain the cause of the lights on Fox Hill. As we have in our possession a copy of the notice, we herewith append the same verbatim :

NOTICE.

To all good citizens of the Fishkills—Know ye, Know ye : That very strange fires, or lights, or illuminations, are to be seen every night on that part of the mountain called Fox Hill, which light, or fires, is supposed by some to be instigated by the evil one—or it may be that some persons are collected there for no good purpose—or it may be that some treasure is buried there, and is being carried off by some persons who have no lawful claim to it—or it may be that some plot is brewing, which will deprive us of our liberties, and of those inalienable rights for which so many of us have bled and died. Therefore we, the undersigned, call on all good citizens of the Fishkills, of the proper age, to assemble at the Ackly House, in the Village of the Fishkills, on the evening of October 12th, at 7 o'clock, to take such action as such meeting may deem fit to be taken, and to transact such other business, in reference to the object of the meeting, as will give peace and security to the said Fishkills.

Dated at the Fishkills, }
this day, October 10th. }

Signed :

PETER DUBOIS,
JACOBUS VAN WYCK,
JOHN BAILEY.

On the evening appointed for the meeting the Ackly House was filled to repletion by eager citizens, all anxious to assist in unravelling the mystery.

After the meeting was organized, the chairman stated in a few words the object for which they had assembled, and hoped if there was any gentleman present who could throw light on the subject, he would without delay take the floor. Silence prevailed for some time, when an odd specimen of humanity named Jake Bunce accepted the invitation to speak. Jake was well known to the community around as a great blower. He seldom, if ever, dealt in facts, and was never more happy than when he could find some one to listen to his incredible yarns, of which he possessed a never-failing supply.

On any other occasion Jake as a public speaker would not have been tolerated, but such was the anxiety for information as to the mysterious lights, that Jake's failing for the time was entirely overlooked.

There is an old saying, "Give every one his due"; we can, therefore, in obedience to this wise injunction, truly say that Jake really possessed a few rare gifts. He had a ready utterance, an unusual amount of assurance, and could ingratiate himself into the good opinion of those who knew him not, with a readiness that, to say the least, was surprising.

Jake commenced his speech—or, more properly, his harangue—by informing the audience that he was thoroughly posted on the lights. It was a subject, he said, that had commanded his attention from earliest infancy. No word in the English language, he added, was susceptible of so many definitions as this word—Light. In all cultivated societies men of experience and genius were regarded as standing lights. His most intimate friends, he was happy to say, were generally composed of this class of citizens. Here Jake was called to order by the chair, and requested to confine his remarks to the lights on Fox Hill.

The speaker apologized for the slight digression. He said the subject was so stupendous that his mind had wandered a little and failed to comprehend the dignity and vastness of the occasion. He would now, however, come down to facts concerning the subject such as had fallen under his own observation.

Jake then proceeded to say that no later than last night he had been on Fox Hill, and had there witnessed a sight he hoped never to see again; for, he said, on gaining the summit of the hill, the first things that met his view were four men standing on their heads, and opposite to each man's face was what appeared to him a human skull, and under each skull were live coals of fire, which glared at him so furiously through the different eye-holes, that he was obliged to hide his face and hold on to a tree to prevent falling. After awhile he mustered courage to look again, when the scene was entirely changed. Then he saw four villainous-looking fellows sitting around a table on which stood a bright light. Each man wore a military cap with a red feather, and each had a drawn sword in his hand. They were smoking from pipes which he thought were about three feet long, and the smoke as it rose among the tree-tops became the color of blood. After a little further time one of the men took from the table a paper, which he commenced to read. The paper looked very much soiled—just as though it had been a long time in the earth, Jake said. He could make out a

word now and then. He distinctly heard the reader say "Captain Kidd," and he made up his mind at once that the fellows had got on the track of Captain Kidd's treasure. He thought he would get a little nearer so as to hear better, when he incautiously trod on a dry stick which cracked beneath his weight, when, in a moment, the four men started to their feet, and one of them sung out in a stentorian voice, "What demon approaches?" Jake said he was for a moment or two paralyzed with fear; his hair stood erect, perspiration oozed from him at every pore, and all the endearments of home rushed like a foaming torrent on his bewildered senses. He concluded, however, to make one grand effort for his life. As he was about to run he heard a voice shouting what he thought must have been Latin, as he distinctly heard the words, "Higbo, cambo, hoho, rally, go it!" Whereupon he started down the hill with all the speed he could muster. As he rushed ahead it appeared to him that the spirits of all the defunct animals that ever lived and died on Fox Hill were after him. Foxes glared on him from every bush; wild-cats kept pace with him, keeping up a terrific yell; every tree-top was alive with squirrels who sung out something like "Ketch-em." Serpents of enormous length lay coiled in his pathway, and hoptoads in prodigious numbers jumped around him. Still he rushed onward. As he sped along he heard a whisper in his ear say, "Go it, old fellow; you're some." Then he felt assured that some kind fairy was aiding his flight. As he reached the open plain he took one look behind him, when a sight met his gaze which sent a chill to his heart, for the ground behind him to the distance of a half mile was covered with animals, all kicking, squealing, and jumping in their efforts to overhaul him. He, however, had the good fortune to reach his home in safety, and could assure the meeting he was very thankful for his remarkable deliverance.

Jake, in conclusion, stated that he had been revolving the matter in his mind the entire day, and had arrived at the opinion that the fellows on the Hill were some of the crew of Captain Kidd's vessel wrecked some 370 years ago when passing through the Highlands. The money, he said, contained in the vessel was no doubt buried on the Hill, and the fellows came back at stated times—say, once every fifty years—to look after the treasure, count it over, and see whether it was all right, and he had no doubt that the present was one of their times of visitation.

He regretted he was unable to impart further information, but he could lay his hand on his head and say, with an approving conscience, that, in this matter, he had done what he could. Whereupon Jake subsided.

The audience listened to Jake's speech with marked attention ; all, during its delivery, appeared to be spell-bound. When he described, as he did, with frantic gestures and heavy stamps on the floor, the rush of animals after him in his flight down the hill, the chairman's mouth stood ajar, and his eyes strangely protruded, and when Jake had finished, he, the chairman, sat apparently oblivious to all things around. His senses, for the time, had evidently stepped out. After awhile he partially aroused, and managed to inquire in a weak voice, "What was the sense of the meeting." To this inquiry silence for some time prevailed. At length the blacksmith of the village, who was a plucky little fellow, named Jim Pluck, arose and said it was time for action. Could this meeting, he asked, sit with folded hands when such doings, as described by Mr. Bunce, were being carried on within two miles of the village? His father, he was proud to say, was a Revolutionary soldier, who fought and bled on Bunker Hill, and as the son of so great a warrior, he was ready at any time, and in any cause, to bleed and die on Fox Hill, or, for that matter, on any other hill. Give him but the force of twenty men, of equal courage with himself, and he would teach this Captain Kidd and his vagrant crew that, being once dead, they had better keep so.

The plucky speech of Mr. Pluck electrified the audience—the mention of Bunker Hill brought every man to his feet. The chairman, in particular, was greatly elevated. Like Richard the Third he was himself again. Seizing his old cap he swung it around his head, and in a voice like that of a boatswain of a man-of-war, sung out, "Three cheers for Mr. Pluck !" And the three cheers were given.

The drooping spirits of the audience being so greatly revived, they at once resolved that Mr. Pluck be empowered to raise a force of twenty men like himself, and at once put an end to the strange doings on Fox Hill.

Leaving Mr. Pluck to organize his force, we proceed to explain the cause of the mysterious lights.

In the days of which we write, steamboats and railroads were un-

known. The old stage-coach was then the only public conveyance, and was then regarded as a great institution. Some two miles south of Fox Hill, on the Albany Turnpike, stood, in those times, a small wayside inn, known as Haight's Tavern, where the stage-horses were watered, and travellers refreshed with a little toddy.

All hotels, we believe, have been favored with a few "hangers-on," and Haight's Tavern was no exception to the rule, for there, at all hours, could be found two remarkable specimens of the human family, respectively named Hank Smith and Tom Green.

Hank and Tom, though not members of the legal profession, yet had a strong leaning for the "bar"; for no sooner did a traveller arrive at the inn, than Hank and Tom pushed for the place where toddy was dispensed, and there stood, assuming a very thirsty look, and longing for an invitation to step up and take a nip, which invitation they frequently received, but more frequently did not.

One day two travellers alighted at the inn, who were students, acquiring a knowledge of geology. As the students went tapping on the rocks around, they were closely watched by the two loungers. Hank said he knew them York fellows were after something, and he meant to keep his eye upon them.

One evening, when the students and the loungers were the only persons in the waiting-room of the inn, the latter became very inquisitive, and wanted to know of the York fellows what they were looking for all the time among the rocks. The students, thinking to have a little fun with Hank and Tom, asked them if they could keep a secret; both replied in the affirmative. The students then proceeded to say, in tones scarcely above a whisper, that some forty years before, their grandfather, while passing through that neighborhood, was robbed of a large amount of gold and silver coin. The robbers were quickly caught and hung; the last one (as but one was hung at a time), just before he was strung up, said the money was buried on a high hill a short distance north of Haight's Tavern. They had been looking for the money, and from their observations were satisfied it was buried on Fox Hill. The exact spot they had not yet discovered, but there would be no difficulty in finding it, as they had a book with them, written by a wizard, that gave full directions for finding buried treasure. To carry out these directions would occupy two more weeks, and as they had to go to New

York in the morning, they must defer further search until their return, which would be in fifteen days. They said if Hank and Tom had a mind to look for the money while they were gone, they might have part of the cash, as there was enough for all.

Hank and Tom's eyes glistened at the prospect of becoming suddenly rich. They declared, if any two fellows could find the money, they were the ones to do it.

The students, after many words of caution, gave Hank and Tom the following directions for finding the money, which, they said, were taken from the wizard's book :

Two men were sufficient for the enterprise ; they must be very supple, and have good digestive organs. While looking for the money, their faces must be blackened ; they must wear military hats and red pantaloons ; must be provided with four large glass lanterns, and enough hard-boiled eggs to last for two weeks. They must remain fourteen days near where the treasure is buried, and during the time must not speak to any one but themselves. Every night at the going down of the sun they must light the lamps, elevate them on long poles, and keep moving them around until twelve o'clock, when the lights must be extinguished. If these duties were performed regularly, that on the fourteenth night the ghosts of the robbers would drive a white post in the ground directly over the spot where the money is buried.

Hank and Tom said the directions were very plain, they could remember every word, and in two weeks they would have the money sure.

The next morning the students left for New York, and Hank and Tom went to work making preparations to recover the treasure. They had no difficulty in borrowing the military hats ; pantaloons for the occasion they made of red flannel, procured four glass stable lamps, and laid in the requisite quantity of boiled eggs, when with faces darkly colored they steered for Fox Hill.

For thirteen nights Hank and Tom implicitly obeyed the directions given ; on the fourteenth night as they were congratulating themselves their labors were so near at an end, a slight noise attracted their attention ; looking around they saw several men creeping stealthily towards them ; thinking them to be the ghosts of the robbers, Hank and Tom immediately put for Haight's Tavern at a fearful speed ; but in fleet-

ness they were no match for their pursuers, as they were speedily overhauled, and soon bound hand and foot. Tom and his friend thinking the ghosts had got them for certain, became so terrified as to lose, for the time, all power of speech, and submitted to their fate without a struggle.

As Captain Pluck and his party gazed on the captured men, and saw their mummy-like faces, military hats, and red pantaloons, all concluded they had certainly captured Captain Kidd and one of his crew. They, therefore, with high hopes tumbled the prisoners into a wagon waiting at the foot of the hill, and conveyed them with all speed to the village, where they were thrust into Pluck's blacksmith-shop for safe keeping through the night.

Hank and Tom soon after their imprisonment began to realize how matters stood. After getting rid of their fetters, which they did with but little difficulty, they spent the balance of the night in scouring up their visages, using for the purpose the water in Pluck's cooling tub, so that by daylight their faces resumed a natural appearance.

Early the next morning it began to be rumored abroad that Captain Kidd and one of his crew had been captured; as soon as the news got fully circulated every house in the village was speedily emptied—men, women, and children poured into the street to get a look at the prisoners. Even the animals around appeared to have an inkling that something tremendous was about to transpire, for on every chimney-top could be seen at least half a dozen cats, all anxiously waiting to see what the day would bring forth.

Precisely at 8 o'clock Captain Pluck made his appearance at the shop to bring out the captured men. The crowd around fell back in deference to so great a commander. Pluck saw the eyes of the community well upon him, and felt he was a rising man. Accordingly, with elevated feelings he unlocked the door of his shop, threw it open, and, in tones of great authority, commanded the prisoners to come forth—when lo! and behold! instead of Captain Kidd and his man, who should appear but Hank Smith and Tom Green, the former Pluck's brother-in-law, and the latter his wife's uncle.

Pluck was a man of nerve, but this scene was too much for him; he tottered and fell. Luckily he came down in a sitting posture, and landed on the top of his old horse-block, where he sat for a few mo-

ments like one bewildered. Suddenly rising, he inquired of the prisoners in tones of thunder, "What the dogs were you doing there?" Hank reckoned he had better answer that question himself. Soon all began to realize there had been a sell somewhere, and concluded it would be best to acknowledge the fact.

Hank and Tom, however, declared if they ever caught them York fellows around again they'd show 'em a thing or two. After a few hours matters cooled down, and the village resumed its usual quiet, and so ends the story of the Moving Lights of Fox Hill.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION,

THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



HAD a portion of the American army, in the Revolution, been encamped at Byrnesville, and had our friend Michael Gander been the commanding officer, many stirring events of those times would have been recorded other than those already written, one of which would have read as follows :

One of the most nefarious schemes ever conceived or concocted by the mind of man for the capture of Col. Gander, and the annihilation of his gallant army, came to light a few days since.

Col. Gander, the gentlemanly commander of our troops at Byrnesville, as is well known, is a bold and dashing officer, full of pluck and determination. He has been laboring assiduously for months past to get the troops under his command drilled to that point of efficiency so as to march on to the city of New York, clean out the British, and raise the stars and stripes over the metropolis of our State, and so put an end to the further effusion of blood.

The British had evidently got wind of Col. Gander's bold designs, and knowing if the Colonel got a fair crack at them they would all be knocked into a cocked hat, concluded, in order to avoid so unpleasant a predicament, to station all the Tories at their command on Butter Hill, with the view of directing Col. Gander's attention in that direction, and so relieve the city of New York from the impending crisis.

But Col. Gander, we are happy to state, proved too old a bird to be decoyed from his purpose by so flimsy an artifice. He witnessed the gathering of the Tories on Butter Hill without a flutter, regarding them as a cowardly set of knaves who could be bought for fifty cents a head, and dear at that, and so kept on drilling his men in warlike evolutions with the unfaltering determination of gobbling up the British in the city of New York.

The Tories, stationed on Butter Hill, numbering five hundred men, took early opportunity to inform Col. Gander that they were open to offers. In fact, they were anybody's men at a moderate price. They had sold themselves to the British for a small consideration, which, like many other considerations, had been squandered in riotous living. They were, therefore, at the time rather hard up in the way of pocket-money, and were greatly in hopes that Col. Gander would send over an offer for their services with the cash, that they might, with a fair show of conscience, enroll themselves under the starry flag of freedom, to "put out" the next day, or as soon after as might be convenient, for other fields of operations.

The Tories not hearing from Col. Gander in the way desired, and feeling not a little chagrined that they were held so cheaply in a military point of view, sought to establish a warlike reputation by robbing the hen-roosts and melon patches of the neighboring farmers, in which they displayed great strategic qualities, as many an old rooster and huge melon were carried off to their camp under the cover of night, as trophies of war, and confiscated for the corporeal good of the victors.

The farmers of the neighborhood, getting tired of these nightly incursions on their premises, called a meeting to devise measures for the protection of their property and for the punishment of the depredators. The meeting was largely attended, many ladies being present, who loudly bewailed the loss of some favorite chanticleer, and were fierce in their denunciations of the Tories. The meeting, however, progressed slowly, no one appearing to know what course should be pursued for the suppression of the evil, and the meeting would probably have adjourned without adopting any measures for relief, had not Betsey Winter come to the front.

Betsey was a lady of huge dimensions. She was evidently built for war, and was one very few would have cared to encounter when her blood was up. She strode up to the little table in front of the chair, and with fire in her eye demanded to know of that officer if there was a man around. The chairman, as he caught the eye of Betsey, was disposed to dodge the question, but Betsey was not to be put off. She brought her huge fist down on the table with a force that made every window in the room rattle, and demanded for the second time to know if there was a man around. The chairman, pale and trembling, said he

thought there was, when Betsey, with a voice like the rushing of steam from an exploded boiler, said it was a lie, there was not a man around ; if there was, let him stand up and show himself. As no one acceded to Betsey's request by rising, as it would have been a dangerous experiment to have done so, Betsey, therefore, in the absence of a man around, gave vent to her pent-up wrath as follows :

"Do you call this a meetin' for the protection of property? If you do, permit me to say that I for one want no such protection for any traps of mine. Perhaps you don't know who is a-talking to you ; if you don't, permit me to say that it is one Betsey Winter, what shot a bear when she was only eight years old, and if she lives twenty-four hours longer she will give them thieving Tories a taste of her shooting qualities they will long remember. Now," said Betsey, with a wave of the hand and a stamp of the foot, "I want you fellers, called men, to get out of this place in a hurry, as myself and the other strong-minded women present are going to boss this job."

The fellers called men did not require a second notice to quit, for as soon as the invitation was given they all pushed for the door, and many of them were kindly assisted in their flight by an encouraging word from Betsey.

The strong-minded ladies immediately organized a second meeting, which proved a tall affair, as the tumult they created was heard for a distance of two miles, and those not knowing the occasion of the uproar, reported the next morning that during the night there had been an earthquake. Betsey was the first speaker. She advocated, with many a furious gesture and roll of the eye, an immediate descent on the Tories and their extermination root and branch. Other strong-minded ladies followed, and with great eloquence seconded Betsey's proposition, and things for the moment began to look squally for the Tories, when old Mrs. Topheavy—the inventor of the famous sleeping powder—got the floor, and counseled a more moderate course. Her plan was to bake one hundred and fifty loaves of bread, and impregnate them strongly with the sleeping powder, and then present them to the Tories, who, no doubt, from their famished condition, would eat the bread voraciously, which would cause them to fall into a profound slumber that would last for thirty-six hours, when such measures could be taken to secure the Tories as might be deemed best. Mrs. Top-

heavy's plan, on account of its novelty, was unanimously approved of, and the meeting adjourned to put the same into execution.

The next day the bread was carefully prepared and sent to the Tories, who, not having had a square meal for some days, received the same with thanks, and devoured it greedily; and soon after, through the effects of the powder, they commenced their thirty-six hours' sleep.

When the ladies were notified by a special messenger, enlisted for the occasion, that the Tories had started on their long nap, they immediately set out for the encampment, each carrying a bucket of tar and a bag of feathers. On arriving at the hostile camp they found matters as reported, each Tory being locked fast in the arms of Morpheus, and all indulging in a variety of snoring. After viewing the scene for some time with rapture, and commenting on the various attitudes of the sleepers, they proceeded to give each snorer a covering of tar and a coat of feathers, which feat being accomplished, they marched down the mountain in triumph, well satisfied with the result of their expedition.

When the Tories awoke, after their long nap, they gazed on one another in astonishment, and supposing the mountain to be bewitched, they by common consent "took out," and sought refuge among the solitudes of the great West, where they married daughters of the red man, and their descendants are now known as the Modoc Indians.

This achievement of the ladies not only electrified the country, but received the thanks of Congress, and has justly been regarded by military men as the most brilliant exploit in the whole Revolutionary struggle.

When the British in New York heard how their allies, the Tories, had been put to flight by a few strong-minded women, they concluded that that was a game at which two could play. They, therefore, with a view of annihilating Colonel Gander and his command, organized a brigade of strong-minded women, of Tory proclivities, and sent them up the river, with orders to bring back the head of Gander and some portion of the men under his command.

The brigade set sail with the full determination of making it warm for Colonel Gander and his men, but owing to head winds and other causes the expedition was obliged to stop at several points along the river, where fascinating young men were plenty, and before they

reached their destination all the ladies got married, and so the expedition came to naught.

Colonel Gander kept on drilling his men with the unalterable view of capturing New York. After two years' hard drilling, he concluded his men were perfect in the art of war, and so started for the city of New York, vowing to capture the place or perish in the attempt. His command, however, moved slowly, as at every village they passed through the inhabitants insisted on their staying to dinner, and to attend a ball to be gotten up for their especial honor; and, owing to many other delays, they did not reach the city until evacuation-day, when they participated in the glorious honor of seeing the British off.

THE GHOST OF BRINCKERHOFF'S POND.



E are reminded, in a certain place, "that there is nothing new under the sun." The longer we live, and the more extended our observation becomes, the better we are convinced of this truth. The discoveries made in the excavation of ancient cities conclusively show that many of the recent inventions, so beneficial to the present age, were well known to the ancients, and which, by the convulsions of nature, were blotted out to be rediscovered,—thus affording substantial proof that knowledge, ever since the foundations of the earth were laid, like the tides, has had its ebbs and flows.

The subject of ghosts, which has lain dormant for at least a generation past, is again keenly agitated; and the question comes up, as in days of yore, whether a ghost is a veritable institution.

As for ourself, we candidly confess, we have no desire to discuss so intricate a subject. We greatly prefer that each one should be left free to exercise their own opinion on a matter of such grave importance,—for upon this subject, as upon all others, much will depend in arriving at a correct conclusion by the stand-point which the investigator may occupy.

We wish the reader, however, to understand we have no disposition to withhold our opinion (seeing opinions are cheap); we therefore trust he will not marvel when we say that, in regard to ourself individually, we are a firm believer in ghosts, not that we have had actual proof of their existence, but we were early schooled into that belief, and neither time nor circumstance since have been able to relieve us of the opinion.

These reflections have been forced upon us by recurring to the ghost which frequented Brinckerhoff's Pond some sixty years ago, an account of which, in these days of ghost-revivals, may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

Brinckerhoff's Pond is formed by the waters of Fishkill Creek, and

is distant about eight miles from the Hudson, of which the Creek is an important tributary.

Many years ago there resided on the bank of Brinckerhoff's Pond an angler of some celebrity, named Frank Way. Frank by occupation was a shoemaker, but in the line of his profession he paid but little regard to the understandings of men. He was one who never allowed himself to get in a hurry. "Take your time" was his motto. It was said of him that in early life he selected Cold Spring for a residence, with the intention of carrying on his trade at that place. With this view he there commenced building a shop. The Cold-Springers, while the shop was going up, to encourage him, kept sending him work in the shape of shoes and boots, each containing many a yawning gap to be stopped. Frank thought his labors were sufficiently arduous in attending to the erection of his shop. He therefore pitched the various understandings of the Cold-Springers into a corner of the rising edifice, exclaiming at each throw, "Take your time!"

Every day the pile of boots and shoes became more elevated, growing in height at least one foot per hour. Frank, as he surveyed the rising mound, became seriously alarmed. He concluded Cold Spring contained too many feet for him. Fearing he would be unable to foot up satisfactorily the requirements of the people, he concluded to embark in *feats* of another kind, which he did by increasing the number of feet between himself and the villagers; for on a dark, stormy night he footed himself out of the place, bequeathing his unfinished shop to his numerous patrons as a return for their overwhelming favors, which Frank no doubt considered a fair transaction, as he asked of them nothing to boot.

Mr. Way, learning that the inhabitants in the vicinity of Brinckerhoff's Pond went barefoot eight months out of twelve, rightly thought that the occasion which caused his abrupt departure from Cold Spring could by no possibility arise in that quarter. He therefore wisely concluded to settle among so discreet a people. On visiting the country, so charmed was he with its inhabitants, that he immediately purchased a few acres of land bordering on the Pond; married a snug little wife (but in doing this he took his time), and settled himself down, hoping that the calls upon him for professional services in his new quarters would be few and far between.

Mr. Way's desires in this respect proved in every way satisfactory: in fact, he had everything his own way, for in no way was he troubled with customers. He therefore sought other ways, to him more agreeable, for obtaining a livelihood, which was by angling in the Pond, or in pursuit of game at a place known as the Big Swamp, which was not far from his residence, and through which the Creek flows by numerous channels.

Brinckerhoff's Pond has been a notable fishing-ground from time immemorial, and, as may be supposed, many a true disciple of Sir Isaac Walton was and is still to be found in the vicinity. Mr. Way, therefore, did not possess or enjoy the fishing-ground exclusively, as, we repeat, there were others in the vicinity as well schooled as himself in dealing with the finny tribe. Mr. Way, after becoming domiciled in his new quarters, suggested to the various knights of the fishing-rod the propriety of forming a club to be known as the "Anglers," whose object should be the better development of the science for taking fish. Most of the experts in the neighborhood heartily seconded the proposal; others, however, kept aloof, imagining the movement smelt rather fishy.

A club was, however, formed, and Mr. Way, in consideration of being the projector, was elected its President. The club met weekly in an upper room over the store, which stood in those days near the old Mill. The debates of the club were exceedingly interesting; its members being occupied when in session in seeing who could tell the biggest fish story.

Among the members of the club was one Jim Purdy. Jim was not only a shrewd fisherman, but was capital at telling a story. Whenever called upon to relate his aquatic experiences before the club, he would commence on fish, but he invariably travelled off on ghosts. One night Jim was unusually eloquent. After graphically describing a new method for spearing suckers, he further enlarged the knowledge of the club by a vivid description of a ghost, which, according to his tell, had in days gone by been a terror to the early settlers of the place. The President of the club, Mr. Way, not being cognizant of Jim's failings, grew a little nervous, and, long before Jim had concluded his startling narrative, he began to wonder how he should get home, as Jim, either through accident or design, had located some of the worst doings of the ghost directly in his homeward track.

On the adjournment of the club Mr. Way solicited Jim to accompany him part of the way home. Jim, though not noted for much courage after nightfall, felt on that particular evening unusually brave; he therefore readily consented to accommodate the President.

As the two journeyed onward, Jim's conscience either began to upbraid him for the terrific yarn he had that evening spun, or else some portion of the President's fear had been communicated to him by mesmeric influence, for it was evident that his courage was fast oozing away. As they passed over the bridge which spans the Pond, Jim cast his eye on the water, when what should meet his astonished gaze but a tall white figure slowly ascending the stream in a little skiff. Jim sung out at the top of his voice, "A ghost! a ghost!" and started off like an affrighted deer, closely followed by the President, who, on that occasion, neglected to take his time. Terror lent the twain astonishing motive power, for in about two minutes they reached the dwelling of the President, full a half a mile distant.

Mr. Way strongly urged Jim to remain with him during the night, as he felt the need of a little protection. As Jim was afraid to return, he kindly consented to stop, which, of course, made the arrangement mutual.

For several days after the occurrence of the events just described, neither Way nor Purdy could think or talk of anything except the ghost into whose hands they had so nearly fallen. The people around, however, paid but little attention to their flaming story, concluding they had imbibed a little too freely of the "good cheer" while at the club, and, of course, were in a condition to see a ghost, or in fact anything else.

But in the course of the following week an old gentleman by the name of Brundage, while passing over the bridge at a late hour of the night, saw this same apparition. This corroborative testimony somewhat startled the good people of the vicinity, and they began to think a real ghost might be around. They therefore concluded it was high time to look into the matter. A committee was accordingly appointed to investigate—they were provided with firearms, and instructed to remain on the bridge through the night, but not to use their weapons except in self-defence.

The committee, in accordance with the directions given them, took

their stand on the bridge at an early hour of the evening, to await the coming of the ghost. As hour after hour flitted away, and no appearance of the ghost, the committee began to agitate the question of retiring. While discussing the matter, a rippling sound was heard, as the moving of paddles, and in a few moments a little skiff hove in sight, in which stood a tall figure habited in white. The committee gave one look at the advancing figure, and then hastily skedaddled, concluding they had seen enough of the ghost to make a favorable report.

There were, however, other eyes, that night, on the ghost which followed its movements, saw it when it left the old Mill, and witnessed its return.

When it became known that the Mill was frequented by a ghost, great was the consternation of the inhabitants in the vicinity.

An old woman by the name of Dingee, who had had some corn ground at the Mill a few days previous, gave out word that her meal was bewitched. The Doctor of the place concluded it was high time for him to interfere. He instructed the inhabitants to eat no more suppawn made from meal ground at the Mill. As the inhabitants of that section, in those days, ate nothing but suppawn, and as there was no other mill in the vicinity, those of them who obeyed the Doctor's injunctions, as may be supposed, became hard up for provender.

Luckily, before any deaths ensued from starvation, the great mystery was unravelled.

Lest the reader should suppose we are drawing too strongly on the imagination, we beg leave to remind him that the events we are describing occurred more than half a century ago, when the mind of man everywhere partook greatly of the marvellous.

In confirmation of this fact we need only point to some portions of the early history of New England. And those who may be curious on this point need only to pursue man's record still further in the past to find that superstition on almost every page has written her name in characters of blood. But to proceed.

The ghost proved to be the miller's daughter. She was a somnambulist, which fact, it appeared, had been strictly kept within the knowledge of her friends. Recently, while in that state, she had taken a fancy for excursions on the Pond, which freak she had been able to indulge in without her absence from home being discovered.

The miller, when he heard of the ghost, rightly conjectured who the ghost was, and took immediate measures to arrest the fears of the people; for many of them had already fled panic-stricken, strewing the highways with numerous household utensils dropped in their onward flight—and still there were others who threatened an early departure.

The miller, in order to allay the excitement and prove the ghost was harmless, invited several of his friends (more in the capacity of witnesses) to assist him in keeping an eye to the ghost's movements. After watching for several nights, the miller's daughter, while in a somnambulistic state, was seen to leave her dwelling, habited entirely in white, and to enter the Mill. In a few moments she reappeared with the paddles of the skiff, which were there kept when not in use, and proceeded to the Pond, arriving at the point where the little vessel lay moored. Stepping into the boat, she rapidly disappeared on the waters.

After an hour's absence she returned to the place from whence she had embarked, when, replacing the paddles in the Mill, she proceeded home, wholly unconscious she had been abroad.

Measures were at once taken to prevent the recurrence of her nocturnal excursions, and thus the ghost of Brinckerhoff's Pond, like all other ghosts, made but a short-lived sensation.

A CHAPTER ON GENEALOGIES.



THE occupations of our fathers were comparatively limited. Turning up the soil, doctoring, divinity, a little of the law, and a limited knowledge of mechanics, filled up their measure of usefulness. But in these latter days science has introduced to the world a variety of occupations unknown in the past. Those two comparatively modern discoveries—steam as a motive power, and the magnetic telegraph—give steady and profitable employment to many thousands, to say nothing of the vast number of minor inventions which, in their separate spheres, have opened up new fields of labor to the human family.

There is apparently no limit to human ingenuity ; for notwithstanding the many new employments so recently given to the world, inventors keep constantly at work in bringing forth fresh enterprises. Our old friend, Herring, who had an office on Broadway, over the door of which the word “Heraldry” stands conspicuous, belongs to this noble class of workers. He is a man of genius, and has recently distinguished himself in discovering a new field of science wherein to exercise his talents and put money in his purse.

Not having seen my old friend for a long time, and having learned he was very prosperous in his new line of business, and as I have a hankering after prosperous men, I thought I would call on him and renew our acquaintance. On entering his office I felt a little nervous as to what my reception might be ; but as soon as my old friend caught sight of me, he rushed towards me in a friendly manner, seized my hand and shook it cordially, exclaiming, “How are you, old boy? you are just the very chap I wish to see.” I found my old friend wonderfully communicative. His business, he said, was a great success. It consisted in tracing out and writing up genealogies for such families as

had recently acquired wealth and who desired to make a big show in the world. Every family, he remarked, that desired to get into fashionable society—no matter how wealthy they might be—must have the right pedigree, and when it was clearly established that a family had descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors—no matter what may have been their mode of life—their admission into the aristocratic circles was made easy and secure. His business, he repeated, was to trace out the genealogies of families whose antecedents were rather cloudy; to touch up the fathers and grandfathers for generations back and make them to appear as having been big fellows in their day and generation; and if he made a few errors now and then, it was always on the right side that he erred, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he pleased his patrons, and they paid him well.

My old friend, after adding fresh fuel to his pipe, and stepping into an adjoining closet to refresh himself with something not altogether water, continued his remarks: "You see," said he, "there is old Rosebud, who kept a junk-shop in Old Slip for a number of years, and there laid the foundation of his vast fortune, came to me about a year ago, and wanted to know if I could give him a genealogy of his family that would enable his wife, sons, and daughters to gain an entrance into tip-top society. Of course I questioned the old man as to his antecedents, of which, I soon discovered, he knew but little. Who his father was or where he was born, had entirely escaped his mind. In fact, he knew nothing of his family history that would be of any service in tracing out their genealogy. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I told the old fellow that the Rosebud family stood very high in feudal times, and I had no doubt he was descended from those gay old cavaliers whose reputation for mighty deeds was still fragrant in history, and I felt positive if allowed plenty of time, I could furnish him a genealogy equal to the best, and such as would make his family acceptable guests in the houses of our nobility. But, as I had to work out the whole thing myself, the charges would be pretty steep,—\$5,000 would be my lowest price, which, in consideration of the time and labor the matter would require, was exceedingly low. The old gentleman remarked that the price was pretty big, but if the thing was done up bunkum, he would not begrudge the money, and so told me to go to work, and if I wanted any money down, to say the word and I should have it. Think-

ing a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, I told Rosebud that a little of the needful would come very acceptable, as I had a number of bills about maturing, and if he could send me around a check for \$2,500, 'he would place me under great obligations.'

Here a party of ladies came in to inquire the price of genealogies. They were told that a genealogy from fair to middling would cost \$1,500, something tip-top would be worth \$5,000, but a regular "sneezer" could not be had for less than \$7,000. A bright-looking Miss among the party, who looked as though she would make short work of a fellow's cash if she had the opportunity, replied they would consult papa about the matter and call again.

After the ladies had departed my old friend continued his remarks: "Well, you see, the next morning Rosebud sent me around a check for \$2,500, and so I went to work. In about four hours I filled sixty pages of foolscap with the history of the Rosebud family. I made the fathers, the grandfathers, and all the other fathers of the name mighty in war and in other deeds, and now and then, to vary matters, I married off a few of the women folks to counts and dukes of noble blood. When I had finished the document I stowed it away, for it would not have done to have let the old fellow know that the thing was so easily managed. After the lapse of six months, I sent word to Rosebud that his genealogy was finished, and if he would appoint some evening, I would come around and read it to his family. The next morning I received a note from him requesting me to call around that evening with the document, as his family were very anxious to learn who and what they were.

"Accordingly, about eight o'clock that evening, I made my appearance at the Rosebud mansion, armed with the sixty pages of foolscap containing the Rosebud family history. My reception was gorgeous. One colored gentleman opened the door to admit me, another colored gentleman took my hat and cane, and a third colored gentleman swung open the door of the reception-room, and indicated, with an irreproachable smile, that my way led in that direction. I took the hint and entered the room, where I found the Rosebud family assembled. The old man Rosebud arose and greeted me heartily, and then presented me to his family, saying, 'This is the great genealogist, and this is my wife, Jerusha Ann, and these are my two daughters, Jemima and Cyprianna, and here are my two sons, Hezekiah and Aminadab.' I shook hands

cordially with the group, and, after indulging in a few complimentary remarks, observed that the reading of their family history would occupy some time, and if I might be allowed I would proceed to give them the result of my labors.

“The old man Rosebud immediately touched a bell, which called into the room a fourth colored gentleman, who was instructed to wheel an arm-chair under the chandelier, into which, by request, I seated myself, and commenced the reading of the genealogy. As I read along, I could hear some member of the family occasionally exclaim: ‘Wonderful!’ ‘Very wonderful!’ When I had finished the reading I was warmly applauded, and each member of the family declared that the genealogy was cheap at any price. I advised the old gentleman to have it printed in pamphlet form, and to send a copy to his select friends, and, as the watering season had arrived, it would be policy to take his family at once to some fashionable resort, and if I might be allowed I would recommend Codger Lake, which our best families generally patronized. I cautioned the family, while at the Lake, about making acquaintances too easily. If they wished to be respected they must stand upon their dignity. But it would be necessary to fee the waiters liberally, and when they got fairly installed, I would run down and introduce them to some of the notable families that might be present.”

Here my old friend was again interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman and lady, who inquired if they could have a genealogy made out by 12 o'clock the next day, and what would be the cost? They were informed that genealogies ranged in price all the way from \$1,500 to \$7,000. The visitors expressed considerable surprise at the prices named. They said they wanted an article not to cost over \$1,000. My old friend said that if that was the best they could do he would have to accommodate them. But “a \$1,000 genealogy,” he observed, “would be a weak document, as it would only admit you into second-rate society.” The visitors thought they could make it answer their purpose, as they were not particularly ambitious, and after depositing \$500, to show they meant business, and leaving their address with a few outlines of their history, they departed with the understanding that at 2 o'clock the next day their genealogy would be ready for delivery.

After bowing his visitors out, my old friend resumed his narrative:

"You see," said he, "about ten days after my visit at the Rosebuds' I received a letter from the old man, stating that himself and family were at Codger Lake, and were having a big time. He said he had been in bathing several times with a lot of boys, and he thought the waters of the Lake must have great healing properties from the way he had been revived up. The old gentleman gave me a pressing invitation to run down to the Lake, and enjoy his hospitality. His wife, he said, was very anxious to be introduced to a few big-bugs who were there, and who were making a tremendous spread, and as I had so kindly volunteered to introduce his family to the 'upper-tendom' that might visit the Lake, he hoped I would put in an appearance at an early day."

Here my old friend indulged in an inward chuckle for a moment or two, and then resumed: "You see," said he, "when I got that letter I thought it was all up with me, as I did not know, as far as I could judge, a single family at the Lake, rich or poor. But after awhile I thought of my friend Jones, who is a great ladies' man, and intimately acquainted with all the wealthy families in the city. So I sent for Jones and explained to him how matters stood. Jones said the thing could be easily managed. If I would loan him \$200, he would go down and survey the ground and then write me. Of course I had to fork over the \$200, and the next day Jones started for the Lake. Three days after his departure, I received a letter from him stating that he had got everything satisfactorily arranged, and I must come down the next day, if possible. So I telegraphed Jones that he might expect me down the next day, by the morning train, without fail."

Here my old friend paused for a moment, and then said, as though communing with himself: "Confound that fellow Jones, he is a hard one." Then looking intently at me, he continued: "Do you know he told all the big fellows at the Lake that I was coming down there on a certain day to take notes of what was going on, so as to write up the history of the principal families at the Lake, which I intended publishing in book form, and hinted that those who desired to be favorably noticed in my forthcoming book would do well to pay me marked attention!"

"When I arrived at the Codger Lake depot the next day, I was surprised at the immense crowd awaiting the arrival of the train, but little thought that I was the cause of the immense gathering. As I

stepped from the cars cheer after cheer rent the air, when Jones came rushing up to me and whispered: 'They are cheering you, old fellow.' 'The dogs they are,' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'you are the man they are after, and you will have to make a speech.' With that he waved his hand, which immediately stilled the crowd, when he sung out: 'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your favorable consideration, Professor Julius Herring, genealogist and fellow of the Deep Water Exploring Society, O. K. and C. O. D.,' whereupon the crowd became perfectly wild, and in order to quiet them, I was obliged to make a speech, and so far as my recollection serves, I said something about as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you most heartily for this enthusiastic reception, so entirely unlooked-for and unexpected. I am aware that it is not the man that calls forth your enthusiasm, but the knowledge that lies within him. I would say to the youthful part of this audience, particularly the small boy, who is kicking up such an infernal racket, that the world still moves, and every-day science is developing some new field, calling for your investigation and study. When I remember that I commenced life poor and friendless, at the lowest round of the ladder, and then reflect on my present exalted condition I feel amply repaid for my long years of toil and investigation in the various pursuits of knowledge, and I sincerely trust that among the youthful portion of this audience, I may have many successful imitators. Ladies and gentlemen, I again sincerely thank you for this enthusiastic reception, and can lay my hand on my fluttering heart, and say with unblemished confidence that this is the proudest moment of my life.'

"After concluding my speech, I was obliged to stand for nearly two hours on the platform at the depot, shaking hands with the crowd. First came a long line of elderly matrons, who were profuse in their compliments. Then followed an innumerable number of young ladies laden with bewitching smiles. As they passed before me, each of them presented me with a bouquet, and requested that they might be favorably noticed in my forthcoming publication. When the handshaking was over, and the crowd around me had somewhat thinned out, the Rosebud family made a rush for me. The old man Rosebud shook me cordially by the hand, and said that that speech of mine,

though short, was the best thing he had ever heard. The two daughters, Jemima and Cyprianna, each planted a fervent kiss on my damask cheek. But the old lady was evidently standing on her dignity, as she only extended to me one of her jeweled fingers, which I touched with becoming grace."

Here my old friend paused to moisten his throat, as his voice was becoming husky, which feat being accomplished, he resumed his interesting tale: "You see," said he, "as soon as I got up to the hotel I discovered that I had made a fearful blunder in alluding in my speech to my worldly prosperity, as about forty ladies flocked around me, each one asking aid for some charitable undertaking. One enthusiastic dame gave me the important information that her church was in a staggering condition, and needed \$100,000 to place it securely on its feet. Another good lady said she was one of ten faithful laborers who were collecting funds to found a college to elucidate the highest branches of knowledge, and where everything should be free to all comers, not only education, but food and raiment, medical attendance, carriage-hire, hair-oil, and, in fact, every other good thing, so as to enable the aspirants after knowledge to step along easy. I was on the point of telling this most excellent lady I was fearful that the college she had in contemplation would only furnish us with a few more fancy men and women, with which the world, just at present, was considerably overstocked; but fearing to get the worst of the argument, I wisely forbore.

"Knowing I was in for it, as there was no line of retreat open, I commenced putting my name down for \$1,000 on each subscription paper, in the order they were presented. After I had affixed my signature to twenty-seven of those interesting missions, thus parting with \$27,000 of my hard earnings, I suddenly became dizzy, and I was obliged to tell those ladies who had not had an opportunity to present their claims, that I would be ready on the morrow to resume my charitable bequests; whereupon I was set at liberty and escorted to my room by a dozen colored waiters, who took occasion to inform me that they, too, were engaged in various charitable enterprises, and hoped I would give them a hearing as soon as I became refreshed up a little. Of course I promised the sable gentlemen that they should be attended to, but for the present I would prefer to be a little quiet.


"That evening I had a private conference with Jones, and told him if he would take the Rosebud family under his wing and introduce them around, I would make him a present of the \$200 I had loaned him, and add another \$200 to it. Jones said it was a bargain, whereupon I forked over the extra amount, and that night, when the midnight train came along, I put out—having had enough of Codger Lake."

Here I asked my old friend what he was going to do about the subscriptions he had obligated himself to pay, but before he could answer we were interrupted by the entrance of several colored ladies, who desired to know (addressing Herring) if he had any colored genealogies for sale. My old friend informed his visitors that he had "just commenced the investigation of Africa, which," he said, "was originally settled by a very worthy gentleman by the name of Ham, and he thought from the complexion of his visitors that they were descendants of that enterprising citizen." As he was proceeding to eulogize the second son of Noah, I took advantage of the open door and slipped out, wondering greatly at the gullibility of the human race.

ABEL WAY;

OR,

POLITICAL DOINGS IN THE 'OLDEN TIME.'

HE Way family are of ancient date, but at what precise period of the world's history they appeared on the stage of action has never been satisfactorily determined. But from reliable information we are able to state that they figured conspicuously in the Norman conquest, as the historian of that period makes mention of them in many honorable ways.

The origin of the family name, however, is somewhat mystified. Many able writers have given the subject a careful consideration, and contend, with much show of plausibility, that the early fathers of the race were always around when matters of importance were being transacted, and at such times were always in the way, acting as a sort of wet blanket on all schemes to promote the public welfare—hence the origin of the name.

But other writers of equal note, entitled to a like credence, contend that the original Ways were supple men, adepts in the art of getting out of the way at such times when the sheriff or constable would be pleased to make their acquaintance.

But still other investigators of larger charity and of equal celebrity, contend that the original Way was a man of great weight and influence; one who could originate ideas, and from the happy way he possessed of imparting his views to others, managed on all public occasions to have his own way, and so finally became known as the Great Original Way—which cognomen rightfully descended to his vast posterity.

The writer has the unspeakable happiness of remembering among his acquaintances many members of the Way family; men of wide distinc-

tion, whom he has consulted in reference to the opinion expressed above, and finds that the latter view as to the origin of the family name is universally accepted by them. Therefore he feels free to express the opinion that the Way family, in generations past, in their respective communities, exercised vast influence for good, and he hopes the ways of the family may continue in the future as in the past, shedding light and wisdom on the human race.

Mr. Abel Way, who flourished in the early part of the present century, and of whom we shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter, was a representative Way—a true type of the founder of the family name. The community blessed with the wisdom and example of Abel, had their rendezvous, or habitation, near what is now known as the “White Bridge,” which spans the Fishkill Creek some two miles east of Fishkill village. Here Abel, at the commencement of the present century, and for a few years anterior thereto, exercised his influence for good on the community around; and it is said that his wise counsels—carefully transmitted down—still exercise a visible and beneficial effect on the people of that neighborhood.

Not far from the White Bridge, and but a few steps from the present residence of Isaac Sherwood, a prominent and well-known citizen, stood at the close of the Revolutionary war, a small building occupied as a store, which, at the time, was kept by one Hugh Conner, a merchant of some celebrity in his day. Conner continued the proprietor of the store until 1806, when he was succeeded by Robert Swartwout, a gentleman of the old school, possessing great suavity of manners, but who, unfortunately for his worldly prosperity, had too large a faith in the integrity of his fellow-men—as in order to draw trade, and make what is known as a business splurge, he gave unlimited credit to his numerous patrons, who were not slow to take advantage of so glorious an opportunity of laying in supplies, for they soon relieved Robert of his stock in trade—cleaned him out—which obligations, when called upon to cancel, they found it easier to repudiate than to liquidate, thereby causing the aforesaid Robert financially to explode, and to retire somewhat crestfallen to less hazardous pursuits. In after years, in referring to his failure, Robert was wont to say that his “bust-up” was the largest that had ever occurred in Dutchess County, which achievement he undoubtedly thought reflected great credit on his mercantile career.

When Conner was proprietor of the store, it was the resort of some of the most prominent men of that section, who there frequently met for the purpose of arranging election matters and to discuss topics of public interest. The place at the time was known as the Dog's Nest, from the fact that each visitor, when on public business, was accompanied by one or more dogs, who acted as a sort of body-guard to their respective masters. It frequently happened that, when the *human* visitors became somewhat heated in debate, and things looked threatening, the dogs, animated by a like spirit of rivalry, took the opportunity to pitch into one another, which generally led to a universal set-to by both masters and dogs. These interruptions to the regular business, however, were of short duration, as during the melee some one of the party, having a conciliatory spirit, would offer to stand treat, which acted on the belligerents like magic, causing an immediate suspension of hostilities, each man being pronounced a good fellow ; dogs, ditto.

Among the notables in political affairs who frequented the old store, was Abel Way (already introduced). Abel was, in a certain sense, a philanthropist ; not that he had any worldly goods to bestow on the unfortunate, for in matters of finance he stood at low-water mark. He was a borrower, not a lender. But Abel, fortunately for his pecuniary matters, was blessed with a thrifty wife ; one of those bustling little women who look well to the ways of the household. On Mondays Abel's spouse exhibited her vast powers. She was then in her element, for she threshed around in the various household duties like a steam-engine worked to its full capacity. The weekly wash on those days flaunted in the breeze long before the orb of day rose above the horizon, and the subsequent hours were devoted to scrubbing, scouring, and to the piling up of an endless war of words. Abel, on those days, made himself particularly scarce. He decamped early, for he knew if he lingered too long around the "social hearth," he would be rewarded for dilatoriness by numerous cracks over the head with a broomstick, or get a copious drenching from the inevitable water-pail, as madam might elect. Therefore, with commendable prudence, when wash-days came around, he made an early departure from domestic scenes, and resorted to his laboratory over the pig-pen (for he was by occupation a corn-doctor and tooth-puller), where he studied up the several cases he had then under treatment.

Punctuality was Abel's particular forte. Here his genius shone out with peculiar lustre, for every day, if we except Mondays, he failed not to put in an appearance precisely at meal-times. On such occasions he was never too early nor too late, for just as the last smoking dish was placed on the table, and everything was pronounced ready, Abel's shadow invariably darkened the door. Where the meals came from or by what particular process they were furnished, never concerned him, as in all matters of victuals and drink he simply acted the part of consumer. But Abel, as a feeder, had many good points; for when seated at dinner or at any other meal, his operations were conducted on the most approved principles for governing the appetite. His invariable rule, one well worthy of imitation, was to seat himself just two inches from the table, and eat until his corporal parts touched the social board, when with commendable self-denial, he immediately suspended operations. By this method he kept his head clear and his digestive organs always in working trim.

But we observed that Abel was a philanthropist, and so he was in the important matters of advice. His opinions, on all subjects within his scope, were given freely, and he was never more happy than when some friend or neighbor was financially distressed, for he then had the opportunity of pointing out to such unfortunates a certain way of relief. He also deeply sympathized with the sick. His rheumatic remedy, some half a century or more ago, was exceedingly popular. As it was composed entirely of gin, slightly colored with pokeberry juice, it had a great run, and proved in many cases, by its stupefying qualities, particularly efficacious. When patients were loth to take the remedy, fearing it might contain some hurtful substances, Abel generally took a swig from the bottle to show the timorous ones that the article could be imbibed with perfect safety.

But Abel, as we said, was a corn-doctor and tooth-puller, and fortunately for distressed humanity, he left behind him his receipts for the cure of these important maladies, which we herewith append :

" SURE CURE FOR CORNS.

"Should the corn be on the toe, cut or saw the toe off, when the corn will immediately disappear and give no further trouble.

“NEW REMEDY FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

“Should the toothache be only moderate, take a gill of brandy—must be a good article—put the liquor in a pint tumbler, then dump into it a handful of red pepper and four oz. Scotch snuff; stir the mixture well, and hold the same in the mouth for the space of two hours, or until relief is experienced. Should the toothache be severe, the tooth should be immediately drawn. The following method for drawing teeth will be found both sure and expeditious: Take a good strong cord—say twelve feet long—one end of which tie around the offending tooth and the other end fasten securely to the tail of a skittish horse; manage to keep the animal steady until the cord is made secure, then fire off a heavily-loaded pistol close to the critter’s ears, and at the same time give him a tremendous dig in the ribs with a sharp-pointed rail or pitchfork, when the action of the animal will immediately remove the offending tooth, and the sufferer experience all needful relief.”

Another genius who figured in political affairs in those days was William Cushman, who resided at the time at the junction of the Stormville and Fishkill Hook roads—the site of the present village of Johnsville—where he followed the joint trades of wheelwright and blacksmith. His house and shop were then the only buildings in the immediate vicinity, and were constructed from materials obtained from the barracks erected for the use of our Revolutionary soldiers when encamped just south of Fishkill village. Cushman, who had served his trade in the old country, was accounted a superior workman, and it is said made the first carriage ever used in what is now known as East Fishkill.

Cushman and Way were bosom friends; they frequently exchanged views on the lax condition of public morals, and when particularly exercised on the subject, as they often were, they lashed with every conceivable epithet the men in power. The town constable, one Franklin Giles, who was a near neighbor and relative of Way, they lampooned unmercifully, openly charging him with affiliating with rogues of every kind and degree, and accepting bribes from men, who (they observed), in connection with Giles, should be serving their country in the State’s prison, or in some other place of confinement.

Cushman, whenever he could obtain a fair show of auditors, which

was often the case, as his shop was a public resort, waxed eloquent on the low state of public morals, and contended that the country was on the verge of ruin, and that unless matters were speedily remedied, real estate would sink to the price of one cent per acre, and everything generally go to the dogs. He showed, with much persuasive force, that his friend Way (who was always present on such displays of eloquence) was the proper man to rectify this alarming condition of things and bring back the public morals to the old and approved standard of justice. Way, who on such occasions was not slow to speak, cheerfully coincided in these opinions, and with great show of humility, acknowledged that he *was* the identical man to step into the fearful breach and roll back the tide of corruption which was so fearfully deluging the land. Give him (he said) office, and clothe him with proper authority, and he would soon restore public matters to a sound and healthy condition. He would raise the price of land in a twinkling to an enormous figure, and make food so plenty that his constituents would revel in every luxury and fare sumptuously every day.

Transported with the prospect of fat living and other luxuries that would undoubtedly be forthcoming, the admirers of Mr. Way determined, after proper consultation, to nominate him for the office of constable at a primary meeting then shortly to be held. They informed Abel of the object they had in view, and requested him to keep matters shady, as they were going to surprise the public and do a big thing. Their plan was, on the night of the meeting, after adjournment, to wait on Abel in a body, when Abel should make a rousing speech of acceptance, so worded that the audience, other than those in the secret, would not have the slightest inkling that matters had beforehand been cut and dried. Abel's speech, they said, would be extensively reported, and create a sensation so profound as to enable their candidate to ride into office on the high waves of popularity.

Way was highly gratified at the opportunity thus given him for making a speech, and he determined that his effort on the occasion should be one not easily forgotten. He therefore immediately repaired to his laboratory over his pig-pen to set his ideas in order ; but the obfuscation of his brain was such that his ideas refused to appear. He therefore resorted for assistance to a learned genius who taught the young ideas how to shoot in the school-house then located on the edge

of the woods—known in late years as the Camp-meeting Grove, and owned by Mr. Theodorus Van Wyck, commonly called Uncle Dorus. The pedagogue alluded to was a great light in his day, and contributed more than any other man in laying that mental groundwork which has made the inhabitants of that section, both past and present, so widely celebrated for a knowledge of letters and other like kindred attainments. When Abel had made his wants known to the distinguished pedagogue, he was soon furnished with the necessary materials for making a speech, when, with more than ordinary dispatch, he returned to his laboratory to arrange and memorize the same.

On the evening set apart for his nomination for the highly important office of constable, Abel retired to his downy couch in good season, having his speech snugly stowed away in his cranium, ready at any moment to fire it off. Some half an hour later, when Madam Way (who was not in the secret) sought the same place of repose, Abel, though wide-awake as a catfish, was feigning sleep by indulging in an extra amount of snoring. Madam, fearing that her “good man” was seriously ill, as she had never heard his nasal organ play quite so vigorously, eagerly inquired as to the state of his health, to which very simple question Abel replied “he was first-rate, as sound as a nut, though rather drowsy.” Madam Way, being thus comforted, was soon lost in dream-land, from which she was recalled an hour or so later by the most terrible outcries beneath her chamber window, when, with her usual energy, she commenced belaboring Abel over the head, with the request that he would get up and ascertain what was the row. Abel accordingly crawled out, raised the window, and thrust out his head, on which reposed a fiery-looking night-cap, and demanded to know the cause of such untimely uproar,—to which modest request the spokesman of the party below, who had also salted down his speech, gave utterance as follows :

“MISTER WAY: The Invincible Bucktails, at a meeting held this evening in that great inspiring stronghold, the Dog’s Nest, unanimously nominated your excellency for the important office of Constable. Your many friends and ardent admirers, who are here assembled, would be glad to have you express your acceptance of the nomination, and thus add another to the many favors you have already conferred upon an appreciative public.”

Whereupon Abel, from his attic-window, where his head stuck out, opened his mouth and replied as follows :

“FELLOW-CITIZENS: The honor conferred upon me this evening by the Invincible Bucktails in nominating me for the highly important office of Constable is so entirely unexpected, and so entirely unsought for, that I can hardly express my feelings ; in fact, gentlemen, the news comes down upon me like a clap of thunder, and I can scarcely determine whether I am asleep or awake.” [Loud cries from those outside, “You are awake, Abel.”]

“Yes, gentlemen,” continued the speaker, “you can truly say I am awake ; for when, permit me to ask, was a true Way ever caught napping ? But, gentlemen, in reference to the nomination tendered me, I would say that this is neither the time nor the hour when men should dodge political responsibilities ; for I conceive it to be the duty of every man of position and influence, in the present juncture of our national affairs, to respond with alacrity to their country’s call. Therefore, I cheerfully accept the nomination tendered me ; and, permit me to say, should I be elected, there will be a great scattering among the thieves hereabouts—a regular stampede of the varmints—such as will cheer the heart of every honest citizen. But, gentlemen, I trust you will not consider my remarks personal, for, I assure you, I never reflect unjustly on any man or party. But I wish to impress on your minds that in the event of my election, you can count on a wonderful change in public affairs, for every rogue in this section on hearing the news will speedily take to his heels, and a better order of things prevail ; and, what is far better, your hen-roosts and melon-patches will remain inviolate, and honest citizens once more be enabled to retire to rest with an unflinching confidence in the majesty of the law.” [Great applause].

“Gentlemen, I read upon your banner that strange device, ‘Bully for you.’ That glorious old motto, those brilliant watchwords, appear to me to-night more cheering than ever ; for, as you well know, they have been our rallying cry in times past—our main reliance when hard pressed by the foe ; and I feel assured that in the coming contest, as in the past, they will lead us on to victory.” [Awful screams of “Go it, Abel.”]

“Gentlemen, the enemy with whom you are shortly to measure arms, you have defeated time out of mind ; in fact, your opponents at the

present speaking are hardly able to collect their scattered forces. Should you make a bold and manly descent upon them at the coming election, you will reap a complete and a decisive victory—one that will reflect credit upon each and every one of you engaged in the contest, and the result will be that your opponents will have been driven like chaff before the tempest.” [Another terrific noise.]

“Now, gentlemen, if you will hold on till I can find a few of my garments, I will come down, and we will discuss the matter further over a few glasses of punch.”


This announcement caused great rejoicing and many cheers for the eloquent speaker.

Madam Way was so overcome on hearing her husband make a speech that she lost the use of her tongue until the following morning, when she gave Abel an old-fashioned talking to for meddling in politics.

Friend Way, we regret to say, lost his election. The very men on whom he counted for support—those who cheered him so lustily on the evening of his nomination, were bought up—rank and file—by the opposite party, so that, when the votes were canvassed, Abel was found badly defeated.

Mr. Way in after-life turned his back on politics and spent his remaining years in deploring the ingratitude of republics.

ANOTHER HISTORY WANTED.

WO histories of Dutchess County have recently been written by members of the Smith family, both excellent works in their way, and we congratulate the inhabitants of old Dutchess that the Smiths have rescued the early history of their county from oblivion, and placed it upon record where it can be known and read by the generations following.

The histories alluded to are widely different in many respects; that given by Philip H. is unpretending, but well spun; it simply aims to record facts, and as such will ever prove a valuable work of reference. The other history, by James H., is rather a ponderous publication and highly illustrated. It contains many interesting incidents pertaining to the early settlers of the county not heretofore found in print, which makes the volume of great value to the student of history, and besides, its laudation of sundry great men, who happened to be born in the county, will stimulate their posterity to be up and doing, so that their physiognomies may also grace some future publication.

But another Smith is wanted to write up the comic history of the county, for as the reader well knows, there is a comic side to everything, and in all matters pertaining to history the comic side is where the laugh comes in. The writer hereof, not knowing any literary Smith, takes this method to call him out—should one be left—and to impress upon him that a third history of the county, to be known as “The Comic History of Dutchess County,” is imperatively demanded; and in order that this forthcoming author may not fail to see the point, we herewith furnish him gratuitously with the material for the first chapter of the much-needed work, as follows:

THE COMIC HISTORY OF DUTCHESS COUNTY.

BY SMITH NO. 3.

When the famous Dutch navigator, Hendrick Hudson, sailed up the river that now bears his name, his vessel was beset with ferocious savages from Sandy Hook, until it emerged from the Highlands and entered Newburgh Bay, when the rascals all disappeared. This fact teaches us that the atmosphere from the Highlands down, bordering on the river, has a tendency to make men ferocious, and impels them to commit various kinds of peccadilloes. But when Hudson entered Newburgh Bay, he at once realized that he was once more among friends, as not a savage appeared on either shore, and so concluded to remain at anchor for several days to give his crew a much-needed rest, and to repair sails, etc.

The tribe of Indians at that time inhabiting the lands now embraced within the limits of Dutchess County, was governed by a Sachem named Tom Beaver, but who more generally went by the name of King Tom. This savage, when quite young, had the misfortune to lose his father, who ruptured a blood-vessel while engaged in a fisticuff encounter with his mother-in-law. So Tom was sent to live with an uncle who kept the Pappoose Hotel, a famous resort for aristocratic Indians, and which stood in a grove near the present site of Glenham. Tom at the hotel served as hall-boy, bootblack, etc., but owing to the mysterious disappearance of many boots from the establishment, and various clandestine visits to the larder, Tom was dismissed the service and told to move on.

We will not follow Tom in his various youthful wanderings, as it would require more space than a work of this kind warrants, but it will be sufficient to say in this connection, that when the old King Ompompanoosus died, Tom forged a letter which he placed among the old king's effects, and which was found by the State authorities after the old king's demise, and passed upon as genuine. The letter read as follows :

TO MY DEAR PEOPLE.

Having for many years been suffering from many ailments, such as torpor of the liver, dyspepsia, hay fever, St. Anthony's dance, and other diffi-

culties, and having tried various remedies recommended for these complaints, such as asparagus pills, Abram's oil, beeswax syrup, and finding no relief, I have concluded that I shall soon be laid at rest, and, therefore, would make known to my dear people that I appoint as my successor, my much valued friend, Tom King, who is a most gifted Indian, and I am satisfied will rule you well.

Your loving ruler,

OMPOMPANOOSUS.

After the death of Ompompanoosus, Tom King, in obedience to the defunct monarch's wish, was proclaimed Sachem of the tribe, and at the time of Hudson's visit was about forty years of age. On page thirty-two we give a life-size portrait of this eminent red-skin. The reader in surveying the portrait will please notice the retreating forehead, denoting great executive ability. The peculiar twist of the nose and slant of the upper lip plainly indicate, that it would be highly dangerous to leave anything of value lying around when Tom was in the neighborhood. The leer of the eye shows a fierce desire for strong drink, which appetite Tom was unable to gratify owing to the absence of the article. There are other strong points in the portrait, of which the reader will undoubtedly take note.

When Hudson's craft, the *Half Moon*, came to an anchor in Newburgh Bay, King Tom was bobbing for eels near the end of the present Long Wharf at Fishkill Landing; and as soon as he espied the unknown craft, he paddled for shore, and called a council of his wise men to determine what was up. The council, after much deliberation, came to the conclusion that the new-comers were speculators in lands, and as they had plenty of that article to sell, thought a trade could be entered into advantageous to both parties. Acting under this belief, King Tom immediately indited the following auction notices, which he at once struck off and widely circulated :

GREAT SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS.

Owing to the lukewarmness of many of my subjects in paying taxes, which has financially embarrassed my government, and caused me great personal inconvenience, I have concluded to sell a portion of the government lands, which will be offered at public auction day after to-morrow, at 10 o'clock, on Raccoon Square. The lands to be offered are on Washee (Fishkill) Creek, bounded as follows :

Beginning at the mouth of the creek and extending four hours walk up the

stream, and including five hundred jumps distant from either bank. The lands will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. No postponement on account of the weather.

As soon as the notices of the intended sale had been struck off and circulated, King Tom ordered his secretary to take fifty barrels of bear's-oil and saturate the lands along the stream, in order, as he said, to give character to the sale, and in the meantime he forwarded a few of the notices to Hudson, with his compliments.

Hudson, being of a speculative turn of mind, concluded, after reading the notice, that an opportunity to make a big strike was here offered, and so next morning he waited on King Tom to obtain a permit to view the lands advertised. Tom received his distinguished visitor with great gusto, and informed him, if he would sit down a moment until he could arrange his necktie, he would show him the lands in person. Tom's two daughters, Macaroni and Heartsease, on learning that Hudson was a bachelor, concluded to join the party.

As the party proceeded along the banks of the creek, Hudson noticed a good deal of oil lying loose around among the grass and bushes, and called upon Tom to explain. Tom said that that same oil had been a puzzle to him for many years, but he thought vast deposits of the article were confined in the caves and rocks below, and now and then, by some hidden pressure, worked its way to the surface. Hudson here made the following memorandum in his note-book :

"Lands along the creek are of immense value. The natives are evidently not aware of the fact. Immense deposits of oil are only a few feet below the surface of the ground. These lands are richly worth a pint of rum per acre."

When the party arrived on the plain where Fishkill village now stands, Hudson's admiration of the country was unbounded. As he looked upon the natives, who were clad in skins of great value, he again whipped out his note-book and wrote as follows :

"The lands, some five miles from the mouth of the creek, are splendidly located. The natives, notwithstanding their sleepy look, are undoubtedly wealthy, as they wear the most costly furs. Here is a fine location for a Bank, or for some other financial institution. I think a newspaper could not be sustained here for any length of time ; but one established on the creek, a few miles below, might prove successful."

Opposite Johnsville, Hudson was again transported, and made the following memorandum :

"The natives in this vicinity are remarkably intelligent. The young lady squaws are very handsome, and their manners are charming. The papposes are fat and ruddy and very spry. I consider this a fine place to found a college. Buy this tract sure."

At this point the party of observation were met by a band of braves, accompanied by wives, daughters, and a lot of small fry, who came from an old Indian village in what is now known as Fishkill Hook, and who had marched out to do honor to the great Dutch navigator. Billy Annin, one of the head braves, made a long harangue to Hudson, which, when boiled down, amounted to just this and nothing more: "Have you such a thing as a well-filled flask in your pocket?" Hudson, in his reply, acknowledged he was short of the beverage just then; but stated that, at the great sale so soon to take place, he intended to buy largely, and would fork over the commodity they asked for, which announcement gave the braves great consolation. Hudson, after distributing a few peanuts among the visitors, preparatory to taking leave, found he had to go through an Indian ceremony by kissing the fair sex all around. He got through with saluting the young squaws pretty easy, but when he came to the wrinkled-faced old dames and greasy youngsters, he fainted, and was excused from further doings in that line.


On the day of sale a large number of speculators and investors in lands put in an appearance. King Tom was the auctioneer, and as the wily savage mounted the auction-block, he gave the audience to understand that everything was to be done on the square. "Now, gentlemen," continued the auctioneer, "I offer you these valuable lands, filled with oil and many other articles of value. Nothing but the distress of my government, financially, obliges us to part with them; but our reputation is at stake, and so we let them go. The lands will be sold on three hours' credit, when the deeds will be ready and the money must be paid. Now, gentlemen, give us a bid for these valuable lands." Hudson, in his eagerness to secure the lands, sung out, "Two gallons of rum for the lot!" The auctioneer, fearful he might lose the rum if he did not act quick, brought down his hammer with a whack, exclaiming, "Hudson takes the lot—price, two gallons of rum."

The speculators around were generally of the opinion that the lands brought a big price. This we explain by saying that a gallon of rum in those days, to an Indian, was valued at a million dollars in our present currency.

Should the deed of these lands given to Hudson ever turn up, it is the opinion of some of the best lawyers around Fishkill Landing that his heirs will have to be bought off and paid a round price.

We have thus furnished material for the first chapter of the Comic History of the County. The author who undertakes the work will now be able to go along easy, as the material he will have to work upon is of later date.

BEN DOWNIE'S BAR FIGHT, COURTSHIP, ETC.

AL, you see, old feller, as I was sayin', I was born on these are mountains, t'other side of the river. My daddy lived on Butter Hill, but presus little butter did I see while I lived with him. When I got big enuf to take care of myself, I hired out to old De'kin Wood what lived down on the Fishkill Flats. The De'kin was a nice man, but the closest old chap you ever seed. Wal, I work'd fur the De'kin nigh on to ten years, and one day the De'kin says to me, 'Ben, why don't you buy a farm and settle down?' Sez I, 'De'kin, how kin I buy a farm, I ain't got no money.' 'Why,' sez the De'kin, 'I'll sell you a farm, and the wages I owe you will pay for half of it, and the rest I'll put on paper.'

"Wal, I thought on that matter fur a few days, fur, you see, 'bout them times, I'd takin a shine to one of old Cap'n Scott's gals. The Cap'n had a nice lot of gals, I tell you, all on 'em slick as minks; but the one I took a shine to was Marier; she was a splendid critter in them days, all action, a parfect stepper. Wal, so I thought on the matter, and made up my mind I'd buy the De'kin's farm and get spliced to Marier; and so I goes and tells the De'kin I'd go with him and look at that are farm.

"Wal, so the De'kin and I kum up here to see the farm. The De'kin was the tarnilist, slickest talker you ever seed. He used to talk in meetin' 'bout nat'ral depravity and sich likes, and I've herd 'em say, as was a judge, that the De'kin made strong pints on kalmanism. The De'kin was mighty good in prayer, too; to be sure he was rather long-winded, and went over the same ground each time; still I liked the De'kin's prayers, they used to make one feel kinder solemn like. After bein' in the field all day workin' with the oxen, they wur sich confounded contrary critters that I had to do considerable swarin' at 'em,

and then when bed-time kum, and the De'kin read a varse or two in the Scriptur', and kinder 'splained it like before prayers, I'd say to myself, 'Ben Downie, you must do a little better to-morrow; don't swar so much at them are oxen.' But lor! it warn't any use. I use to tell the De'kin I warn't one of them are 'lect. And then the De'kin wound try and 'splain to me the pints of kalmanism; but lor! I couldn't see into it; so I told the De'kin if I was goin' to make a religion, I would make one as give every feller a fair start, and make him only 'countable fur his own dealin's. And then the De'kin would look me straight in the eye, and sez, 'Ben, you're a harden sinner.'

"Wal, as I was sayin', the De'kin and me kum up here to see this are farm, and he begin to talk about matters. Sez he, 'Ben, natur' has did a good deal fur this land. Jist look at them high hills 'round here. Why,' sez he, 'the rain ever since 'tarnity has been washin' the sile off them down in this are holler, and it won't want any more manure fur ginerations.' And then he sez, 'Kum, Ben, less go up on one of them high hills. I want to show you the sennery.' Wal, when I got up on that are hill and look'd at the sennery, it carried me right back to them are times when I use to go with my old mother to the very top of Butter Hill lookin' fur ches'nuts and sich like. I tell you, old feller, that old 'oman was a gran' one. She use to talk Scriptur' to me when we were up thar 'lone on the mountain, and she would say, 'Ben, when you get to be a man, I hope you'll be a good one'; and then, when I thought of them things, my eyes kinder growed misty like, but I didn't let the De'kin see my weakness; I kinder made b'lieve it wur the wind as made them tears. Then after awhile I tells the De'kin I'd take that farm on his farms.

"Wal, jest at that minit the De'kin run like split. Fust I thought the old chap wur so glad he'd sold his farm, that he wanted to kick up a little. But the nex' minit I seed a big bar standin' on his hind legs lookin' right at me. So I thought I'd be kinder perlite, see'n as how I wus the o'ner of the sile, so sez I, 'Mister Bar, I s'pose you be one of them squatters 'bout here? If you be, I now gin you notis to quit, as I'm the prisent owner of the sile. I've jest bought it of De'kin Wood, half cash and the balance on paper.' Then that are bar got mad. I s'pose he and his for'fathers had been 'round these diggin's sence creation, and they warn't goin' to leave. So the bar kinder slided up to'rd

me. When he got putty near, I gin him a wolleper right on his nose, but gracious! he didn't mind it one bit, and afore I know'd the confounded critter grab'd me 'round the middle, and gin me the alfered'st hug you ever seed. I thought, for a minit or two, my innards had all gone out; but as I was the o'ner of the sile, I made up my mind I'd fit it out. So at it we went. The bar trip'd me up, and we rolled over a prespis. Then I got loose from the shaggy critter, and I thought I'd scramble up agen on the bank, kase I could fit better on high ground. As I was goin' up the prespis, the bar gin me an awful dig in the starn, and made the biggest hole in my trowses you ever seed. Then I got mad, and I sez to the bar, 'You mean critter, don't you know them are my best trowses, what I wur goin' to wear when I goes to see Marier next Sunday? Who does you s'pose, you imp of darkness, is goin' to sew up that are big hole?' Then my dander was riz, and I takes out my big jack-knife, and went fur that bar, and the way I rip'd him wur a caution. Gracious! how he did squeal in bar fashion; and then I let the critter go, thinkin' he'd know better 'nother time not to tackle the o'ner of the sile.

"Wal, the next thing I did wus to look fur the De'kin. So I went lookin' 'round, when I herd some one call out, 'Ben, war's the bar?' Then I look'd up and seed the De'kin way on the top of a saplin', so sez I, 'De'kin, kum down; the bar has had notis to quit,' and the De'kin he kum'd down, and when he wus down he sez, 'Ben, does you know you've got a great big hole in your new trowses?' 'Yes,' sez I. 'The cool air would tell me that, if nobody else.' And then the De'kin sez, 'Ben, you're just the boy for this are region.' So me and the De'kin went hum.

"Wal, you see, next Sunday night I couldn't go and see Marier, kase I had no trowses. That confounded bar had upset all my calculations. So I went next day down to the river to see old Mrs. Van Dusen what made trowses. She wur an aunt of mine, and a dreadful eater of sour-krount, and I sed to her, 'Auntie, I want you to make fur me a fust-rate trowses, kase I think, if a certain gal is willin', I'll get splic'd.' 'Why, Ben,' sed she, 'are you in arnest?' So I up and told auntie all my plans. She wur a motherly old woman, now, I tell you, and she sed, 'Ben, that's fust-rate. That Marier Scott is a gal what can't be beat; but,' she sez, 'Ben, if you're goin' to get splic'd, you ought

to have a store-rig.' 'Wal,' sez I, 'how am I to get a store-rig?' 'Why,' sez she, 'go down to York an' buy it'; and then I thought I would.

"Wal, the next day I met Bill Rowlan, what use to go on a sloop up and down to York. Sez I, 'Bill, I'm goin' down to York to buy a store-rig.' 'Don't you do it,' sez Bill. 'You'll git shav'd like the old harry.' And then Bill up and told me he once bought a trowses of a chap in York, and he put 'em on as he wur kumin' up the river, and thar cum a harrycane as he wur on deck, and fust one leg of the trowses went and then t'other leg went, and then the middle went, and then Bill he went—and put on another trowses. Bill sed them York trowses hadn't any sowin' in 'em. 'Wal,' sez I, 'Bill, how am I to get a store-rig?' Bill sez, 'You git old Cap'n Wiltse to buy you one. Them York fellers can't cheat him.'

"So the next day I went down to the sloop and seed the Cap'n. He wur a gran' old chap, and I up and tells the Cap'n all my plans, and the Cap'n sed he knowed a chap down in York what sold store-rigs, and he'd git him to fix me out. So the Cap'n he took my measure. Fust, he tied a rope 'round my middle to git the size of them parts; and when he look'd at the measure he sez, 'Ben, you'll take a mighty big trowses.' Then the Cap'n kinder punched me 'round to see was I be swell'd agin, and he sez, 'All right.' Then he stood me up agin the mast, and made a chalk mark jest above my head, and then he put the durmensions down on paper, and tells me to kum down agin next Saturday and he'd have the store-rig sure.

"Wal, I goes down the next Saturday, and sure enuf the Cap'n had the store-rig all ready, dun up in a big yaller paper. The Cap'n sed I'd better not ondo 'em till I got hum. Then me and the Cap'n settled for the rig; and I sez, 'Cap'n, what's your trouble?' and he sez, 'Ben, not a cent.' So I told the Cap'n I wur much obleeged to him, and kum off hum.

"Wal, you see, when I got hum, I jest took a peak at that are rig, and, goodness, you bet, if it warn't the tallest rig you ever seed. Every button on the coat was all gould, and the trowses had a yaller streak runnin' up and down on 'em. So I sez nothin' to nobody, and when Sunday night kum, I put on that are rig, and it sot like an ell-skin; and then I took the De'kin's kane, and went down to old Cap'n Scott's.

You see, old feller, it had jest then kum in the fashion to knock on a door 'fore you went in a house. So when I got down to old Scott's, I thought I'd follow the fashion. So I took the De'kin's kane and gin two whacks on the door, and the next minit I heard old Scott sing out, 'Who in thunder is making that tarnal noise outside?' But I sed nothin', kase you see, when old Scott heard the whacks he ought, 'cord-in' to the fashion, to sed 'Kum in.' Wall, I stood thar 'bout a minit longer, and nobody sed kum in. So I gin two more whacks on the door, and then I heard old Scott kumen. When the old chap open'd the door, it was so tarnal dark he couldn't see nothin', and so he sings out, 'Who's thar?' And then I sings out, 'Who do you think?' and then he sez, 'Ben Downie, be that you?' and then I sez, 'You've hit it fur once, old feller'; and then he sez, 'Why don't you kum in? What you standin' thar like a fool fur?' 'Kase,' sez I, 'you don't 'vite a feller in.' 'Kum in, you old fool,' he then sed; and so I went in.

"Wal, when I got in by the light, them gould buttons on my coat shined like the stars. Old Scott look'd at my rig fur 'bout a minit, and then gin a big whistle. I know'd what the old feller meant.

"Wal, I sot down and talk'd with the gals; goodness, didn't they eye my store-rig tho'. Arter a while one left the room, and then another, and putty soon nobody wur in the room but Marier and me. I then sez to Marier, 'I've buy'd a farm.' 'Why,' sez she, 'Ben, what on 'arth are you goin' to do with a farm?' So I thought I might as well be kinder plain, and so I tells Marier I wur goin' to be mar'ed, and set up fur myself. Then I sees Marier look'd kinder down like. Arter a while she sez, 'Ben, I didn't know you wur 'gaged to any gal.' 'More I ain't,' sez I, 'that's what I kum's here fur.' Then I sees Marier look'd kinder pleas'd, so sez I to myself, 'Ben Downie, you had better come to the pint at once, and so I tells Marier I'd takin a shine to her. Then she look'd right up at the sealin', you know gals will act kinder shy at sich times, and then I sez, 'Kum, Marier, what do you say?' and then she sed, 'Oh, Ben!' and throw'd herself right in my arms k'plump.

"Wal, you see, Marier and me sot thar a long time fixen up our plans. She wur a splendid plan'er, and we settled everything the slickest. I tell you what, old feller, thar's nothin' like havin' a smart gal 'round when you've got plans to settle. Putty soon Marier sed, 'Ben, you've

got to ask Dad.' 'So I have,' sez I; 'perhaps he's gone to bed.' 'I'll soon have him out of that,' she sed, and away she went.

"Wal, putty soon in come old Scott. Wal, I didn't say anything fur some time, I felt kinder sneakin' like, you see. Putty soon the old feller sez, 'Ben Downie, if you've got anything to say to me to-night, you'd better be sayin' it.' So I up and told the old chap that I had takin a shine to Marier, and Marier had takin a shine to me, and we had settled all the pints, and only waited his blessin'.

"'Wal,' sez old Scott, 'how you goin' to keep the gal?' Then I tells him 'bout the farm I'd buy'd of the De'kin, and it wur already half paid fur; that tickl'd the old feller 'mazingly. And he then said, 'Ben Downie, as you and Marier has settled all the pints, I ain't goin' to interfere.' Then the old chap went to a closet and took out a bottle of old Jamaica, and nearly filled two mugs with lickier. Then he sez, 'Ben, as this is a great occasion, you and me will take a putty stiff horn,' and so we drink'd to better acquaintance. Then old Scott he went to bed, and Marier and me talked a little longer, then I went back to the De'kin's, feelin' putty good, I tell you.

"Wal, you see, in two weeks from that time Marier and me wur mar'ed, and old Scott, he kum'd down handsomely. He went to Po'kapsie, and got two dandy niggers to play the fiddle, and the gals made 'bout four bar'els of pot-pie, and ever so many kinds of fixins, and so we went in fur a good time generally.

"Wal, you see, that night when the people had kum, and got in the room, the minister he open'd a book and sez: 'Whar be the two people what wants to be united?' Then Marier and me stepped up as much as to say, we be the people; Marier as she stood thar on the floor looked splendiferous, she had on a bran-new calliker gown, and her hair had been titivated up by one of them dandy niggers from Po'kapsie, what sed he wur a hair-dresser as well as a fiddler. He put a row of holly-hocks all 'round Marier's head; how the nigger made 'em stick I couldn't see. I had on my store-rig, and that dandy nigger gin me a piony to stick in the button-hole of my coat, and he gin two more on 'em to Marier to hold in her hand, what he sed wur a nosegay, and so you see as Marier and me stood up on the floor before the minister, we look'd some, and I overheard a feller say, as ought to know, 'There is a couple as is a couple.'

"Wal, the minister soon begins the saramony; fust he kinder talk'd to himself, and then he talk'd to me, and when he'd dun talkin' to me, he sed, 'Young man, in answer to them are questions, please bob your head.' And then he look'd us both in the face fur 'bout a minit, and then sed, 'I pronounce you a man and a woman.' Then he sot down, and I slip'd a gould piece in his hand, and the gran' old minister look'd mighty pleased.

"Wal, next all the kump'ny kums up to 'gratulate us. Fust kum old Scott, and he pulls out of his pocket a paper all cover'd with varses, and sez, 'Gintlemen, I'll now read you some varses I've made up out of my own head.' And then he reads:

Ben Downie wur a strong built lad,
 What work'd for De'kin Wood,
 And when he work'd the De'kin sed,
 Ben did the best he could.

But Ben, like other foolish boys,
 Thought he must have a wife;
 He had not heard of them are wars,
 Called matrimonial strife.

So Ben he seeks the poet's home,
 And mar'ies *his* Marier;
 The poet hopes, of wedded life,
 This Ben will never tire.

Now, Ben, should you in arter years,
 When measles kotch the baby,
 Regret you took the fatal step,
 Do try and keep it shady.

For you, old feller, soon will learn,
 In every earthly home,
 Sickness and pain, and them are things
 Are surely bound to come.

So, Ben, my boy, in every thing,
 Jist do the best you can;
 Life's many trials boldly face,
 And show yourself a man.

And unto you, Marier, too,
I do these varses pen,
And hope in all your arter life
You'll keep an eye on Ben.

For man he is a slip'ry chap,
What never can be trusted,
For when he makes his biggest show,
He ginerally is busted.

And now, my children, both of you,
By wachin' close each other,
May 'scape them matrimonial gales,
So few are known to weather.

Then trim your matrimonial bark
To meet life's stormy blast ;
Then when the voyage shall be o'er,
You'll anchor safe at last.

"When old Scott gits done a readin' them are varses, sich a shoutin' and stampin' you never heard, and the minister whispers to me and sez, 'Ben, your daddy-in-law is a great poit.'

"Wal, the next purson what kums up to 'gratulate wur old Mother Scott, grinnin' from ear to ear, and with a face red as them pionies what Marier had in her hand, and the old woman sez, 'Ben, my son, gin me your paw.' So I shakes hands with the gran' old woman and gin her a big smack on her cheek. Then kums every feller with his gal, and all of 'em sed 'bout the same thing.

"Wal, jist at that minit some chap sings out supper is ready, and then sich another scamperin' fur the shed wur the supper table was sot you never seed. How long, old feller, does you s'pose them four bar'els of pot-pie lasted arter them fellers got at 'em?—just three minits and thirty seconds and no longer, and the other fixins departed in the same space of time. When thar wur no more to eat, every feller went to dancin', and jist as they got a-goin' it, thar kum sich a yellin' outside as you never heard ; so we all look'd out, and thar wus a hundred or more men and boys ridin' a skimerton, and old Scott had to go out and lick'er 'em all 'round 'fore they'd leave. Wal, 'bout daylight every feller went hum, and then peace and quiet kum once more in the Scott manshun.

"Wal, the next day me and Sam Jones kums up here, and in ten days we puts up the neatest shanty you ever seed. So then I goes down arter Marier, and great was the partin' with the family. Old Scott took me one side and sed, 'Ben, my boy, does you know you've drawn a big prize in gittin' Marier? I've gin her fifty pounds in hard chink, and to-morrow I'll send you up a lot of traps to keep house with. And now, Ben,' sez he, 'I want you always to treat Marier well—gin her her own way in everything and she'll make a man of you.' The old feller tálked so solemn like that I got scared, kase I didn't think thar wur any solemn in him; and so as I didn't know what to say, like a big fool I got a-cryin', and then I did say, I sez, 'Look here, old feller, if any chap sez anything agin Marier, or dares to lay so much as his little finger on her, I'll pitch him higher than 'tarnity.'

"Wal, you see, when Marier and me got up here, we finds it kinder lonesome for a while, so we concluded that the only way to get rid of them are feelins wur to keep hard to work. When the first Sunday comes arter we gits here, Marier sez, 'Ben, no work to-day; this be a day of rest.' So I sot in the house all day as still as a mouse, but now and then I kinder look'd out the winder when Marier wasn't seein' me. Arter a time we got goin' every Sunday arternoon up on the top of that high hill 'way off yonder, whar you see the crow a-flyin', and I'd carry in my arms the little baby what use to pull my nose as we went along and keep all the time a-crowin' like, and when we got up on the high hill we sot down to look at the sennery and kinder meditate. Then Marier would take her Bible and sez, 'Ben, what part of the Scriptur' would you like to hear?' And I sez, 'I like to hear ag'in that Sarmon on the Mount,' and then Marier would read in a voice so clear and music-like that I use to think the birds stop'd to listen, and sometimes I would shut my eyes fur a little while, and then I 'maged I seed a great multitude standin' round harkin' to the words of the great Teacher; and sometimes Marier would stop and 'splain a little, and she would say, 'Ben, did you hear that? What a preshus promise!' And then I'd put my face low down long-side of baby's little face, kase my eyes grow'd kinder misty like, and I sez to myself, 'Ben Downie, you ought to be a better man; you don't live up to your privileges.' I tell you, old feller, if you want to feel solemn like, you mus' hear the Scriptur' 'splained on the mountains. I've heard Marier say

—and she is a great scholar—that some of the grandest maracles told of in the Scriptur' be them what took place on high mountains.

“Wal, I must be goin’; Marier will soon be expectin’ me. When you kum our way, old feller, jist call in, and I’ll show you the spry’st lot of young ones you ever seed. My farm is jist over that blue hill whar you see the cloud a-restin’, and what everybody sez is the best farm in these parts. And when I think of my many blessins, I sez to myself, ‘Ben Downie, old Scott wus right when he told you that gal will make a man of you.’”

The author of this popular tale, by request of the Upland Antiquarian Society of Windam Peak, has consented to furnish another chapter, which will relate principally to military doings in the Revolution, and will also contain a graphic description of a battle between the loyal troops and a large body of Tories, who (the latter) were saved from destruction by the timely arrival of an infernal machine.

AN ABSTRACT

FROM THE MINUTES OF THE SPANKERS CLUB OF PEEKSKILL.



T the commencement of the present century there existed in Peekskill a literary club styled "The Spankers." The avowed object of the club was the mutual advancement of its members in the literary and other accomplishments of that day. The club was limited by its constitution to twelve members, who were to be known and called during the sessions of the club by the names of the twelve months of the year—each member to bear the name of some one particular month, and a penalty was affixed for any violation of this rule. The by-laws of the club required its members to furnish twelve lectures or essays during the year—one to be delivered each month, and each member to represent the month by which he was known or called, and after the delivery of any essay, it should be open to criticism.

Among the first essays delivered was one on "Humbugging," in which it was maintained that humbugging could be reduced to a science so perfect as to deceive any community, no matter how well-informed or however naturally cautious they might be in accepting the views or opinions of others.

The essay was severely criticised, some of the members contending the whole thing was an assumption on the part of the writer, while others asserted that they had no doubt many communities could be easily humbugged if rightly approached; but all agreed, with the exception of the writer of the essay, that the inhabitants of Peekskill could not be humbugged by any process whatever.

The writer of the essay, after patiently listening to the various criticisms, rose and remarked that he was willing and ready to back up his

views on humbugging; and if the members of the club would co-operate with him, by lending him their countenance and aid, he would humbug the people of Peekskill on a scale so extensive as not only to satisfy every member of the club, but every member of the community, that humbugging was not only a science, but an art that should be extensively cultivated.

The manner of the speaker was so positive, and his declaration so emphatic, that the club at once consented that the experiment should be tried, and each member agreed to assist in the work in whatever capacity their services might be required.

The writer of the essay was known at the sittings of the club by the sobriquet of March, but whose real name was Noah Smuggins, and who at the time was comparatively a new-comer in the place, having been a resident of Peekskill but a few months.

Smuggins, according to his tell, had been a great traveller—a second Mungo Park. He had visited, so he said, every known portion of the globe, and was on terms of intimacy with most of the “crowned heads” of Europe, and with many other monarchs enjoying the same favors elsewhere.

Smuggins, for the furtherance of his humbugging scheme, took occasion frequently to ply the principal inhabitants of the place (Peekskill) with marvellous accounts of his adventures while in foreign lands, which were drank in by his credulous hearers with an eagerness which strongly intimated they would have no objections to hear a little more of the same sort, and that frequently.

When Smuggins had got the principal savants of the place in proper tune—or, in other words, ready to be duped—he informed them he had received a letter from the King of the Hottentots, who was his particular friend, and with whom he had spent many a pleasant hour, and that he (the King) contemplated visiting the United States to acquaint himself with the workings of our free institutions, and to recuperate his failing health.

Smuggins thought, if desired, he could prevail on the King, while in this country, to make their village his head-quarters, which, in his opinion, would greatly tend to the advantage of the place, as prominent men in all sections, on learning the fact, would steer for Peekskill, in prodigious numbers, to pay their respects to so distinguished a personage as the King of the Hottentots.

The men of Peekskill were rather slow to fall in with the plan of entertaining so renowned a monarch. They were not only fearful of the expense, but were apprehensive that if the King once obtained a foothold among them, he might tarry a little longer than they desired. But when Smuggins informed them that his Majesty of the Hottentots was not only a very small eater, but confined his diet strictly to lamp-oil and beeswax (articles very cheap in those days), they at once instructed Smuggins to send forward the invitation.

In those days in the city of New York, at the corner of Water Street and Cuyler's Alley, was a famous restaurant and oyster saloon, kept by Moses Blue. The fame of this restaurant extended far and near, and it was largely patronized by those having fastidious appetites, for its worthy proprietor, notwithstanding his copper-colored complexion, knew exactly how to prepare his viands so as to rightly tickle the palates of his customers, which business accomplishment, coupled with his engaging manners, made him a great favorite with the epicurean public.

Smuggins was well acquainted with the great caterer, Moses Blue, having in his more youthful and ardent days been not only a frequent visitor at Blue's establishment, but had frequently while there partaken so largely of the *spirit* of the place that on his departure, judging from his wayward movements, he, too, in a certain sense, was "blue." With such joyful reminiscences still fresh in his mind, Smuggins naturally concluded that Moses was the identical man to personate the Hottentot King. He, therefore, at once set out to interview his colored friend, and to solicit his aid and co-operation in the humbugging scheme.

Moses, on being interviewed (darky-like), was greatly gratified at the honor sought to be conferred upon him. He therefore freely offered his services in the capacity desired; in fact, it was doubtful if any one could have been found better qualified to play the Hottentot King than was Moses. His restaurant had so long been the resort of foreigners of all nations—being located near the docks where most of the foreign shipping was moored—that he had become familiar with the habits and customs of most nationalities, and hence had picked up, in the way of business, many words in French, Spanish, etc., which he frequently turned to good account; and, furthermore, his urbanity of manners was such that he was extremely popular with his native as well as with his cosmopolitan customers.

Smuggins and Moses soon arranged matters to their mutual satisfaction; the latter agreeing, with much suavity of manners, to hold himself in readiness to turn Hottentot at the shortest possible notice; whereupon Smuggins, in high feather, returned with great dispatch to Peekskill, well satisfied that he had got matters in a shape which, when fully carried out, would satisfy the "Spankers Club" that humbugging was not only an art, but could be reduced to a science, which future generations would extensively copy.

Smuggins' next move in the matter was to inform some of the leading men of the place (Peekskill) that he had sent forward the invitation, and that as soon as he received a reply, he would communicate his Majesty's determination.

After a proper lapse of time, Smuggins exhibited a letter purporting to come from the King, in which he (the King) stated that he gladly accepted the cordial invitation of the inhabitants of Peekskill to spend a short time with them, and to enjoy their renowned hospitality; and he hoped all hands on his arrival would have a good time, a general "break-down," which he was anxious to bring about, and would therefore come prepared to stand treat at the beck and nod of every thirsty fellow, whether few or many. But (if allowed) he would like to conform strictly to the fundamental principles of republican institutions, and therefore, to avoid anything like a glittering show, he would come over in his private yacht—simply an oyster boat—and would start on the voyage, if not delayed by official business, in a very few days; so by the time his letter came to hand he might be expected any hour in the land of freedom and mighty taxes. He remarked, in addition, that he had recently been reading up the history of the United States, and was greatly impressed with the magnitude of the subject, and, therefore, would say again, that he hoped on his arrival at Peekskill, the simplicity of republican institutions would not be trifled with, as he was a firm believer in that ancient and honorable motto: "When in Rome we should conform to the customs of the Romans."

As the King was expected hourly, and as the inhabitants of Peekskill, necessarily, were on the tip-toe of curiosity, Smuggins, at the request of the village dignitaries, proceeded to Sandy Hook to await the arrival of his Majesty, and to escort him with befitting honors up the noble Hudson. In the meantime the Peekskillers, without distinction

of party, went to work, hammer and tongs, to make suitable preparations for the coming guest.

The following lucid account of the reception of the King, and other matters relating to the grand occasion, we take from the *Spread Eagle*, an ably conducted journal of that period :

“SPREAD EAGLE” EXTRA !

Our village, through the entire day, has been in a blaze of excitement ; every inhabitant, old and young, has been on the *qui vive*, on account of the arrival of our long-expected guest, the famous Cupus Kennooks, King of the Hottentots, whose name, when rendered into English, as we understand it, reads Captain Slydog. Our devil, who was sent out at an early hour this morning, to pick up some street items, luckily discovered his Majesty's yacht looming up in the distance, when, with remarkable discretion (for a printer's devil), he kept his mouth sealed, or in other words, instead of blowing the news around to the boys on the street, he hastened back to our office—somewhat blown on his arrival—to communicate his important discovery to our foreman, which information was immediately posted on our “bulletin,” where it was read and gazed at by thousands of curious citizens, who were undoubtedly impressed with the truth that the *Spread Eagle*, in the way of early intelligence and enterprise, was not only a “big thing,” but as an organ of wide-spread information, soared far above all contemporary journals.

Our Reporter, with that suppleness which has ever characterized his movements since his connection with this journal, hastened immediately to the wharf (his coat-tails flapping in the wind) to be in readiness to interview his Majesty upon his arrival. Having a free pass from the “Spankers Club,” he was freely admitted into the presence of royalty, and on being introduced to the King, the following colloquy took place :

Reporter (tipping his hat). You are the great Hottentot King, are you not ?

King. I am one big fellow, all Hottentot, eat much.

Reporter. On what does your Majesty feed when at home ?

King. Beeswax, lamp-oil, big snake, monkey, eat big heap.

Reporter (rather nervous). I presume your Majesty can conform to the diet of this country during your stay here ?

King. Yaw, yaw ; roast-beef very good, clam-pie very good, roast-pig be good, eat all.

Reporter. Are you a man of much family ?

King. Much family, too big, hard times, big taxes.

Reporter. How large a family do you muster, say wives and children ?

King. Twenty thousand, I no count much, big heap.

Reporter (eyes bulging). Do I understand your Majesty to say that your wives and children number twenty thousand ?

King. Yaw, yaw ; all them, big heap, eat much, gals big cost, dress all time.

Reporter. How large a population have you in your dominions ?

King. Fifteen hundred ; too much war, all run away.

Reporter. What rate of taxes does your government impose ?

King. Five hundred cents on the dollar.

Reporter (eyes much enlarged). Is it possible that your subjects can pay that rate of taxes and still maintain a flourishing condition ?

King. Yaw, yaw ; must pay ; if no pay, I sell them to your people—pick cotton very good.

The interview was here abruptly terminated by the arrival of the "Spankers Club" in full force, whose special guest the King was, and who had perfected their arrangements for escorting his Majesty to the public hall, where his Highness was to be formally introduced to the villagers, and to the immense concourse of citizens who had come in from the surrounding country.

The arrangements of the club were not only unique, but remarkably perfect. They had procured a large dray, resembling a butcher's cart of the present day, to which was hitched thirty horses, comprising every available nag in the village. An elevated seat in the dray was set apart for his Majesty and the president of the club. The other members of the club and many important citizens, and many citizens not so important, were accorded the distinguished honor of following on foot in the rear of the dray, placed in line six abreast.

When all things were ready, the procession started up the hill in gallant style, headed by a band of music, that drew forth enlivening strains from fish-horns, tin-pans, old fiddles, and now and then a "bang" from an ancient musket. On the rear of the dray floated from the top of long poles the star-spangled banner and the Hottentot national flag. The latter presented on its gaudy surface a brilliantly executed picture of two old roosters engaged in mortal combat, with an aged monkey standing by as umpire, which attracted universal attention from the boys and old women, who had turned out in prodigious numbers to witness the reception, and who were rather free in expressing their opinion that the Hottentot flag, as a thing of beauty, largely took down the stars and stripes.

When the procession reached the public hall, his Majesty was placed on the upper balcony, where he could satisfactorily eye the crowd, and the crowd could satisfactorily eye his Majesty. As the King gazed on the enormous sea of heads, which loomed up on all sides, and as shout after shout came up from the noisy throats of the assembled multitude, his Majesty secretly wished himself again a private citizen. He thought of his oyster saloon, and sighed to be among his pots and kettles. But he was only for a moment depressed, as his courage, aided by a draught from a private bottle slyly taken from a side pocket, soon arose to the exigency of the occasion, when he determined, with fresh zeal, to "face the music" in kingly style, let consequences be what they would.

The performance of the Glee Club being next on the programme, the intelligent musicians composing the club came forward and sang with great spirit and understanding a poetical effusion composed for the occasion by Hon. Peter Ginger. We annex two stanzas of the poem :

Great Cupus Kennooks, though a heathen you be,
You are a good fellow, we plainly can see.
Welcome, "old boy," to our beautiful village.
We trust no Christian your baggage will pillage.
Fol de rol ray. Fol de rol ray.

We'll treat you, friend heathen, the best that we know ;
You'll wish that you knew us some centuries ago.
So cheer up, old fellow, we'll do the fair thing.
Who cares for the expense when serving a king.
Fol de rol ray. Fol de rol ray.

After the Glee Club had played out, Smuggins arose and introduced the King to the assembled multitude, in a speech, in which he spread himself as follows: [During the delivery of the speech the King stood up and frequently bobbed his head.]

Ladies and Gentlemen of Peekskill, and from a thousand other places to the speaker unknown, permit me to introduce to you our illustrious guest, the great Cupus Kennooks, King of the Hottentots, who has just arrived from the land of monkeys, alligators, hop-toads, and boa-constrictors, and when at home, as he informs us, is a gentleman of significance, having over a thousand wives, and a multitude of fashionable daughters and nobby sons, all dependent upon him for pocket money, wearing apparel, and daily provender. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if you have any bowels of compas-

sion to spare, please extend to his Majesty, during his stay among us, your sympathy and condolence.

The King desires me to say that he has breathed much easier since his arrival in the land where floats uninterruptedly the stars and stripes, and where he finds every fellow is as good as the next man ; which state of things gives his Majesty immense satisfaction, for it is his intention, while among us, to discard the robes of royalty, and to place himself on a level with the most benighted citizen of this glorious Republic. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, you will find the King, on better acquaintance, a jovial fellow—a man after our own heart—a perfect trump—something not to be sneezed at—but I regret to say that his Majesty will not be able to address you to-day, owing to the great fatigue he has recently undergone, and to his imperfect knowledge of the English language ; but he has prepared a suitable address of thanks, which will appear in the *Spread Eagle* of to-morrow, 50,000 copies of which will be circulated gratis. So please call early and get a copy.

His Majesty also desires me to say that he will be happy to see you, one and all, at the hotel to-morrow, at which place he will give every member of this enlightened Republic, who may put in an appearance, an opportunity to wet his whistle as often as may be consistent with Republican institutions ; and his Majesty desires me further to say, should any one present know of any gentleman or lady, not here to-day, who may have been detained at home by sickness or family difficulties, he trusts that you will give such absentees timely notice of the big doings in contemplation.

After this announcement the audience, highly exhilarated and with mouths watering at the prospects ahead, retired in good order, and in a short time the village resumed its usual quiet.

When night had again clothed the earth in her sable mantle and all nature was tranquilly hushed, the King was secretly conveyed to the rooms of the Spankers Club, where a consultation was to be held as to what next should be done. On the assembling of the club, each member expressed himself abundantly satisfied that humbugging, as a science, had been satisfactorily demonstrated ; or, in other words, they agreed that the Peekskillers had been most successfully bamboozled—effectually gulled.

After much further consultation as to how the effort could be satisfactorily wound up so as to leave no bitterness behind, it was determined that as soon as the villagers were wrapped in balmy slumber (they were great snorers) Mr. Blue, the late King, should go on board his craft and immediately set sail for home, and that the club should

appropriate the sum of five hundred dollars to carry out the promised treat, and that an address apologizing and explaining the whole affair be inserted in the morning paper.

In pursuance of the above arrangement, Mr. Blue at about ten o'clock that evening hoisted sail, when, assisted by a favorable wind, he bade adieu to the scenes of his Kingly triumphs, and the next day, greatly relieved in body and mind, was plying his accustomed avocation among his pots and kettles in Water Street, New York.

The following appeared in the *Spread Eagle* the next morning :

TO THE CITIZENS OF PEEKSKILL AND VICINITY :

At a debate a few months since before the Spankers Club, a prominent member of the club, in a carefully prepared essay, advanced the opinion that humbugging could be reduced to a science so perfect that any community, no matter how well-informed, could be successfully duped if scientifically approached. The other members of the club considered the opinions so advanced not only untenable, but wholly unsupported by any known precedent. But, willing for the good of mankind and for the promotion of science that the matter should be freely and satisfactorily tested on some one community (in their opinion) not easily duped, they agreed, after much debate, that the experiment should be tried on the inhabitants of Peekskill—with what success we leave the public to determine.

The members of the club feel that no extensive apology is due from them, as they have in times past ever found the inhabitants of Peekskill—without respect to party—ready and willing to make any sacrifice for the advancement of science; which elevated principles and generous sentiment they trust will not be withheld in the present case.

As the late King, who yesterday figured so conspicuously among us, has laid down the sceptre and retired to humble life, the members of the club will officiate in his stead in the matter of "drinks." Therefore, all persons who are disposed to take a friendly glass to celebrate the advancement of science, will please call at the hotel at any hour of the day.

SAMUEL SNOOZENGRASS, *Secretary*.

Early the next morning a thirsty and clamorous crowd thronged the hotel, eager to wet their whistles, who, on being informed that the King had run away, were disposed to indulge in a row, but on learning that the promised treat was a fixed fact—sure to come off—good humor among them immediately prevailed, and many a jolly fellow, during the day, under the influence of "the cup" was heard to exclaim, with his

hand placed just beneath his heart, that he was a true believer in the promotion of science.

The inhabitants of Peekskill have never fully forgotten the deception practiced upon them, and since that time all strangers visiting the place have been eyed narrowly, and of late years visitors to that locality who have endeavored to palm themselves off as scions of royalty, have been sent forward by an early train.

HAWKS, THE SCHOOLMASTER.



MONG the wonders of creation, mountains stand forth the most sublime and impressive, and those particularly mentioned in Jewish history form the noblest and most enduring monuments of great events. And we might further observe, in the introduction of our subject, that the largest and most important rivers of the world have their rise in high, mountainous regions. From such historical truths, and from other facts derived from family papers recently exhumed, we have arrived at the opinion that man, to possess true genius and to be capable of great undertakings, must draw his first impulses amid elevated scenery. In confirmation of so startling a truth, we beg leave to record the wondrous and mighty doings of a race of men formerly inhabiting that range of the Alleghanies known as the Fishkill Mountains, whose prowess and deeds of arms in defence of freedom and other weighty matters are still fondly remembered and recounted with pride by their manifold descendants.

About the year 1765 a family named Wallace located on lands on the Fishkill Mountains near the head-waters of the Wicapee. They were from the highlands of Scotland, and claimed to be descendants of William Wallace, the great Highland chieftain, who figures so conspicuously in Scottish history, and is renowned for his deeds of daring, in the times when the clans of Scotland made so glorious a stand for their country against the encroachments of the British monarchy.

The Wallace household consisted of seven persons—father, mother, four sons and one daughter, the latter the youngest of the children. The boys at the time were of an age to render much assistance in clearing the land on which the family had located, which lay in a lap of the mountain, and to a large extent was free of rock, and susceptible of being brought under fair cultivation. This farm, in later years,

was known as the Barrett farm, having come into the possession, and having been occupied for some time by a family of that name, and at a still later date was owned by the family of the writer, and used for the purpose of raising sheep, in the time when the wool-growing mania took so deep a hold of the inhabitants of Old Dutchess, and when, as it was facetiously remarked by a writer of that day, the whole county had been turned into a sheep-pen.

To resume. The elder Wallace, who, it was hinted, had been obliged to leave his country for some offence against the government, was a man of some culture, was possessed of a large share of that shrewdness peculiar to his countrymen, was also remarkably fluent in conversation, and in due time came to be regarded by the denizens of the hills around him as a prodigy of learning. The family had brought from the old world a large collection of books, and during the long, winter evenings, when fully installed in their new mountain home, the hours were profitably employed, for, as the wintry winds whistled around the hill-tops, and swept with plaintive moan through the gorges of the mountains, all was cheerfulness within the cottage; the mother employed in her domestic duties, and the father superintending the education of the children, and at times entertaining them with those strange legends current for many generations among the hills of Scotland.

After the lapse of a few years, the population in the neighborhood so increased that a school was required, and a log structure for that purpose was erected at the cross-roads known as Purdy's Corners, which style of building for educational purposes then dotted many of the hill-tops and valleys of the land, and from whose walls came forth scholars, who, in after years, largely shaped the destinies of our country.

The schoolmaster of that day was a literary curiosity. They were mostly grown in the wooden-nutmeg country, and their particular forte consisted in masticating and digesting those well-known commodities, doughnuts, crullers, and pumpkin-pies. The quantity of these articles disposed of at one sitting by those ancient venders of knowledge, baffles our power of computation. Fortunately for the frugal housewife of our day, this race of instructors has become extinct.

The applicant for the responsible post of teacher in the newly established school at Purdy's Corners was Mr. Joseph Hawks, fresh from the land of steady habits. Joseph's father was a farmer residing on the banks of the far-famed Connecticut, and in accordance with the fashion of those days, was blessed with a large family—six sons and an equal number of daughters. Joseph, who was the eldest of the flock, had been favored with a few quarters' tuition at the district school in the neighborhood, and had also acquired some knowledge in psalmody, which he rendered with a true nasal twang, concluded, from several hints given by the "old man," that it was high time he struck out in the world, and secured for himself and his posterity a fortune. With this view he at once made preparations to quit the paternal roof, and face, with Roman-like courage, the responsibilities of an unfriendly world. Having donned his Sunday-go-to-meetin's, and crammed his pockets with those indispensable luxuries, doughnuts and crullers, he bade adieu to his numerous relatives without a tear, and turned his steps westward, having no doubt in his mind at that particular moment that sentiment of the poet :

"Westward the course of empire takes its way !"

Our traveller, after sundry adventures, arrived in the vicinity of Purdy's Corners, where he learned the agreeable news that the schoolmaster was wanted. Having sought the trustees, Joseph made application for the vacant post, when, after a few preliminaries with the guardians of education, a bargain was struck satisfactory to both parties, containing, however, a proviso, that the applicant before entering on his duties should obtain from Squire Higgs a certificate certifying his fitness for the office.

Having ascertained the whereabouts of that functionary, Mr. Hawks proceeded to pay his respects to the man of learning. He found the Squire (it being a warm day) seated on his wood-pile, minus coat and vest, and from appearances, was refreshing himself with a little apple-jack, as a mug on a log near him sent forth an odor somewhat allied to that commodity. Mr. Hawks at once made known the object of his visit, when the Squire, with that blandness peculiar to men of letters, invited the trembling Joseph into his domicile, and after a few inquiries as to his antecedents, the examination was begun. Orthog-

raphy being first in order, Mr. Hawks was requested to stand up and spell "cider." Joseph being well acquainted with a beverage by that name, having spent many hours of his youthful days in imbibing the article through a straw at a cider-press near his home, concluded he could do the thing, whereupon he started and went ahead as follows, s-i-d-e-r, ending by giving the last letter a peculiar ring, which was about all the Squire heard, as he was rather hard of hearing, but he judged from the twist of the speller's head when going through the operation that it was all right; accordingly Joseph was pronounced sound on Orthography.

Mathematics being the science next in order, it occurred to the Squire, as he was about building a new barn, it would be a good thing to ascertain the cost and quantity of shingles necessary for the roof; he therefore propounded to the astonished Joseph the following mathematical question: How many shingles, the exposed surface of each being 4 inches by 6 inches, will be required to roof a barn 40 feet long and 30 feet in width, the pitch of the roof to be 45, the eaves and ends of the roof to have a projection of one foot? This question to Joseph was a poser; for a moment or two he felt an inward sinking, and wished he was back under the parental roof, and at the same time mentally consigned the Squire to a less favored locality, but with true Yankee grit he soon arose to the exigencies of the occasion. Seizing slate and pencil, which the Squire had generously furnished, he proceeded to make the calculation. He figured for a long time, when the idea occurred to him that the Squire himself couldn't tell how many shingles were required; he therefore concluded to make a *guess* at the number, and announced as the result of his calculations 100,000. Joseph saw at a glance that the Squire was amazed at the quantity; he therefore, quick as thought, cast his eye again on the slate, quickly remarking he had made a slight error in the calculation, having affixed one cipher too many; the true number he said was 10,000, which appeared to agree more nearly with the Squire's calculation, as the old gentleman nodded assent.

The only other branch of knowledge to be inquired into was penmanship. Hawks had brought with him a few curious scrawls on paper, of his own manufacture, which he proudly exhibited as a specimen of his writing. The Squire gazed so long on the *characters* thus submitted

for his inspection, that Hawks became a little nervous, and concluded he had better explain. He told the Squire the writing was a new style lately come up, then much in vogue in Connecticut, and which in a short time would be all the go the world over. The Squire, who now and then could get off a joke, remarked with a comical expression, that the letters appeared to be in the act of going. He kindly suggested to the author of the scrawls, that a little more practice in the art would be advisable, whereupon the examination was concluded satisfactory to both parties.

Squire Higgs was a man of broad philanthropy, and largely esteemed for his social qualities. He owned a large tract of land near what is now known as Long Hill, where he then resided. He had by hard labor got most of the land in a good state of cultivation, was at the time free of debt, and in a position, to use an old phrase, to take life easy. Although the Squire was very deficient in what we now call "education," yet his natural good sense and keen scrutiny of men and things made up in a large measure for the lack of school advantages. He had held several offices of trust in the township, the duties of which he always discharged with ability.

The Squire conceived a liking for the young teacher; saw in him those elements of success that only needed proper encouragement and opportunity for development. As Hawks did not intend to commence his school duties until Monday of the following week, the Squire kindly invited him to make his house his home until that time; which invitation was gladly accepted, particularly so, as the Squire had two blooming daughters, whose shy glances through a partially open door into the room where the examination had been conducted, had not been unobserved by Joseph.

Madam Higgs was a true type of the women of the olden time. From the first day of her married life she had unflinchingly shouldered the conjugal responsibilities, and was determined, as she said, to see her "old man" through. She was of that old Dutch stock (now nearly extinct) which in household duties never tired. From early morn until the evening shades prevailed, her shrill voice could be heard from garret to cellar, and from barn to corn-crib, giving her orders, and, like a good soldier, ever leading the charge. The pecuniary success of Daniel was, to a large extent, due to his ever-vigilant spouse, for nothing about the

place ever escaped her notice. She knew every duck and chicken around ; could tell to half a minute when a *fresh* egg was laid ; kept an account of the outgoes and income of the farm ; and though at the time of our writing was upwards of fifty years of age, yet she was still in the meridian of her strength, with a face round as the full moon, and devoid of the slightest wrinkle, and from appearances would continue to battle on in the good cause for another quarter of a century.

When Madam Higgs heard the new teacher was to remain with them for a day or two, she exclaimed, "Goody gracious ! We must set our house in order !" though it would have required an eagle-eyed critic to have discovered anything therein astray.

Joseph soon made himself at home ; he went around with the Squire to look at the pigs, cows, and other stock, all of which received his hearty commendations. To the various remarks of the Squire, he would answer in true Yankee parlance, "Dew tell !" and at other times, "Jist so !"

Soon the horn sounded, announcing that supper was ready, which was music to Joseph's ears, as he had been on short allowance for several days, and of course was sharp-set. The Squire immediately led the way to the feast. As the twain entered the supper-room, Joseph marvelled greatly at the variety of good things provided, conspicuous among which were two huge plates loaded with short-cake, the great delicacy of that age. If there was anything Madam Higgs prided herself on it was her short-cake. On the present occasion she had excelled all her former efforts, and eagerly watched to see what impression the article would make on her guest. As Joseph took the first mouthful of the delicious compound he brought his lips together with a smack that caused the Squire to hold up for a moment, which was lucky, as the old gentleman had already got three cakes ahead of the rest of the party. Madam saw the impressions were favorable and felt comforted.

As Joseph began to fill up, he regretted his rashness a few hours before in wishing himself back on the banks of the Connecticut, and mentally apologized to the Squire for consigning him to an unmentionable place, whom he now regarded as a model man, worthy of being extensively copied.

When Monday morning came around, Joseph bade adieu to his kind

friends and proceeded to his field of labor, armed with the requisite certificate, which is still in good preservation, having been faithfully guarded by his descendants, a copy of which was kindly furnished us on application for embodiment in this article, and which we herewith append :

(COPY.)

This is to surtifiqh that a youngish man waring a Bel crown hat, a swallow tale cote and yaller and blue trousers, come to mi house this afternoun, as i was setten on the would pyle an sed his name was Goseff Hockes an told me he wonted to be xamend as to wot he nowed bout teechen scool, i tharefour did xamen the sed Goseff in spellen in riting in hayrythmaytic and of sich the said Goseff did peer furmiller with. i tharefour as xamencer, and in virtue of my offis due reckomen the sad Goseff as a fitt teecher. Sined bi mee this day,

June, 11, 1772.

DAN'L HIGGS.

We trust the reader will not smile at the Squire's orthography, for it must be borne in mind that the certificate was penned one hundred years ago, "in good old Colony times," when the schoolmaster, in isolated places, was not abroad; and if he was, he was of that type of which Hawks is a fair representative. Muscle and industry were the essentials then required, when the forests had to be levelled and the land subdued. The cadaverous-looking student of this our day, with gold-rimmed spectacles, tapping his spider legs with a light, polished cane, and standing around waiting for something to turn up, would in those days have been an unmerchtable article.

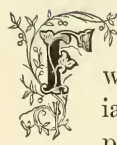
Schoolmaster Hawks fortunately secured board in the Wallace family. The fresh air of the locality, and the good feed, soon greatly expanded his physical proportions. The elder Wallace, who was, as we have already observed, a man of culture, early discovered that the young teacher was far from being qualified for the duties of the office on which he had entered; he noticed, however, that Hawks possessed an inquiring mind, was quick of apprehension, and if right opportunities were afforded him, would doubtless make in time an excellent scholar. With this view, Wallace placed his library, which contained many valuable works, at the disposal of his guest, and during the evenings would direct the conversation on scientific subjects.

Hawks proved a ready learner, for on each day, during school hours,

he would ventilate to his pupils the ideas obtained the previous evening. Standing up in their midst (to cite an example), he discoursed on the starry firmament, the great globe on which we live, hung in illimitable space, and which, as he said, was rushing like a war-horse on its diurnal revolutions; at the same time he would throw himself into every imaginable attitude to give his words proper effect. If Hawks' oratorical displays did not enlarge the minds of his pupils, they had the effect of filling them with wonder and astonishment, and of impressing them with the vast learning of the master. This practice, which Hawks continued during his connection with the school, doubtless contributed in a great degree to the fame he acquired in after-life as a public speaker. The reader is referred to Van Voorhis' lives of eminent orators.

THE BURIED TREASURE.

A TALE OF DOBBS FERRY.

OR some years immediately following the Revolutionary war, there resided in Dobbs Ferry an old sea captain, familiarly known as Commodore, who, it was rumored, had been a pirate on the high seas; and rumor also had it that there was buried in the cellar of his house, and about his grounds, immense treasure, taken from the vessels he had captured and plundered.

The Commodore was well aware of these stories, or rumors, for they were extensively circulated; but being a jovial old fellow, fond of a social glass, and ever ready for a little fun, he not only greatly enjoyed the stories, but sought, in many ways, to impress his neighbors that he had been a very wicked fellow, in fact much worse than their imaginations pictured him.

The Commodore's dwelling contained but one inmate besides himself, who was also an "old salt," and who had been pretty well cut up in numerous sea fights, being minus one leg, and carrying a visage richly ornamented with the scars of battle. This inmate of the Commodore's dwelling was rescued from a watery grave when but an interesting juvenile, having been found, solitary and alone, in an open boat, in the Bay of Fundy, which boat was supposed to have belonged to some wrecked vessel. As no inquiries were ever made after this interesting waif, he was taken in charge by his friends and christened Jack Fundy, and from that hour until but within a few years of the time of which we write, his home had been on the stormy sea.

The Commodore, and his household companion, who was known as Captain Jack, lived together in the utmost harmony. The former having been born to command, and the latter accustomed to obey, there

could not possibly arise any occasion for difference between them. In their dwelling was suspended a bell, which had formerly belonged to some sea-going vessel, which Captain Jack sounded with great regularity at certain hours, in order, as he said, to keep the ship's reckoning, but which was used more frequently to denote grog time, which came around pretty often,—for these old salts, from long habit, could stow away an enormous amount of grog, and besides they navigated much better (in their opinion) when properly ballasted with the ardent.

When it began to be rumored among the villagers that there was much treasure buried in the cellar, or among the grounds around the Commodore's dwelling, Captain Jack was instructed by his superior not to deny the rumors or stories, but to occasionally spin a yarn to the villagers about the immense spoils he had seen taken from captured vessels during his sea-faring life, and not to be at all sparing about embellishments, but to lay it on thick, on the principle that a large dose was generally the most effective.

Captain Jack simply wanted orders to engage in his favorite amusement, yarn-spinning, for in this particular branch of sea-faring life he had always been at home. Ofttimes during his long voyages, when the vessel was becalmed and the crew had little or nothing to do, these sons of old Neptune would gather on the forward deck and beguile the weary hours with stories of the deep. It was on such occasions that Jack's talent for the marvellous shone forth conspicuously, for it was universally acknowledged by the crew that no one could reel off so entertaining a story as Captain Jack.

The brain of man is a curious structure. When we want to believe a thing which is for our advantage to believe, we are apt to revolve the matter in our minds until we become our own converts. At least such was the case with the ancient Dobbites, for the more they brooded over the fancied wealth of the Commodore, the greater they conceived the amount to be; and the more they considered the legal aspects of the case, the more firmly they were convinced they were the Commodore's legitimate heirs. The only point that gave them any concern was their inability to determine the exact amount of the Commodore's possessions. Some were afraid that the amount, when divided up, would not be sufficient to make them all millionaires; but others, whose pockets sadly needed replenishing, concluded, should there be only a few hun-

dred thousand dollars apiece, that that amount would be quite satisfactory.

The desire of the Dobbites to know what amount of treasure the Commodore was actually the owner of, and how soon they would be privileged to administer on his estate, finally became so great, that they appointed a committee to give the matter a scientific investigation. Not that they were in any hurry to have so wealthy a citizen as the Commodore die; not they; but they mourned over the great loss of interest which ensued on account of so much bullion in the Commodore's possession being unemployed.

The committee appointed to ascertain the amount of the Commodore's buried treasure, and the probable time when he would be prepared to hand over the same, had comparatively an easy task assigned them, for, on the opposite side of the river, directly under the Palisades, resided an old hermit—so called by the inhabitants of the surrounding country—who was represented to be greatly skilled in all matters pertaining to buried treasures. The hermit, whose name was Barnack, was engaged, in connection with a few others, in manufacturing spurious coin. They had chosen this retired spot in order to carry on their illicit business in security, in which they had been eminently successful, for so secretly had their operations been conducted, that not even their nearest neighbors were aware, or even suspected, that any person inhabited the hermit's dwelling other than the hermit himself.

The hermit, as we shall continue to call him, though an illiterate person, was very affable, and had a genius adequate to prepossess people in his favor by displaying his talents to the best advantage. He pretended to a deep knowledge in chemistry, and that he was able to raise or dispel good or evil spirits. Occasionally, by exhibiting some clever tricks in legerdemain, he had impressed the community far and near that in all matters pertaining to the supernatural he was a match for the old fiend himself.

It was therefore very natural that the committee, in determining the amount of treasure belonging to the Commodore, should consult one so skilled in the magic art as the hermit. In laying the matter before him, which they did with great minuteness, the hermit saw, at a glance, that he had a profitable job in prospect. After making a few calculations with chalk on the floor of the room, so as to impress his

visitors favorably, he informed the committee that there would be no difficulty in ascertaining the amount of treasure secreted on the Commodore's premises; but it would require some little time and perhaps involve considerable expense to work up the matter properly, as all buried or secreted treasure, particularly that which had been taken from vessels plundered on the high seas, was under the influence or control of supernatural agencies, and these agencies had to be appeased or conciliated by offerings before the treasure could be recovered.

The hermit also mentioned that the many failures to recover the treasure buried by Captain Kidd, arose from the fact that those in search of the treasure had neglected to propitiate the spirits who stood sentinel over it. Although he had not given Captain Kidd's treasure much thought of late years, yet he had in one or two instances recently, in the spirit of curiosity, used his divining rod—the gift of an old magician—to ascertain where Kidd had buried his treasure. But as he had no use for the treasure, and as its recovery would involve considerable expense, he had not pursued the matter further.

After some further conversation between the parties, it was agreed that the hermit should open negotiations with the spirits having the Commodore's treasure in custody, and if possible ascertain what the treasure would amount to, reduced into English money, and also ascertain what arrangements, if any, could be made to hand over the treasure to the citizens of Dobbs Ferry, they (the citizens) in its division to share and share alike. The committee agreed to reward the spirits handsomely, should they regard the matter favorably, and to abide by any arrangements that should be entered into by the contracting parties.

The hermit mentioned that when negotiations were opened with the spirits, the inhabitants of Dobbs Ferry would undoubtedly feel a peculiar influence. What that influence would be he could not exactly say; but should they be greatly disturbed with dreams, that would be a good sign, showing that the negotiations were proceeding favorably. He therefore advised the committee to encourage dreaming on the part of the villagers, which could be done in many ways. One way—and a very good one—was to eat heartily of mince-pie before retiring for the night. Sausages, cheese, and smoked beef were also good dream promoters, as were also hard-boiled eggs. The committee promised to give this matter their particular attention, after which they

retired to their side of the river, much gratified with the result of the interview.

The Commodore and Captain Jack were joint owners of a sail-boat,—or what more properly might have been termed a yacht—in which they frequently took a turn up and down the river. Ofttimes when the tempest raged furiously, lashing the waters of Tappan Zee into foam, these old storm-rocked veterans, inspired with the sight and anxious for another bout with the elements, would put out with their craft and for hours nobly breast the gale. During one of their excursions along the west shore of the river they made the acquaintance of the hermit, and, finding he kept on hand a good supply of “old Jamaica,” their calls in that direction afterwards became very frequent.

It so happened on the day when the Committee had their interview with the hermit that the Commodore and Captain Jack were out in their craft testing the breeze, and no sooner had the committee terminated their interview and left the hermit’s cabin, than these old salts put in an appearance in quest as usual of a little good cheer. While they were refreshing themselves, it occurred to the hermit that the Commodore and Jack were the very men to assist him in carrying out his plans relative to the buried treasure. He therefore detailed to them in confidence the nature of his interview with the committee, and solicited their co-operation in the matter, promising them a rich reward.

The “old tars,” warmed up under the exhilarating influence of the old Jamaica, cheerfully proffered their services in any capacity desired. Captain Jack, in particular, was very demonstrative; whether he fully understood the duties required of him was very doubtful; still, he entered into the affair with great zeal. No man, he said, knew more about ghosts than he did. He had been on lands and on seas where ghosts were as plenty as blackberries. He had ate with them, drank with them, sailed with them, fought with them, and was free to say that he had known some ghosts and some spirits who were very clever fellows. But as for these Dobbs Ferry ghosts, he had a contemptible opinion of them; they were nothing but fresh-water fellows—miserable land-lubbers; he could teach them more in one hour than they had known all their lifetime. After a little further ebullition of the like sort on the part of Captain Jack, this worthy departed in tow of the Commodore, both promising to hold themselves in readiness to

carry out any instructions the hermit might give them touching the matter considered.

About two weeks after the interviews related, the committee received from the hermit the following communication :

TO THE HON. COMMITTEE :

Since your visit to my humble abode, I have been industriously employed in looking into the matter talked over at our interview. On consulting the mystic arts and the use of appliances known only to men of my calling, I found you were right in supposing there was treasure buried on the premises of one Commodore in your village; for I discovered, by making the necessary calculations, that beneath the cellar floor of the said Commodore's dwelling are several barrels filled with the precious metals, also many large earthen jars containing gems of priceless value, besides a large quantity of gold watches, breast-pins, bracelets, knee-buckles, etc., etc. I therefore at once put myself in communication with the spirits having a controlling influence over the treasure, desiring to know on what conditions they would hand over the same to the inhabitants of Dobbs Ferry, and have received from them the following communication on the subject :

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The substance of the above communication is that the spirits are tired of watching the treasure, and are very anxious to get rid of it, and have agreed to hold a meeting to consider the propriety of delivering it over to the citizens of Dobbs Ferry. As soon as they decide on the matter I will inform you of the result. They will hold their meeting on Saturday evening of the present week at the house of the Commodore. The Commodore, of course, will not be cognizant of their presence, as they will weave a spell about him and his man Jack, so that they will be the same as dead for twelve hours.

It will be necessary for you to deposit under the big tree in the rear of the Commodore's house by eight o'clock on Saturday evening, for the use of the spirits, several boxes of good cigars, also several bottles of champagne, a roast

turkey or two (fat fellows), a good ham, also plenty of bread and other fixings.—Not that the spirits have need of these things, but it is their custom, when considering the affairs of the world's people, to conform to worldly customs to make these deliberations legal.

Yours fraternally,

HERMIT.

P. S.—I forgot to say that during the deliberations of the spirits on Saturday evening every inhabitant of Dobbs Ferry must remain within doors. The spirits will be in session from nine o'clock in the evening until daylight the next morning.

H.

The spirits that met at the Commodore's residence on that Saturday evening, were a very different kind from what the committee undoubtedly supposed would there assemble, for they consisted of the Commodore, his man Jack, the Hermit, and a few other choice spirits who still belonged to earth. These spirits immediately proceeded to discuss the good things provided, and, as they emptied bottle after bottle of champagne, their spirits rose in proportion.

As it was supposed that some prying eyes might be fixed on the building in which they were assembled, it was thought best to make some spiritual manifestations to the outside world, to show what weighty matters were in progress; accordingly, a few rockets—provided for the occasion—were now and then sent up by the way of the chimney.

It is hardly necessary to say that the spirits had a good time, for such spirits generally do, when they eat and drink at the expense of others. They kept up their merry-makings until the small hours of the night, when they adjourned—having instructed the Hermit to communicate to the committee the result of their deliberations in writing, which he did as follows :

TO THE HON. COMMITTEE :

The spirits met, pursuant to notice, at the time and place specified, and unanimously agreed to hand over to the citizens of Dobbs Ferry the treasure buried on the premises of one Commodore, on the following conditions :

Every inhabitant of Dobbs Ferry, free born, and over twenty years of age, shall contribute, as an offering to the spirits, five pounds, either in gold or silver; which sum shall be placed in a suitable vessel, and left on the rear stoop of said Commodore's house, on Saturday evening, two weeks from the date hereof, which will be on the 18th inst.

Should such gold or silver be deposited or left, as herein specified, the spirits agree to relinquish all claim to the treasure buried in the cellar of said Commodore's house, and will deliver the same to the persons contributing five pounds as above, on the Monday morning following, which will be the 20th inst. The said Commodore and a certain man named Captain Jack, will be spirited away, so that the inhabitants will have time to exhume the treasure at their leisure. The amount of the treasure, as ascertained by experts, is four million pounds sterling.


HERMIT.

The committee readily assented to the propositions, and at once took measures to collect the five pounds required from each inhabitant, which was deposited on the Saturday evening named, as directed. This work accomplished, all hands waited patiently for the coming of Monday morning to take possession of the treasure.

It would be needless to paint the disappointment of the villagers when they found the cellar contained no treasure. Their denunciations of the spirits were fierce and loud, and lasted for many days. It was their opinion, which they adhered to through life, that the spirits spirited away the treasure; and not content with carrying off the treasure, were also mean enough to spirit away those clever fellows, the Commodore, Captain Jack, and the Hermit, who were never heard of more.

But tradition has it, that for many years afterwards, on murky days, when the rains descended and fierce winds swept along the Hudson, a mysterious yacht could be seen coursing through the waters of Tappan Zee, and at the helm, dripping with spray, stood the well-remembered figure of Captain Jack.

A LEGEND OF ADRIAN POND.

P to the latter part of the last century, just south of the village of Johnsville, and immediately at the base of Honsas Mountain, lay a beautiful sheet of water known as Adrian Pond. This pond mysteriously disappeared on the night of June 10, 1791; which event, as may be supposed, caused much alarm and speculation among the then inhabitants of the vicinity. Subsequent investigations, however, satisfactorily showed that by a slight settling of Honsas Mountain, the bed of the pond was elevated to a level of the surrounding lands, causing the waters of the pond to pass off through Wood's Creek, which crosses the Johnsville road near the westerly entrance of the village. Perhaps none of the present inhabitants of Johnsville are aware of the exact locality where once stood Adrian Pond, as the place for the past eighty years has been cultivated fields, teeming in the times of harvest with the fruits of industry.

Adrian Pond, for some years prior to its disappearance, was supposed to be the abode of some unhappy spirit, as sounds the most appalling issued nightly from beneath its waters, causing much annoyance and alarm to the good people of the neighborhood. The sounds finally became so boisterous that the nervous portion of the community, living contiguous to the pond, were obliged, on retiring for the night, to place cotton in their ears, and to adopt such other measures as would invoke the favors of Morpheus.

After an interval of time, some of the citizens of the place, stimulated by a large reward, agreed to give the subject a rigid investigation. The citizens so offering their services were men of well-known courage, especially at such times when they paid court to the shrine of Bacchus.

These worthy gentlemen proceeded to discharge their hazardous

duties with commendable alacrity. They constructed a raft, which they moored in the centre of the pond, and when the shades of evening stole over the face of nature they took their seats on the raft to await coming events. They were well fortified for the work before them, as they had an ample supply of that well-known commodity, Dutch courage, which they carried in small stone bottles fastened to a girdle around the waist.

That night was one long to be remembered, for precisely at twelve o'clock a flash of light, rivalling in brilliancy the beams of the orb of day, illuminated every portion of the pond, which was quickly followed by darkness so intense as to wholly obscure objects but a few feet distant. Then followed sound after sound in rapid succession, mingled with cries for help so terrific that men of stout hearts turned pale, and all with one accord sought safety by delving far down amid the covering of their places of repose.

At the first dawn of the coming day many an anxious eye was turned towards the pond. To the joy of all, the men were seen sitting on the raft, apparently having escaped the dangers of the night. But as the morning advanced, a more careful examination showed that a wonderful change had befallen the adventurers, for they sat as motionless as statues; their hair and beards had, during the night, grown to an enormous length, and were as white as the new-fallen snow. The few hours they had passed on the raft had wrought a greater change in their appearance than could have been effected by the ordinary march of time in a third of a century.

As the men on the raft manifested no disposition to return to the shore, and as they refused to answer the various questions or inquiries of their friends who were within speaking distance, a boat was procured and manned, which proceeded to the raft to render such assistance as might be needed.

The men in the boat, on reaching the raft, were startled at the stillness of their friends, for to the many questions propounded to them not the slightest reply could be elicited. After much difficulty they were removed to the boat and conveyed to the shore; as they were placed once more on solid ground, each one pronounced, in a voice clear and audible, the word "Unique," which was the last word they were ever known to utter.

The unfortunate termination of an enterprise from which such high hopes had been expected, created, as may be supposed, much gloom and despondency among the inhabitants in the vicinity. But as the sounds from the pond nightly continued and even increased in violence, it was determined that another effort should be made to discover the cause, and if possible put an end to the disturbance.

For this purpose a committee was appointed to confer with a philosopher of much note, who lived in those days in Ladue City, distant one mile and a half from the pond. The philosopher, who rejoiced in the cognomen of I-say-I Swifter, was a man of much research. He was not only skilled in the mystic arts, but deeply read in legendary lore, and of course was in every way qualified to solve the mysteries of the pond.

When the committee had stated their business to the philosopher, he rolled up his eyes and indulged in other manifestations, thus signifying to the committee that the business brought to his notice was of much grave importance.

After a long consultation between the committee and the philosopher, the latter agreed to give the subject a thorough investigation. He said he would consult the stars and such other authorities as were in the line of his profession, and would commit the results of his investigations to writing, which would be at the service of the committee in just twenty-one days, six hours, and forty-nine minutes from the time the committee entered his premises. The philosopher expressed himself satisfied that he could give the relief desired, whereupon the committee returned to their friends, quite jubilant at the idea that their troubles were so near at an end.

At the expiration of the time specified the committee waited on the philosopher, who, with much studied formality, handed them his report. It was a curious document, filled with strange devices, and highly ornamented. On the top of the first page was the figure of an owl, sitting apparently in grave meditation, and each succeeding page showed the handiwork of the philosopher.

As the report was quite voluminous, we shall simply make a few extracts, such as will suffice our purpose, and afford the reader a clear idea of the contents of the document.

The report proceeded to say that many centuries ago, long before the

white man appeared on this Continent, a beautiful Indian maiden resided on the border of Adrian Pond, which at that time was known by the Indian name of Otiska Lake. This Indian maid, or as the philosopher writes, this "flower of the forest," was exceedingly beautiful, so lovely in appearance that the Indians gave her the name of Ittiwiss, which signifies in the English tongue, Unique. In the course of time there came many suitors for the hand of Unique, among whom was a tall, handsome young chief named Otwegah, who was descended from a long line of illustrious warriors, renowned for their eloquence and wisdom at the council fires, and for their deeds of prowess on the war-path.

Among Unique's suitors none found more favor in her eyes than Otwegah. But Unique's father looked coldly on the young chief, and when Otwegah asked his daughter in marriage the old man not only haughtily refused, but told the solicitor for his daughter's hand to depart and enter his wigwam no more.

The pride of the young chief was so deeply wounded at the refusal of his request, that, for the moment, the ferocity of his nature got the better of his judgment. Seizing the tomahawk, which hung to the girdle around his waist, he hurled it violently at the head of the old man; but the quick arm of Unique averted the course of the weapon, as it sped wide of its mark and buried itself with a whizzing sound in the wall. Otwegah immediately fled, and neither father nor daughter ever saw him more. The old man, fired with resentment at the sudden and base attempt on his life, wrested the tomahawk from the wall, and with a throw which would have done credit to a more vigorous arm, sent it bubbling down in the very centre of the pond.

Unique long mourned the departure of Otwegah, for she loved him with all the ardor of youthful affection. For days and months she wandered gloomily around the pond, her eyes constantly fixed on the place where the tomahawk of her lover had sunk beneath the waters. At times she fancied she heard her name pronounced from the depths of the lake, which fancy awakened within her a desire to secure the tomahawk, thinking thereby she might possess a charm that would invoke the return of her lover. For this purpose she consulted an old sorceress, living at the time in a small hut, where now stands the Johnsville Lyceum. The old crone listened attentively to the maiden's story,

and even her stoical heart felt pained at the grief of the Indian girl. After many inquiries on the part of the sorceress, during which she indulged in many mysterious signs and gesticulations, she told Unique to meet her that night on the shore of the pond, precisely at the going down of the moon, when, by a power she alone possessed, she would call up the tomahawk from its watery bed.

That night, as the moon sank beneath the horizon, the old sorceress and the maiden stood side by side on the margin of the pond. As they peered into the silent waters, perhaps no two countenances ever so greatly revealed the opposite. The scowling visage of the old hag, black and wrinkled with age, might have been likened to that of a galvanized mummy. But the olive complexion of Unique, her finely chiselled features, and her raven-colored ringlets, which the playing zephyrs gently stirred, could not have failed to elicit praise from the most critical observer.

The old sorceress immediately proceeded to test the powers of her art. By the light of a fire she had kindled, she drew curious figures on the sand, indulging at the same time in low, incoherent mutterings. In the midst of her invocations an owl, that bird of ill omen, sent forth its melancholy notes from the branches of a neighboring tree. The old hag shuddered, for she knew that the cries of the bird indicated danger near. Scarcely had she resumed her work, which had been momentarily interrupted by the warning notes of the owl, when a bright light shot up in the centre of the pond, in the midst of which could be seen a man's hand brandishing a tomahawk. Unique, at the sight, gave an agonizing shriek, and with the swiftness of a deer sought the shelter of her father's dwelling.

After the horrors of that night, Unique's health gradually declined, and ere the snows again mantled o'er the earth, her immortal part took its flight to the spirit land. Her remains were interred in a beautiful grove adjoining the lake, where the birds were wont to pour forth their sweetest music, and where the ever-active squirrel gamboled with his fellows.

The report of the philosopher went on to say that the tomahawk lying in the waters of the pond was the sole cause of the nightly disturbance. It was that weapon, he said, which had frightened the men on the raft as to so greatly alter their appearance. Being under the

enchantment of an old and powerful magician, it had come up during the night and danced around on the raft, uttering ever and anon to the astonished adventurers the word "Unique."

The philosopher's report further said that until the tomahawk was removed from the pond, the nightly sounds would, without doubt, continue. He generously offered his services to secure the weapon, and thus give quiet to the neighborhood; which services, it is hardly necessary to say, were gladly accepted. Before entering on his mission the philosopher made vast and ample preparations to guard against failure. Among other things necessary for his purpose, he constructed a boat of huge dimensions, which was brought to the pond on a cart drawn by an hundred dogs. The boat, which was much higher than the water, was floated to the centre of the pond, and, after proper ceremonies, was sunk directly over the spot where the tomahawk was known to lie.

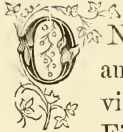
The philosopher, amid the shouts and huzzas of his friends, immediately descended within the boat, bearing a flaming torch in each hand. After the lapse of an hour, smoke, mingled with sparks of fire, was seen to issue from the boat, and the water around became greatly agitated, which caused much anxiety for the safety of the philosopher. But, to the great joy of the multitude, he shortly afterwards emerged from the waters, shouting victory, and brandishing aloft the mysterious tomahawk. His friends, overjoyed at his success, bore him to the shore amid the wildest acclamation.

The tomahawk, under the direction of the philosopher, was buried by the side of Unique, and from that hour no sounds louder than the guttural notes of the frog ever disturbed the quiet of Adrian Pond.

The report of the philosopher wound up with a remarkable prediction. It stated that in process of time a village would arise near the site of the pond, renowned for the scholarship of its inhabitants, who, in their printed lucubrations, would forever perpetuate the name of the Indian maiden, Unique.

PETRUS KUYPERS.

A CHAPTER IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE FIVE CORNERS.

N the banks of the Hudson River, directly opposite the ancient city of Newburgh, stands a rising village, or rather a village on rising ground, which was formerly known as the Five Corners. The village was originally surveyed and laid out by Hans Von Schoot, a Dutch surveyor of much note in the early history of Dutchess County; and who, it is said, was a lineal descendant of Hendrick Hudson, the famous Dutch navigator. Von Schoot, when engaged in surveying, always wore a five-cornered hat, which accounts for the five streets diverging from one point, in the village we write of.

In order that the reader may have a clearer view of the facts in the case, we would state that just prior to Von Schoot's commencing the survey he seated himself on a high stump, which stood where now is the centre of the village, and after running his eye over the surrounding country, from Butter Hill and Polipel's Island on the south, to the lofty peaks of the Kauterskill on the north, he concluded, as then seated, he occupied the exact centre of a remarkable country, endowed by nature with every element to make man happy and contented with his lot while here below. Transported with so glorious a view of sub-lunary things, Von Schoot, in the excitement of the moment, whirled his five-cornered hat around his head, and threw it violently on the ground before him. As it lay there the brilliant thought occurred to the surveyor—as the centre of the country around was just where his hat had fallen—it would be highly important that many roads should centre at that point. He accordingly marked out five roads or streets, in the directions indicated by the several corners of his hat.

The wisdom of the old surveyor has been manifested in more ways than one. Although the place abounds in corners, yet owing to its many outlets, its inhabitants, we believe, have never been cornered, either individually or as a whole.

Among those present at the time of Von Schoot's survey of the place was Petrus Kuypers, a little Dutchman from Long Island. Kuypers was a native of Hempstead Harbor, a place some thirty miles from New York City, on the border of Long Island Sound. He was the owner and master of a little sloop called the *Betsey*, in which, during the season of navigation, he visited different places on the Hudson, trading oysters and clams for various kinds of peltry and other notions.

On the identical day when Von Schoot was engaged in surveying the site for the village, Kuypers' little sloop, the *Betsey*, favored with a stiff southern breeze, came gliding into Newburgh Bay laden with her usual cargo. The quick eye of the master of the *Betsey* detected the smoke exhaled by the surveyor from his enormous Dutch pipe, and which came forth from his capacious mouth in curling wreaths, and vanished like gliding spectres far up into the azure sky.

Kuypers immediately concluded that something unusual was transpiring in that quarter, and having an eye to barter, he moored his little vessel close to shore, and proceeded up the declivity on a voyage of investigation. The surveyor's laudation of the country so impressed Kuypers with the prospective greatness of the place, that he immediately bartered his entire cargo of oysters and clams for village lots, and then returned to Hempstead Harbor to beat up recruits for the new settlement.

Kuypers, on his arrival at home, spoke in glowing terms of his investment. He in particular laid great stress on the future value of the lots he had acquired, and sought in every way to impress his neighbors, that if they desired affluence and wealth for their posterity, they should immediately remove to the Five Corners, and become early identified with the prosperity of the place. His neighbors, to these urgent appeals, shook their heads doubtingly, for they had always considered Kuypers a foolish adventurer. But, through Kuypers' continued importunities, the matter after awhile was looked at more favorably. Many consultations were had on the subject, and it was finally agreed, if Kuypers would furnish the necessary tobacco, they, the Dutch in-

habitants of Hempstead Harbor, would smoke over the question of removal.

The tobacco was readily furnished, and the subject of removal taken into serious consideration; but the tobacco was exhausted before any tangible ideas could be brought to bear on the subject. In consequence, a further supply of the weed was necessary. The Dutchmen finally decided, with their usual caution, if Kuypers would transport in his sloop, the *Betsey*, free of expense, Brom Van Doren and Jacobus Donderburgh, and provide them with what tobacco they might need for the journey, they would appoint them a committee to inspect the location of the new village, in order that corroborative evidence might be had as to the future greatness of the place before final action should be taken.

The committee, it appears, faithfully discharged the duties assigned them. Their report, written in the Dutch language, is still in good preservation, having been for many years in the keeping of the descendants of Dedrich Vinderbout, one of the early settlers of Long Island. We have been favored with a perusal of the document, from which we herewith annex a few extracts, translated into English:

The committee at the outset of the report mention that they smoked 1,781 pipes of tobacco during their absence. They describe the place as lying north of a lofty range of mountains, from which, in the opinion of the committee, the north wind must occasionally rebound with such force as to render the erection of dwellings on the site of the contemplated village extremely hazardous. But their most formidable objection to the place appears to have been the precipitous hill leading down to the river. They regarded the hill as exceedingly dangerous—a place where the juvenile population, if any such should arise, would roll off and find a watery grave. The report of the committee being decidedly averse to removing, the men of Hempstead Harbor concluded to abide at home, and rest content with their aquatic labors of bringing up oysters and clams from the deeps of Long Island Sound.

Kuypers, as may be imagined, was not a little disappointed at so unfortunate a termination of his hopes. His visage, for many days after, looked decidedly blue. His wife endeavored to console him in many ways. She advised him to think no more about the new village, and to regard his lots there, among those hard lots so often allotted to the lot of man.

Kuypers endeavored to obey the injunctions of his wife by assuming a more cheerful aspect; but his mind, notwithstanding the effort, continued to wander beyond the Highlands of the Hudson, where his possessions lay.

One night he dreamed he had become the founder of a great city—had been elected its Mayor, rode in his carriage, and whenever he appeared in public, the populace shouted, “Long live Kuypers!” He awoke a new man; his elongated countenance had entirely disappeared. He hastened to unfold to his wife the sweet visions of the night. When he spoke of riding in his carriage, she, with woman’s true notions of gentility, imagined herself seated by his side, which thought rendered her for many days exceedingly happy and courteous. The dream was interpreted as a special call sent them to proceed at once to the Five Corners, where further revelations if necessary would undoubtedly be forthcoming.

Kuypers immediately packed up his household goods and traps of every description and stowed them on board the *Betsey*, and with his wife and three little responsibilities bade adieu to the oyster-beds of his native place and set sail for the promised land. The little vessel in due time made her appearance in Newburgh Bay. As she came plowing through the white-caps which everywhere dotted the surface of the waters, she was espied by Bill Bunker, one of the stars of the future village. Bill immediately recognized the *Betsey*, and imagining Kuypers bound in with a cargo of settlers, he deemed the occasion worthy of some special demonstration; whereupon he seized his old musket and proceeded on the “double-quick” to the river side, where he banged and blazed away until his powder failed him. Kuypers returned the salute by numerous blasts from an old fish-horn. Kuypers’ wife getting infused with the spirit, held aloft her three little buds of promise, as much as to say, “Here is something to begin with.” Amid the blaze of excitement the *Betsey* rounded to, and soon lay quietly at anchor within a stone’s cast of shore.

The traveller alighting at the Five Corners in the early part of the last century failed not to find a cordial welcome at a little inn known as “Nag’s-head.” This building was standing as late as 1765. Nag’s-head was a famous retreat in its day. There the lads and lasses of the country around, in the times of good sleighing would frequently assem-

ble to while away the hours of the evening amid the pleasures of the dance. The obliging host, Petrus Kuypers, Esq., was ever a favorite with the young. He would now and then on such occasions lend a helping hand. He was a perfect master of the double-shuffle, which science he contended was innate to a Long-Islander, and which none others, no matter how great the effort, could scientifically acquire.

Kuypers was proprietor of the Nag's-head for many years. There he lived and there he died. Though he never rode in his carriage, yet he frequently rode in his lumber wagon with his wife at his side. Though no one when he appeared in public shouted "Long live Kuypers!" yet not unfrequently when he rode abroad the boys would sing out, "There he goes!"

Kuypers reared a large family—in all, thirteen daughters, whose bright eyes and blooming cheeks made many serious inroads on the heart of man. They all in turn became respectably married, and from whom are descended some of the most respectable families of Dutchess County.

Among the early settlers of the Five Corners was a square-built, odd-looking Dutchman, named John Ter Bush. Had Ter Bush lived in this our day, he could have added much to the living curiosities at Barnum's Museum. But in the times of which we write Barnum was not around; in consequence, the odd specimens of humanity which flourished in those ancient times attracted no more than ordinary attention. They were permitted to live and die in peace.

Ter Bush and Kuypers were bosom friends. During the sunny hours of the day they might be seen on the veranda of Nag's-head sending forth from mouth and nose large volumes of smoke. At such times they discussed many plans of improvement whereby the Five Corners might take rank among the cities of the world.


Newburgh in those days was very juvenile. It consisted only of a few straggling huts. The two friends viewed this infant settlement with much alarm. They looked upon it as a rival which might in time eclipse their own village. As Newburgh kept on year after year increasing in population, the two friends would shake their heads and exclaim, "Going too fast!" They reasoned alike from nature and philosophy that a rapid growth was not conducive to longevity, and therefore confidently predicted that Newburgh would come and go, and be-

come one of the lost cities—when the Five Corners, standing on its hill, would dazzle the entire world by the effulgency welling up from the minds of its own citizens.

The reader acquainted with the locality of which we write, may exclaim that the fulfilment of the above prediction, to all human appearance, has but a faint prospect of realization. To such we would answer that the early fathers of the place were far-seeing men; their prophetic eye ran unerringly down the long line of coming years. We therefore counsel no discouragements, for certainly the consummation of so glorious a future in the history of the place will amply reward all for the exercise of that patience which may be necessary.

With these reflections we close our chapter.

CAPTAIN ADAM SMITH TURNS LECTURER, AND FIRES OFF HIS FIRST GUN AT BANGTOWN.

HE Smiths, as a family, are decidedly antiquated; not in the way of looks, but in their origin. At what particular time, or in what portion of the earth they first put in an appearance, remains an open question, and which, perhaps, at this late day will never be satisfactorily determined.

While many families of distinction, contemporary with the original Smiths, have run out and forever disappeared, the Smiths have steadily pushed ahead, kept adding to their numbers; and if they have been of no other use in the world, they have at least furnished a market for an endless quantity of breadstuffs and other eatables, and by so doing are entitled to the gratitude of the human race. But the Smiths, numerically speaking, have always exercised—aside from their masticating qualities—considerable influence among their fellow-men. At elections, on training-days, and at jollifications generally, they have always made themselves manifest, for on such occasions there has been no lack of Smiths, and now and then, at remote intervals of time, a rare genius has sprung up among them, such as our particular friend, Captain Adam Smith, of whom we have a word or two to say.

Adam and myself were school-fellows together, consequently I had abundant opportunities of studying the mental capabilities of Adam “in life’s morning march, when his bosom was young,” and am forced to say that friend Smith in his school-days gave no special indications of that remarkable genius which he has so prominently evinced in his late years. But the old schoolmaster under whom we studied, and who had a penetrating eye for genius, must have seen something far down in the depths of Adam which spoke well for the future man; and be it said to the master’s praise, he frequently es-

sayed to call forth this hidden gem by immoderate applications of the birch ; but he was wholly unsuccessful, proving that true genius, however great the propelling force, can not be hurried into being, but must be given full time to develop.

I had not seen friend Smith for many years until the other day, when he came strolling into my office, and by the way of introduction, solicited the loan of fifty cents. But congratulating myself that my friend's wants were so moderate, I immediately placed him in easy circumstances, financially, and then proceeded to inquire after his welfare. Smith informed me that since we last met he had made several fortunes, but they had slipped from his grasp, and, like all great financiers of the present day, he had been obliged to succumb. One thing he was certain of, he had made a big "bust," which his creditors would find out, if no one else did. His failure, he said, was all owing to the jumble in the currency. Had Government seen fit to have let out plenty of greenbacks when they were wanted, he would have "gone through" and been a millionaire, and instead of his being obliged to borrow of me fifty cents, as he had done to-day, he would have been in a position to have loaned me as many thousands.

I inquired of Smith if he intended to resume business. By no means, he replied, for bursting, in his opinion, had just commenced. Every fellow, he said, was tinkering at the currency. Even the politicians had got hold of it, which was tantamount to bringing about a general smash-up. Every man who had a dollar invested in trade was bound to go under, from the keeper of a peanut-stand to the heaviest bank in Wall Street. As for himself, he was done with all matters of trade, and for the future would confine himself to such pursuits as required only an outlay of brains, and he congratulated himself (tapping his head) that he had a stock of the article on hand as good as the next man's. Who, he asked, ever heard of a professional man bursting up? For lawyers and doctors, the moment they got a little cramped, tacked on to their bills a lot of extra charges which set them all right. To be sure, now and then a professional man dried up for want of business, but that was an easy death ; there was no explosion about it. As for himself he was going to show the world that one member of the Smith family at least had a full share of brains. He was about starting out on a lecturing tour, and had called to see me to ascertain if I would give him a little boost in the way of a friendly notice through the press.

On inquiry I found Smith had written a lecture on the medicinal properties of ginger, which he thought would do to start with. On looking over the document (wishing to have a little fun) I told him it was an admirable production; that it evidently exhibited true marks of genius, and I had no doubt if delivered in his peculiar style, it would entrance any audience, and prove a great pecuniary success.

Smith was delighted. He said my opinion on literary matters in boyhood was tremendous, but he was not fully prepared for the ability I had displayed in comprehending the true merits of his lecture.

The question here arose, where should the lecture be first delivered? After several places had been mentioned, such as Yonkers, Byrnsville, etc., it occurred to me that Bangtown presented many inducements for the delivery of a lecture of the kind. For instance, my former landlady, who is "some" on ginger-pop, resides there, and who, of course, would be glad to hear anything new or strange relating to her favorite beverage; and besides, the people of the place, according to all accounts, are great consumers of quack medicines, and have, it is said, a happy faculty of smelling out any virtues hid away in *yarbs*. These, and other considerations, induced me to advocate Bangtown as the place to commence operations.

Smith readily consented to give the Bangtowners the benefit of his first lecture, and it fell to my lot to make the necessary arrangements, and to "boss" the job generally, for which I was to receive one-half of the net receipts. I therefore at once wrote to my former landlady, old Mrs. Trot, telling her that a particular friend of mine, who is a very learned professor, had discovered that ginger contained many healing properties heretofore unknown, and that he had written a very able treatise on the subject, which he designed to make public for the good of mankind; and that if the people of Bangtown should desire it, my friend would appear before them and enlarge on the properties of ginger—or, in other words, would give a lecture on the subject, charging, of course, a small admission fee.

My former landlady, old Mrs. Trot, being one of those old-time women who do business with a will, then sent promptly by return of mail the following answer to my letter:

BANGTOWN TUESDAY.

Deer Kurnel your lether was gin to me by Mister Peppers boy, i am so glad u no a man wat kin tell us all bout ginger. The trusteeas sez u kin hav

the big scool house eny nite u want tu, as the cause u want it fur is so noble.
So fetch the prophesser rite along fur we all want to here so bad.

We are all at present got the shakes, hopin yur joying the same blessin

I remans yur lovin friend

BETSEY TROT.

After receiving the above favorable epistle, I sent the following advertisement for insertion to that model sheet, *The Bangtown Ripper* :

BANGTOWNERS, TAKE NOTICE !

Professor Adam Smith, O.K., will lecture before the people of Bangtown, in the big school-house, on Thursday evening next. Subject : "The Medicinal Properties of Ginger." Professor Smith will also come prepared to answer any questions on finance, and will (if desired) explain the true bearings of the currency question. As so great an opportunity of listening to so distinguished a professor may not occur again in Bangtown for centuries, it is to be hoped that Professor Smith will be favored with a large and appreciative audience.

Tickets of admission fifty cents, to be had at the office of *The Ripper*.

B. P.

As I was somewhat apprehensive that Smith's lecture would prove a failure, or might become wearisome to the audience, I thought best to have matters so fixed that the subject could be changed at any moment. Smith I knew to be a fine extemporaneous speaker, and fully wrote-up on the currency question. I therefore had an understanding with a friend, that the moment he saw the audience losing interest in the lecture, to call out for the speaker's views on the currency, and took the precaution to word the advertisement to meet such an emergency.

Smith and myself were punctually on hand at the hour set forth in the advertisement, and were greatly pleased to find so large and enthusiastic an audience awaiting us. The boys had written the word "ginger," in chalk, conspicuously in many places on the outside of the school-house, which Smith observed was a favorable indication, showing we had already aroused an interest in ginger, which gave promise that his lecture would prove a great success.

After the usual introduction of the speaker to the audience, and the customary applause by the audience, Smith, with a surprising show of courage, delivered himself as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF BANGTOWN :

Man has been an inhabitant of this earth, according to the best authorities, for nearly 6,000 years, and yet the physical organization of man is but imperfectly understood. You may ask, what has science been doing all these years? In answer, I would say, literally nothing, as far as the functional arrangements of man are concerned. To be sure, science has been busy with the affairs of the material world, and I am forced to say, in this particular field has achieved moderate success. Pope truly said, "The greatest study of mankind is man." While science has been delving in the earth these many years after hidden treasures, or pursuing phantoms in the air, the anatomical formation of man has been comparatively neglected, or left to the bulging operations of quacks.

I presume, ladies and gentlemen, you are aware that there lie hidden in the vegetable kingdom—waiting to come forth at the bidding of science—curative properties for every ailment natural to the human race. Science should have long since not only clearly defined and classified the various diseases mankind is subject to, but should have drawn forth from the vegetable kingdom—nature's great medical repository—an antidote for every human ill. In fact, if science had in the past been wielded by men of proper intellect and sagacity, these matters so important to our well-being would, at the present day, have been as well understood as the letters of the alphabet. The present system of medical treatment of placing a few drugs in the corporal part of the body, when the disease may be lurking in the hand or foot, is a sufficient comment on the stupidity of the medical faculty.

But, ladies and gentlemen, I am here to-night to say to you, that in the field of medicine we are soon to herald the dawn of a brighter day. I have taken the initiatory step in the matter, and am determined that in the medical world a new and better order of things shall speedily prevail. There is a principle in science, which, just here, I would like to allude to, which is known as "deobstruent," and is based on the laws of capillary attraction. To explain: you are undoubtedly aware that the burning of offensive substances will impregnate the air with poisonous vapors for miles around and above. The deadly miasma arising from a stagnant pool plants the seeds of death in the atmosphere for a space almost incredible. A very small portion of indigo dissolved in a cask of water will diffuse itself to and through every drop of the fluid contained in the vessel. Here is a principle which the medical world has entirely overlooked or ignored. I contend, and stand ready to prove, that the only kind of medicine that should be administered to the human race is that which will diffuse itself throughout the entire system, and combat the disease wherever found.

Ladies and gentlemen, when the principle of deobstruent presented itself to my mind, and I realized its importance in the school of medicine, I immediately set myself to work to test by actual experiments and observation

the workings of this great principle. You are all doubtless acquainted with the plant catnip, and have, as I suppose, frequently witnessed its happy effects when taken in the form of a liquid for common colds and other minor complaints. Wishing to know the full virtues of this plant according to the deobstruent principle, I distilled a suitable quantity of it, according to my new formula, which I gave to a friend who was laboring under a severe affliction, and found that catnip was too tardy in its operations to overtake and successfully to combat a disease that was particularly active and nimble in its movements, and therefore concluded that catnip, when scientifically measured on deobstruent principles, did not meet the full requirements of the age.

I next carefully experimented with ginger by making a decoction of it, seven degrees Fahrenheit, and found on giving it the proper test, that I had discovered a remedy in pharmacopia the world had long been looking for. Wishing to ascertain the full curative powers of ginger as a curative agent, I proceeded to make an experiment with it on a large scale.

At my solicitation, my mother-in-law invited twenty old ladies to tea, all of whom had for years been afflicted with cramps, spinal complaints, rheumatism, etc. It fortunately happened that the day appointed for the tea-drink proved fine, so that all of the ladies were able to be present—many of them coming on crutches. After tea I presented each lady with a bottle of ginger-pop, prepared seven degrees Fahrenheit, with the request they would drink the pop then and there. While they were imbibing the beverage, I was called out of the room, and was absent about fifteen minutes. On my return, to my surprise, I found the old ladies going through the Virginia reel, and such was the rapidity of their movements that the old house shook violently, and for a time I was fearful the floor would give way and precipitate them all into the cellar.

I am pleased to say the ladies felt very grateful for the services I rendered them, and among other testimonials sent me, I received a few verses of poetry, which I will read :

“Accept our thanks, dear Captain Smith,
For your nice ginger-pop,
No sooner had we drank it down,
Than we all felt tip-top.

“The aches and pains which we have had
For thirty years or more,
And which no medicine could reach,
Your pop did quickly floor.

“We trust the virtues of your pop
Will quickly get about ;

And when diseases lurk within,
Your pop will pop 'em out.

"Long may you live, dear Captain Smith,
And see your children grown ;
And may they ever feel a pride,
They such a 'pop' do own.

"Then let the world wag as it may,
Henceforth we'll live in clover ;
For when diseases come around,
Your pop can pop them over."

At this stage of the lecture a note was handed to Smith, stating there were several gentlemen present, who would be glad, before it got any later, to have his views on the currency question. To which he replied as follows :

Ladies and gentlemen, I am asked for my views on the present state of the currency, and in answer would say, I go in for greenbacks, new and crisp, and plenty of them, so that every man, woman, and child in the United States can get hold of a few, and be able to purchase some of the good things of this life. [Loud cries, "That's the doctrine."]

Ladies and gentlemen, I am aware there are a great many old-fogies around in these days, both here and elsewhere, who advocate an exclusive metallic currency, such as gold and silver. But these financiers belong to the antediluvian period. They are miserable quacks. If you wish to see the demoralizing effects of a specie currency, let me point you to that stupendous mass of stupidity, the Chinese nation, who have built a stone wall around their country to keep at home the precious metals. Look again, if you please, at the Guinea niggers of Africa, who have revelled in gold dust for countless ages, and who remain barbarians of the darkest dye. Gentlemen, if you wish to send your country staggering back for a thousand years; if you wish to turn pig-eyed Chinamen, or Guinea niggers, fetch on your specie, and you will soon realize your fond desires. [A voice from the audience, "How about Continental money?" when Smith gets mad and pitches in as follows:]

I thank the gentleman for calling my attention to the good old Continental money, an article long since played out, gone where the woodbine twineth. But we must not forget the important part played by Continental money in the day of its power. For with it, in Revolutionary times, we were enabled to clothe our ragged army, and to purchase untold implements of death with which our fathers chastised the red-coats, and chased that forbidding-looking quadruped, the British Lion, from these fair shores, and sent him howling and limping back to his native heath. [Tremendous applause.]

What was it, I ask, that caused our Revolutionary fathers to fight with that indomitable pluck at Saratoga, at Yorktown, and on a thousand other nameless fields, but the hope they would soon be paid off in Continental money. And yet, with these facts staring us in the face, and known to every school-boy in the land, there arises a man in this assembly who inquires with a nasal drawl, "How about Continental money?" I advise this stupendous ignoramus to go home and study up the history of his country, and not be standing here an enlightened freeman, not knowing he has been made so by the purchasing power of Continental money. [Great sensation.]

My friends, I am no alarmist, I am as calm as a midsummer's day; in fact, never felt better in my life; but I am constrained to assert, that our country has not seen so dark an hour in its monetary affairs, since the time when that old war-horse, Thomas Jefferson, read the Declaration of Independence in the House of Congress. I know not, fellow-citizens, what you or other men think of these times, neither do I care, neither am I going to inquire, settle that matter among yourselves; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

Here Smith sat down out of wind, and the audience retired, greatly alarmed for the safety of the Republic.

I would add, the lecture was a great success. Net receipts \$62, which so encouraged Smith, that he has gone to work writing another lecture on the various uses of putty. We, therefore, will soon be in the field again. I think our next move will either be on Dobbs Ferry or Dutchess Junction.

THE BIG TURTLE OF THE BENNY POND.



OME thirty or forty years ago, the inhabitants of the river counties were considerably agitated about a big sea-serpent, which mariners reported was then hovering on our coast. Very many were the marvellous reports about the newly discovered monster of the deep, and fears, not a few, were expressed by the nervous, that his snakeship might conclude to take a turn up the Hudson, and not only gobble up the crafts that came in his way, but might be tempted to poke his nose into the various dwellings contiguous to the river's banks.

The various descriptions given of the serpent by those who had been favored with a glimpse of him, and which were published in the papers of those days, as may be supposed, were read with eagerness, and notwithstanding the skepticism of some, and the vague insinuations of others, so abundant were the proofs that the monster had a *bona fide* existence, that he soon became a fixed institution in the minds of the community.

The inhabitants of the township of East Fishkill have ever had a predilection for "big things." They therefore read with avidity the several accounts of the Big Serpent, and the more they read, the more they wondered. It, however, required many days on their part properly to comprehend the true magnitude of the new wonder of the deep, but after they had succeeded in chalking out his length (as given by mariners) in their own imaginations, they came to the conclusion that the snake was not much of an affair after all. Consequently, by common consent they commenced looking around over their domains to see what "big thing" they could discover that would take down the Sea Serpent.

Midway between the villages of Johnsville and Gay Head lies a beautiful sheet of water known by the euphonious name of "The Benny Pond."

Hard by its rippling waves Van Amburgh, the celebrated "lion-tamer," was born, and there, among the squirrels and raccoons which infested the shores of the Pond, he first developed that talent for subjugating the animal tribe, which has since rendered him so famous. As Van Amburgh, from pursuing the small game of The Benny has progressed so far as to put his head in the lion's mouth, we trust we shall be pardoned in pausing to relate an anecdote of his youthful days.

Isaac, as the "lion-tamer" was called when a boy, occupies a conspicuous place among the many brilliant stars who have first and last graduated with distinguished honor at the old Johnsville Academy. During Isaac's school-days, it was the custom of the scholars of the old Academy in the winter months to engage in a game of snow-balling after school-hours, for the purpose of more thoroughly digesting the knowledge they had acquired through the day. Those of them who lived in one direction from the school were pitted against those living the opposite way. The party to which Isaac belonged were from the east, and generally outnumbered their opponents; consequently, in almost every battle, they came off victorious.

On one occasion, owing to a severe snow-storm, Isaac and a stout lad named Bill Pierce were the only scholars present at school who hailed from towards the rising sun. The boys from the west, however, were out in full force, and from the many significant hints thrown out by them during the day, Isaac and Bill began to think that there was a strong likelihood of their getting into a tight place when school was dismissed.

When school closed, Isaac and his colleague, snuffing danger ahead, attempted to steal a march on their opponents by hastily skedaddling, but they were soon overhauled and obliged to wheel in line of battle. They, however, "when drawn up," showed a bold front; for, like the tall sons of Anak, they were somewhat lengthy. But in every position they took they were soon outflanked, and, of course, were constantly obliged to retrograde. Soon the belligerents came to a hand-to-hand encounter, when the twain were tumbled about among the snow-banks rather jollily, and their physiognomies were speedily scoured up as perhaps they had never been scoured before. Isaac, not relishing the brightening up of his "phiz," broke loose from his many antagonists, and by diligently exercising his immense legs, he was carried over the

deep snow-drifts with a velocity which soon left his dumpy pursuers far in the rear.

Bill was not so fortunate. He lay prostrate on the field of battle—or, rather, lay deeply imbedded in a snow-bank. He had gone under, *i. e.*, he had unconditionally surrendered. But to proceed.

It had long been currently reported that The Benny Pond was inhabited by an enormous Turtle, whose dimensions, after the discovery of the Sea Serpent, loomed up astonishingly in the minds of the good people in the vicinity. Though no one could be found who had actually seen the Turtle, yet every one had heard of some one who knew a man, who had heard another say that he believed that such a one had had a glimpse of the “hard shell.” Amid such overwhelming proofs all were satisfied that The Benny contained a Turtle which, *when taken*, would throw the much-talked-of Sea Serpent completely in the shade.

In those days there lived in the vicinity of The Benny Pond an individual made up of many compounds, and who rejoiced in the cognomen of Sandy Van Vlack. Sandy was a Jack-at-all-trades. He was an herb-doctor, a stick-doctor, a cow-doctor, and to these and many other attainments he added that of an expert angler. Every stream and pond in the country around were well known to Sandy. Now Sandy was remarkably taciturn; he seldom uttered more than two words in twenty-four hours. When called upon for medical advice, or when required to exercise his medical skill, he never indulged in oral conversation; with him it was all winks and nods. If asked if he rightly comprehended the diagnosis of the disease he was treating; he would invariably place the fore-finger of his right hand on the side of his nose, thereby signifying he *knowned* all.

In consideration of Sandy's universal knowledge on matters in general, and being so well acquainted with the watercourses of the country, all agreed that he at least would be able to impart the needed information as to the big Turtle.

A committee was therefore appointed to wait on Professor Van Vlack, which consisted of various amateurs. They were authorized to extract from the Professor any and all information he might possess relative to the amphibious monster that inhabited The Benny. The committee had their doubts of being able to converse satisfactorily with so close-mouthed a man as Sandy. But they remembered he had a wife

who was exceedingly voluble, and who, in this respect, made up for the peculiar deficiency of her husband.

The committee, as we have already observed, were amateurs; all men of sound scientific minds. Among their number was a good, jovial fellow named Ike Adkins. Ike was a great favorite with the community. He was a street philosopher of some note, and could manufacture at the shortest notice the most marvellous story, which qualifications rendered him a welcome guest in all quarters. Ike, on account of his marvellous propensities, was appointed chairman of the committee.

The committee proceeded without delay to the residence of the Professor. They found him seated in his laboratory surrounded by immense bunches of catnip and pennyroyal. The chairman of the committee, waiving all formality, inquired of the Professor if he had any knowledge of a *Big Turtle* in The Benny Pond. The Professor's idea of a *Big Turtle*, as the sequel will show, varied very considerably from that of the committee.

In the opinion of Sandy, a turtle twelve inches in length was tremendous. He therefore, in reply to the committee's inquiry as to whether a *Big Turtle* inhabited The Benny, gave one of his significant winks. The committee interpreted the wink favorably. They next inquired through their chairman if the Professor could devise or knew of any method whereby the *Big Turtle* could be secured. As Sandy had caught many a big turtle from the Pond in a trap of his own invention, he repeated his significant wink. The committee were delighted. They already considered the "hard shell" a goner.

After many inquiries on the part of the committee, and as many corresponding winks and nods on the part of Sandy, the committee understood the Professor to say that he would for twenty-five cents catch the *Big Turtle* of The Benny, and have him ready for delivery within a week's time. The thought, it appeared, did not occur to the committee that there might be more than one turtle in the Pond; they therefore concluded if the Professor caught a turtle at all, it would be a *big one*—the original himself. Therefore they returned to their friends, much felicitated with the arrangements made.

The committee made a voluminous report of their doings. They stated they had made arrangements with Professor Van Vlack whereby they would secure the turtle for twenty-five cents, at which price they

thought no one could grumble. They recommended that a suitable place be provided for exhibiting the monster, and held out the idea that a sufficient sum could be raised in that way to relieve them of State and county taxes for years to come.

At the expiration of the week, the committee proceeded to the residence of the Professor to obtain the prize. They went fully equipped, having sundry carts hitched together drawn by five yoke of oxen. When they arrived at their destination, it was somewhat after nightfall. As Sandy's house was a considerable distance from the road, the Professor did not witness the immense caravan, otherwise he would have winked as he never winked before. The committee left their teams by the roadside and proceeded to the house. On inquiring about *the* Turtle, Sandy gave a nod, signifying he had got him, and then led the way to an out-house where the monster lay.

Sandy entered the building alone, leaving the committee outside big with expectation. In a few minutes he returned, holding up by the tail a turtle some sixteen inches in length. For the first time during his interviews with the committee, the Professor gave utterance to words, which he did in plain English, saying, "Ain't he a whopper?" The committee had just strength enough left to realize they were sold. They hastened back to their teams, but not daring to return that night to their waiting friends, they turned the oxen out on the commons to graze, and stole stealthily to their respective habitations.

Ike Adkins for several months after refrained from indulging in the marvellous. After a while, however, he resumed his pleasing occupation. But all that was necessary to arrest him when he colored a little too highly was to say, "Ike, how about that Turtle?"

THE LEGEND OF MANITOU HILL.



HOSE acquainted with the surroundings of Garrison, especially the guests of that inimitable summer resort, the Highland House (whoever have an eye for the picturesque), have undoubtedly noticed the lofty hill or mountain near the residences of the Messrs. Garrison. A legend of this hill now probably forgotten, but which was well known to the early settlers of that locality, may perhaps at this time be reproduced, not only with interest to the present residents of the vicinity, but to others more remotely situated.

According to the information in our possession, the first white man who visited that section was an individual named Desarto, who was brought there a prisoner by the Indians about the middle of the seventeenth century. At that time there were no settlements along the river between Albany and New York. Both banks of the Hudson, between the places named, presented an unbroken forest, where nought was heard but the war-whoop of the savage and the wolf's long howl.

Desarto, who was a Spaniard, belonged to an ancient and honorable family. He had joined a party of adventurers in Spain, organized for the avowed purpose of making new discoveries in distant lands, and it was not until the vessel in which he sailed had been many days at sea, that he became aware he had been deceived as to the purpose of the voyage, and was actually associated with a band of pirates. Keeping his own counsel, and apparently acquiescing in his new mode of life (so as not to betray his purpose), he resolved to abandon his companions at the first favorable opportunity, which was not long in presenting itself, for as the piratical craft, not many days thereafter, lay off the coast of Long Island, a boat manned by himself and others was sent ashore to procure a supply of water, when, seizing a favorable moment, he plunged into a thicket near by, and made good his escape.

After wandering many days in a northerly direction, he was captured by a party of Indians out on a hunting excursion, and taken to their settlement, which at the time was situated midway between what is now known as Garrison and the village of Cold Spring.

The Indians treated their prisoner with much kindness, and in return Desarto instructed them in many of the arts of civilized life, and it was not long before he became so great a favorite with the tribe that he was adopted by them and accorded all the rights of citizenship.

Desarto, when accompanying the tribe on their hunting excursions, noticed that whenever passing the hill or mountain alluded to, they invariably paused, and with a fixed gaze on the place, indulged in many curious gestures and unmeaning phrases, in order, as they said, to invoke the protection and favor of the great Manitou who dwelt there. Wishing to know who this great Manitou was, and why he was entitled to so much devotion and attention, Desarto, after much importunity, gathered from the tribe the following interesting legend :

Very many years ago, when their fathers lived near the open sea, in a more sunny clime, and when they were hard pressed for food, owing to the scarcity of game, their great medicine-man was told in a dream of good hunting-grounds among the mountains of the north, and that it was the wish of the Great Spirit that the tribe should remove to that more favored land. When the medicine-man had made known to the tribe his dream, and had urged upon them a compliance with the wishes of the Great Spirit, much opposition to such a course was manifested by their principal men, for they said, if the Great Spirit really desired their removal elsewhere, he would have given them some more substantial token of his desire than a mere dream. Who, they earnestly asked, was to point out and lead them to where those hunting-grounds lay? Influenced by these and other arguments, it was decided before taking any positive steps in the matter, to wait for further revelations.

Soon thereafter their medicine-man was notified in a second dream, that the Great Spirit was much displeased with the tribe for their non-compliance with his wishes, but desirous of promoting their welfare, he would in a few days give them a token of his earnestness for their removal by sending two winged messengers to point out the land whither they should go. On the fourth day after this second revelation two white swans appeared over their village, gyrating in graceful

evolutions. As this bird seldom visited their vicinity, the tribe unanimously agreed they were called to abandon the land of their fathers, and to journey whithersoever the winged messengers of the Great Spirit should be pleased to lead them. Bidding farewell to their childhood home, and to the places with which they had been so long familiar, they followed their ethereal guides until they arrived at their present home, when the swans, hovering for a time over Manitou hill, soared directly upward in the heavens, and forever disappeared.

Not long after their arrival at their new home, their medicine-man was told in another dream that the Great Spirit on a certain day would meet in council their chief and three of their principal warriors on Manitou hill. Accordingly the chief, after selecting three of his truest braves to accompany him, proceeded on the day in question to the place named, to learn what the Great Spirit would be pleased to say.

On gaining the summit of the hill they were somewhat surprised in finding no one in readiness to receive them; but soon they realized that the place was under the influence of some powerful invisible agency, as the stones and rocks around commenced sending forth a hissing sound, and the whole mountain trembled as though shaken by a giant hand. Soon a cloud of smoke arose from the very apex of the hill, from which stepped a tall, commanding-looking personage, robed in a red mantle, and by his side stood a young maiden in the full bloom of youth. The warriors were immediately commanded to draw near and give attention, when they were addressed as follows:

“The Great Spirit, who sitteth in the clouds, is ever mindful of his children, though he never appears before them in person, yet he speaks to them in the thunder, the lightning, and the whirlwind, and occasionally sends his agent or Manitou to address them in words of counsel. The Great Spirit in his wisdom has brought you and your tribe into this goodly land, where the mountains abound with game, and the river and streams contribute to your substance. He commands you to be happy, to live together in peace and harmony, and your tribe will become great and powerful. This mountain must hereafter remain sacred. No member of the tribe must pass over it or even set foot on it. Should this command be disregarded, from that moment the tribe will pass on to poverty and decay.” With these words the messenger and his companion vanished, but the next moment the mountain trembled violently,

and a voice like the rumbling of thunder came up from its depths, saying, "Remember Manitou hill."

For many years from that time the tribe enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity. Their warriors, as it were, bore a charmed life, as in all their conflicts with their enemies they proved invincible. But in an evil hour some of their young men, in the heat of the chase, passed over the mountain, and from that time their prestige was broken; misfortune succeeded to misfortune, until the tribe presented but the vestige of its former greatness. But still, whenever passing the hill, they made signs of reverence, hoping thereby to conciliate the Great Spirit and be restored to their former prosperity.

Such was the legend of Manitou hill, as related to Desarto.

During the Revolutionary war Manitou hill was fortified. Though, to use a military phrase, it can not be said to have bristled with cannon, yet a few pieces of ordnance on its summit pointed frowningly southward, keeping, as it were, a vigilant eye for the coming of the foe. Since that time the place has been known as South Redoubt Mountain, and, in consequence, its Indian appellation has been forgotten, or remembered only by the few.

Manitou hill, or South Redoubt Mountain, still stands in all its pristine loveliness, but the war-whoop of the savage and the wolf's howl are no longer heard in its vicinity; they are forever hushed, numbered with the voices of the past. But to-day other and more congenial sounds break in upon its solitude. Its rocky cliffs, as though in keeping with the progress of the age, send back in repeated echoes the fierce neigh of the iron horse. From its summit, the observer, instead of looking down on scattered wigwams of the savage, beholds smiling villages and cultivated fields; and the placid waters of the Hudson, where once floated only the canoe of the red man, are now plied by innumerable steamers and dotted by the white-winged messengers of commerce. Truly it may be said the world marches steadily onward to a higher destiny.

THE WONDERFUL ASTROLOGER.

OR,

THE DUTCHMAN'S WAGER.



ASTROLOGY, as a science, flourished extensively in generations past, but in these latter days has deservedly fallen into disrepute.

The Astrologer, in the centuries gone by, was regarded with wonder and awe by the community in which he lived, and his fame, as a diviner of the future, had a far-reaching reputation. Fortunately, as the human family progresses in knowledge, the supernatural, indulged in by our fathers, is fast being ruled out, and men everywhere are beginning to learn that there exists a divine law, uninfluenced by human agency, which pervades every system of the universe, and holds within its control the smallest particle of matter. It might be instructive to pursue this thought, and to show the great future of the human family, when the laws governing the universe shall be fully understood, and men everywhere accept the infallible teachings of Providence.

To illustrate the ideas we aim to convey, we need only refer to the reports daily emanating from the seat of government at Washington, as to the laws ruling the atmosphere, which by being clearly interpreted, rain and sunshine are foreshadowed with the nicest accuracy.

These reflections have been forced upon us by the perusal of some ancient documents recently fallen into our possession, which for nearly a century past have been in keeping of the Southard family, who were among the early settlers of Dutchess County, and who for many years resided near "Brinckerhoff's," in the town of Fishkill.

According to the documents alluded to, there appeared in Newburgh

in the early part of the present century an Astrologer, whose reputation as a foreteller of events drew to his humble abode, then in Colden Street, many persons, all anxious to know what good thing fortune had in store for them, and all expecting to learn the agreeable intelligence that some guiding star stood ready to lead them onward to wealth, happiness, and fame.

In order that the reader may have a proper introduction to the Astrologer, and be able to comprehend him from a scientific point of view, we herewith submit for perusal a few extracts taken from the Newburgh *Avalanche*, a leading and influential journal of that day :

EXTRACT.

The reporter's interview with the Astrologer :

REPORTER (*On entering the room*). I presume I stand in the presence of the renowned Oriental Astrologer, the great Johannas Jotopeka, whose fame as an interpreter of coming events has preceded his arrival on this Western Hemisphere.

ASTROLOGER. I am happy in being able to welcome to my present humble apartments the esteemed and learned Reporter of the *Avalanche*, of whom I can say, without the slightest flattery, he possesses a profundity of intellect far above the habitudes of the literary faculty.

REPORTER (*Greatly flattered*). Permit me to ask if you were aware of my coming here, as you appear to be familiar with my characteristics, name, and profession?

ASTROLOGER. Most certainly, sir. Nothing on earth, in air, sea, or sky, escapes my notice. When men of like affinities—that is to say, those possessing great depth of thought—come within a certain radius, their approach is announced by a particular star, and their name, occupation, and mental calibre can be correctly determined by those conversant with astrological science.

REPORTER (*Rising in his own estimation*). Do I understand you to say, sir, that my daily life and destiny is controlled by a particular star?

ASTROLOGER. Most certainly. Knowing of your coming here this afternoon, by the influence of your particular star, I consulted the orbit through which it has travelled of late, and discovered that for some months past it has been groping its way through a sky-fog, which Astronomers ignorantly term “the milky way.” But I am happy to say it is now emerging from the low grounds of mist and clouds, and, in a few days at the farthest, will pass into a serener atmosphere between the planets Pliadus and Pocahontas, when your thinking powers will speedily feel an undue recuperation.

REPORTER (*Steadily going up*). Are the habits and capabilities of all mor-

tals controlled by a particular star, and, if so, from what quarter are such stars derived ?

ASTROLOGER (*Scratching his head, feeling rather puzzled, but answers*). Stars, like all other commodities, are regulated by the well-known law of supply and demand. About forty billions of miles beyond the planet Jupiter is a great star manufactory, where stars of all grades and sizes are kept constantly on hand. When a child is born—no matter under what circumstances or conditions—a star is selected to suit the mental capacity of the new-comer, which is immediately sent whirling through space, and by a law known as “mental reservation,” it continues to exercise through the life of that particular individual a wholesome and mollifying influence.

REPORTER (*Getting anxious*). When an individual dies, what becomes of his particular star ?

ASTROLOGER (*Nearly bursted*). Oh, they are generally sold for old brass, or sometimes are disposed of to the inhabitants of other planets for breast-pins.

REPORTER—caved in—rises, bows his thanks and hastily retires.

We subjoin another extract from the same paper, taken from the editorial column :

EXTRACT.—*Editorial*.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers that the celebrated Astrologer, Johannas Jotopeka, arrived in our village yesterday, and has taken up his residence in Colden Street, where, as we understand, he will remain for a few weeks. This learned adept in the movements of the heavenly bodies and their influences on the human race graduated with distinguished honors at the Astrological College at Joppa, a seaport of some prominence on the Mediterranean. For some time past he has been travelling in Europe, dispensing his vast knowledge to the “crowned heads” of the different Governments, and everywhere, as we have the pleasure of knowing, was received with distinguished consideration. Owing to the great strain on his mental powers in standing before Kings, his health became somewhat impaired, and, by the advice of his physician, he has made a flying visit to this country for the purpose of enjoying the salubrious air of this locality. We are happy in being able to say that the health of our distinguished visitor has already so far improved, that he will be pleased to see any one desiring in a personal sense a knowledge of future events, and we hope our citizens, without distinction, will extend to him those civilities which are ever due to men of science and erudition. Our reporter held a scientific conference with the Astrologer late yesterday afternoon, the details of which will be found in another column.

AN OBSERVATION BY THE AUTHOR.

Perhaps just here we ought to observe, in justice to the proprietors of the *Avalanche*, that the above editorial found its way into the columns of the paper in the absence of the responsible editor.

PART SECOND.—THE ASTROLOGER UNVEILED.

Having exhibited the Astrologer in his assumed dress, we now proceed to show him up in his every-day attire.

Among the vast multitude under whose criticism this article will fall, there will probably be many whose fond recollections still cluster around the Yates Tavern, which graced the precincts of New Hackensack, Dutchess County, in the days of which we write. However, should so strange an event be possible, that no one of our readers have a remembrance of that old and honored institution, we beg leave to assure them, as far as the old tavern is concerned, we are indulging in no idle fiction, for it was an institution widely known in its day. The glorious suppers there dispensed in the "olden time" to parties of pleasure have become matters of history.

On an evening in October, 1801, in a back room of the Yates Tavern, four men were seated around a table, engaged in an animated discussion. The principal speaker was a peddler named Duval, who had just returned from a successful expedition, and in consideration of his success in disposing of his wares had invited three companions to partake of a little good-cheer at the inn. The three men so invited were the blacksmith and cobbler of the place, and a little Dutchman named Snook, who hailed from New Windsor, Orange County.

The party, owing to their frequent demands on the "bar," had become greatly exhilarated. The peddler, who was possessed of a large amount of gab, belonging to his profession, was holding forth. He was endeavoring to show that the safest and shortest road to wealth lay in the science of bamboozling. No man, he said, understood that science better than himself. He could at any time, in less than ten minutes, make any man or any number of men believe that white was black and black was white. He proceeded for some time in this strain, let-

ting out, unintentionally, many of the tricks of his trade, when, apparently thinking he had gone too far, he wound up by assuring his auditors, though he could in less than no time humbug or bamboozle any community out of their seven senses, yet in matters of trade he had always acted on the square.

Snook, who had listened with great attention to the remarks of the peddler, and who had already drank at least a half gallon of beer at the peddler's expense, concluded from the obligation so imposed, that it was his duty to indorse the peddler's remarks; whereupon he arose and said that he knew but very little about humbugging or bamboozling, as such matters were not indulged in to any extent in Orange County; but here in Dutchess, the remarks of his learned friend, no doubt, applied with great force. Snook continued for some time in a eulogistic strain, when, stopping to deposit a fresh supply of beer in his inner man, he slipped off the track, and became strongly antagonistic; fetching his heavy fist down on the table, he offered to bet the peddler fifty pounds that he, nor no other man, could humbug or bamboozle any community in Orange County. The people over there, he said, knew what they were about; they had their eye-teeth cut, and were "up to trap."

The peddler eagerly accepted the bet, when, without further ado, an agreement was drawn up, setting forth the particulars of the wager, which was signed and witnessed by the parties.

We here remark, by way of parenthesis, that Snook's speech was delivered in low Dutch, a vernacular then much in vogue in that section, and which his companions perfectly understood, but which, for the better understanding of the reader, we have rendered in English.

AGREEMENT.

We, the undersigned, do make the following agreement, to wit: We do both agree on the morrow, without fail, to deposit in the hands of John N. Bailey, Esq., Magistrate, the sum of 50 pounds, subject to the following conditions: Silas Duval, peddler, agrees to humbug or bamboozle some one community in Orange County, within twelve months from the date hereof. Should he do so to the satisfaction of Peter Myers and Matthew Thorn, witnesses hereto, and who are constituted sole judges in the case, then the said money, that is, the 100 pounds deposited in the hands of John N. Bailey, Esq., Magistrate, shall become the property of said Silas Duval. Should, however,

the said Silas Duval, peddler, fail to humbug or bamboozle any community in Orange County to the satisfaction of said Myers and Thorn, within the specified time, that is to say, 12 months from the date hereof, then the said 100 pounds shall become the property of Godfrey Snook.

NEW HACKENSACK, *October 3rd*, 1801.

Witness:

PETER MYERS,
MATTHEW THORN.

Signed:

SILAS DUVAL.
GODFREY SNOOK.

The magistrate mentioned in the foregoing instrument, who was the father of the writer, resided at the time a short distance above Yates' Tavern, on the opposite side of the creek, at the place known as the Ford.

Duval, the peddler, had a large and lucrative trade with the country around, and for that day sold many rich and costly goods, which were obtained direct from Europe. His customers, who lived far and near, frequently desired certain styles of articles not obtainable in this country; therefore, in such cases, he was obliged to order direct from the European market, and at times would go abroad and superintend the selection of the goods in person.

Duval, notwithstanding his boast he could humbug any community, yet (if we except a few minor tricks he indulged in when trading with slippery customers) had the good sense to know that in the more important matters of trade "honesty was the best policy," therefore when he asserted that in all business matters he had acted on the square, he, to a certain extent, told the truth. He was determined to win the bet made with Snook, and made his arrangements accordingly. During the winter he obtained many orders for goods, and early in the spring sailed for Europe, informing his customers that, owing to the many orders given him to fill, he would necessarily be absent for six months. He, however, hastily filled his orders, and returned at the expiration of ninety days, having been booked on the return voyage as Johannis Jotopeka, Astrologer, etc.

Duval returned very strangely disguised; he wore a large bushy wig, his beard (an appendage not generally worn in those days) had become greatly elongated, and was dyed as black as ink; his most prominent organ, the nose, was decorated with green-colored spectacles; he had also acquired an unusual limp, something like the spring-halt,

which necessitated his using a cane when perambulating in public, which article was of oriental manufacture, and was provided with a head not unlike that of a boa-constrictor's—so, take him all in all, the Astrologer presented to the public gaze an appearance very different from that of the general race of men.

On the voyage home, Duval made the acquaintance of a literary man, to whom he confided his secret, who, for a small consideration, agreed to have the Astrologer properly heralded in the New York papers on their arrival, which was done in the true bombastic style, and which (as we trust) satisfactorily accounts for the favorable notice extended to him by the Newburgh *Avalanche*, on his arrival at that place.

The favorable notice given the Astrologer in the columns of the *Avalanche*, brought to his apartments very many persons seeking a knowledge of things to come, as well as on other matters. To give even a synopsis of the many interviews held with the Astrologer would occupy more space than is usually allotted to newspaper correspondents. We therefore detail only one of the many interviews, leaving all others to the imagination of the reader.

The Astrologer had greatly the advantage of his visitors, for in those days of sparse population, he had, in the way of business, become acquainted with the principal members of every household within a radius of forty miles, and was therefore able to tell them many *home* truths, which fully established his reputation as the chief of wizards; for they said, if he knew so much of their past lives, he must certainly know what was in the future.

One morning, who should call on the Astrologer but Betsy Sharp, a very old friend. Betsy hailed from Esopus, and was greatly troubled with that distressing malady known as the "hypo" (see hypochondria). For many long and weary years she had been trying to rout this malady from her system; barrels of catnip and pennyroyal had inundated the seat of war in vain; in fact, every known remedy had been tried, still the hypo held on with a tenacious grip—it was thar.

Madam Sharp, hearing of the wonderful Astrologer, as a last resort, stepped down to Newburgh to lay her case before him. Her first inquiry on entering the Astrologer's apartment was, "Is this the wizard man?"

Duval, as we have already hinted, was well acquainted with the old lady—in fact, she was one of his most reliable customers. Every time he passed through Esopus, she would rush out to his wagon to know if he had any new remedy for the hypo, saying she was all the time getting wusser and wusser; nothing did her any good; accordingly he had to sell her some new remedy that he could recommend as “sure fire.”

Duval, knowing his visitor was extremely garrulous, commanded her in rather a peremptory manner to sit down and remain perfectly quiet until he could consult her star. He then commenced turning over the pages of an old account-book, every half minute wriggling his nose, and looking up towards the ceiling. Presently he exclaimed, “Madam, your star has hove in view. Ah! let me see, it is the color of sope—yes, sope it is. Madam, I see by your star you came from Sope-us (the ancient pronunciation), and have been troubled for many years with a very distressing complaint called the hypo.” Here the old lady held up both hands in astonishment, and shrieked out, “Can you cure it, Mister Wizard man?” “Cure it, did you say? Why, Madam, I can knock it higher than a kite. Now, Madam, listen; do you know what a woodchuck is?” The old lady nodded. “Then you go directly home; don’t stop to gossip on the way; when you get home ask Bill Smith, your next-door neighbor, to shoot a woodchuck; cut off its head, do it yourself, tie a tow string around its tail, and hang it up before a rousing hot fire, and keep it there until every bit of grease is extracted from the body; then put the grease in the pewter mug you bought of a peddler two years ago, and twenty times every day rub the grease on the tip of your nose; do it thoroughly, rub hard, Madam, and you will live to be a hundred and twenty years old. Now, Madam, depart; others are waiting their turn. Keep your own counsel, Madam.” Exit Sharp.

Should any of our readers in passing through Esopus inquire what is good for the hypo, the answer will come up from a hundred throats, “Woodchuck’s grease.”

PART THIRD.—SNOOK BAMBOOZLED.

When Snook returned from his visit to New Hackensack, he gave a glowing description of his reception while there. If a man, he said,

wanted to have a good time and enjoy himself, let him go to New Hackensack ; the people there knew how to entertain strangers ; they were hospitable, generous, and knew how to make visitors feel at home. He spoke of the entertainment given by Duval, as a big affair ; not forgetting to mention the quantity of beer furnished on the occasion. Duval, he said, was decidedly a good fellow ; knew what he was about ; was thrifty in the way of business ; but like most men who were prosperous in their worldly affairs, was terribly conceited, even fancied he could humbug or bamboozle any community. He thought it was his duty to administer a little wholesome correction to his friend on that particular point ; he therefore had bet him fifty pounds he could not bamboozle any community in Orange County.

He hoped his friends and neighbors would keep a sharp lookout for this Dutchess County peddler, who, no doubt, would soon be around endeavoring to play off some of his tricks upon them. It would be a good thing, he said, for some one to go around to the different villages in the county, and notify the inhabitants of the designs of the peddler. He had not the slightest doubt but that he would win the bet, and when he got the money he was going to do a big thing ; he would give the biggest blow-out New Windsor ever heard of—he would let folks know there was such a man around as Godfrey Snook.

When the Astrologer was in full blast in Newburgh, and his fame, after many days, had reached New Windsor, Snook concluded it might be judicious to consult the Astrologer as to the termination of his bet ; whereupon he sent his wife to make the necessary inquiries, who returned with the pleasing intelligence that Snook was bound to win ; whereupon Snook's feelings went up to fever heat. He at once became loud in his praises of the Astrologer, who, he said, was a man of prodigious attainment, and he was surprised that the inhabitants of Newburgh had not awoke to the fact that a great man was in their midst. They should have long since, he said, honored their distinguished visitor with some public demonstration ; have shown him up that the world might see and know that Newburgh was the resort of distinguished men, equal to those who visited places of greater note.

The more Snook thought of a public demonstration in honor of the Astrologer, the better he liked it. The thought occurred to him that he himself might gain a little notoriety thereby. With the pleasing

idea in his head he toted himself up to Newburgh, and laid the matter, in a set speech, before the village fathers. When the subject had been fully digested by those in authority, and all had agreed that a public demonstration in favor of the Astrologer was desirable, there arose a difficulty as to who should bear the expense. The finances of the village were in such a condition that nothing could be expected from that quarter. It was finally decided that the Astrologer be invited to deliver a lecture, to which an admission fee of twelve cents be charged. It was thought that a sufficient sum could be raised in that way to pay the expense of a supper, which should come off immediately after the delivery of the lecture, and to which a few prominent citizens only should be invited. This course was adopted without a dissenting voice, and the Astrologer notified accordingly.

Duval had become greatly intoxicated at his success in playing the Astrologer, and was puffed up with the idea he was equal to any emergency; he, therefore, readily accepted the invitation to deliver a lecture, and at once proceeded to arrange the necessary document for the occasion. A widely extended notice of the proposed lecture was given. Snook made himself generally useful in circulating the notices. In fact, he was the working man of the enterprise, especially in superintending the arrangements for the supper. He knew the exact number of persons the hall would accommodate, in which the lecture was to be held, and, of course, could estimate correctly the receipts of the evening, and, as a precautionary measure (he was afraid of debt), informed the caterers that the supper must cost exactly that amount—no more nor no less. He particularly enjoined on them liberality in furnishing the table, as the affair would be of wide celebrity, and if things were done up right, would tend greatly to bring them into public notice, and be worth a score of advertisements in the public journals.

The evening arrived on which the lecture was to be given. The hall at an early hour was filled with curious citizens, all expecting to hear much that was marvellous. The lecturer, like all distinguished public speakers, was behind-time. He finally, after the patience of the audience had been greatly tried entered by a rear door, preceded by one of the sable sons of Ham, who bore upon his shoulder a large globe depicting the starry heavens. The lecturer, as is the custom, apologized for being late. The stars, he said, were not propitious. He would, however, do the best he could under the circumstances.

After giving the audience a calm survey, he commenced his address by saying he would be obliged to use in the course of his remarks many words that would sound strange to his hearers, as in astrology there were many terms and phrases used which had no corresponding words in the English language. [Applause from Snook.]

"Stars," he remarked, "were of very ancient date. The ancients considered them simply as ornaments, but, through the agency of the science he represented, it had been correctly determined that stars act a very important part in the affairs of men." [Further applause from Snook.]

"It might be a strange idea to the audience, one not easily credited, that every man, woman, and child on this terrestrial globe is, to a greater or less extent, influenced for good or evil by some particular star; but science had demonstrated this fact so clearly, that there is now no longer any doubt on the subject, and it is accepted as a verity by all eminent astrologers. For instance, the gentleman sitting directly before us (pointing to Snook) is influenced in his daily walk and conversation by a star of the first magnitude. His natural affinities would have long since led him into forbidden paths, but the action of his star on the scone of his lunar perceptions had made him the useful citizen, which, in your intercourse with him, you have not been slow to appreciate." [Great applause—Snook joining in with a will.]

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, having made these introductory remarks, I proceed to more complicated matters. The audience, I hope, will endeavor to keep perfectly still. There is a general commotion among the stars this evening; things, I am free to confess, look rather dark. Should any mysterious voices be heard in any part of the house, do not be alarmed, as I am fully able to protect you from all harm." [Here several old ladies used their smelling-bottles freely, and would have been glad to have had an opportunity to step out.]

The Astrologer then proceeded to get off a few scraps of Latin, purloined for the occasion; he also indulged occasionally in long-sounding words twisted together, wholly unintelligible to the audience. He proceeded in this way for some time, when the strange conduct of Snook began to attract attention.

Snook for several minutes had been eying the speaker with more than ordinary attention. He was greatly puzzled. The inquiry had

come up before him, where had he heard that voice? Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the speaker was Duval? His thinking powers were strained to the utmost, and the fact (unpalatable as it was) finally dawned on his understanding that the lecturer was none other than the Dutchess County peddler.

As soon as Snook realized the true situation of affairs, his face turned the color of scarlet, his nostrils became dilated, his eyes bulged outward and were fastened on the Astrologer with a fierceness that foreboded mischief. Suddenly springing to his feet as though his rearward parts had been probed with a hot iron, he sent up the cry which sounded as though his mouth was full of cabbage, "Mein Gott! mein Gott! that's Devil (Devaul). I shall loosh all my monish!"

Had a thirty-two-pounder suddenly opened fire on the audience their consternation could not have been greater. They understood Snook to say the Astrologer was the Devil and would steal all their money, consequently every individual seized his pocket-book and held it with the tenacity of a vise. Cries of intense agony came up from every quarter of the room. Some shouted "police," some "fire," and others "bloody murder." Ladies fainted; children screamed. Babel had come again. During the confusion the Astrologer slipped unperceived through a rear door, and the next moment was leaving Newburgh at the rate of two-forty.

When order was partially restored, all turned to the Astrologer for an explanation; when lo! it was found he had vamosed—or, in other words, had vanished. Some of the audience had the boldness to assert they saw him pass upwards through the roof; others were confident he was still in the house, though invisible. Every one volunteered an opinion; some thought this, others that. Finally the excitement became so great, that all commenced speaking at once; no one would listen to what others said; every one had an opinion of his own and was bound to stick to it.


Amid the din and speculations as to the whereabouts of the Astrologer, an old lady in the crowd, not wishing to be outdone, managed to get up an excitement on her own hook by tumbling over a bench and smashing a bottle of asafœtida contained in her pocket. This feat being accomplished, a fetid odor quickly pervaded every portion of the room, making a *strong* impression on the audience, as they immediately

ceased speaking and went to smelling. When they had sufficiently tested the new article by inspirations through the nasal passage, an individual of an investigating mind sung out, "What is it?" The answer came from an unknown quarter, "The smell of sulphur arising from the body of the invisible Astrologer." This announcement sent the whole crowd a-flying. All with one accord struck out for home, thoroughly satisfied they had had enough of astrology.

Snook, though he ran well, was unable to reveal any facts that evening; but the next morning he had so far recovered his senses as to give a clear account of the matter, acknowledging his fifty pounds were gone. After imbibing a few glasses of beer he turned philosopher and said: anyhow he had had a big time, and that was some consolation.

Duval after the lapse of a few weeks wrote to the village fathers of Newburgh apologizing and explaining the whole affair. They wrote in reply they rather liked the fun, and hoped he would come again soon. But, as far as we have been able to learn, Duval never again appeared in public as an Astrologer.

THE
OUTLAWS OF THE REVOLUTION.
A LEGEND OF JOE'S HILLS.

N the summit of the Fishkill Mountains, some ten miles east from the Hudson River, lies a tract of table-land, interspersed with rocky elevations, known as Joe's Hills. This tract of land during the Revolutionary War, and for many years anterior thereto, was occupied by a squatter named Joe Glover—hence the appellation given to it of Joe's Hills.

The Fishkill Mountains, or the Highlands, as the mountains are more frequently termed in the vicinity of the Hudson, was, during the Revolutionary War, a rendezvous of numerous gangs of outlaws and robbers, who frequently, under cover of night, would descend from their rocky retreats to the plains on either side of the mountains, plundering indiscriminately the friends and foes of liberty.

So bold and daring grew the outlaws in their depredations on the inhabitants of the plains, that the latter, in self-defence, were obliged to organize a force with a view to destroying or dispersing the freebooters and so put an end to their predatory excursions.

Glover was at that time, as far as was known, the only occupant of that part of the mountain known as Joe's Hills. He was a hunter of no mean reputation. The trophies of his skill everywhere adorned his rude cabin, for within and without were stretched on its walls the skins of various animals which had fallen beneath the leaden messengers sped from his unerring rifle.

It had long been supposed that Glover held complicity with the numerous gangs of outlaws which infested the mountains, but whether

their surmises were well founded was a matter not easily determined, for he was not only remarkably shrewd, but was endowed with a large share of duplicity, which made it difficult rightly to interpret his character or to draw from him in conversation anything going to prove that he had the slightest acquaintance with his dangerous neighbors. When visiting the villages contiguous to the mountains to barter skins and other products of the chase for powder and lead, no voice was louder in condemnation of the robbers than Glover's.

As we have already stated, so multiplied had become the depredations of the robbers on the households adjacent to the mountains, and even on those more remote, that safety demanded that such measures should be taken as would not only rid the community of these outlaws, but prove a salutary warning to others who might be disposed to follow their calling.

As the robbers were mostly deserters from the British army—men of the most desperate character—and as their line of retreat was open in so many directions, much skill and courage, as well as a knowledge of the various paths of the mountains, was requisite to accomplish their destruction.

In those days there lived, a few miles west of where now stands the village of Carmel, in Putnam County, a famous hunter and scout named Isaac Pierce. Pierce's knowledge of the mountains in that day was undoubtedly superior to that of any man then living. He was in the habit for days and weeks together of hunting the bear and the catamount as well as the lesser animals which then infested the hills, through all the defiles of the mountains from the rock-bound shore of the Hudson to the far-off hills of Massachusetts.

Pierce was frequently accompanied on his hunting excursions by an Indian chief named Mahtorra, who was descended from a long line of illustrious warriors, renowned for their deeds of arms in many conflicts with the dusky tribes formerly inhabiting the regions of northern and western New York. Through the casualties of war and the still more destructive fire-water of the white man, the tribe of Mahtorra had become reduced to a mere handful of men. Their council-fires had long been extinguished, and the voice of eloquence was no more heard among them, recounting deeds of prowess, or in calling braves to the war-path.

At the time of which we write, the remnant of this once powerful tribe was reduced to the more peaceful occupation of basket-making, and inhabited the hills directly in the rear of the present village of Shenandoah.

Pierce was known to be thoroughly loyal to the American cause, as, in the capacity of scout, he had made several successful detours within the enemy's lines, eliciting much valuable information. He was therefore considered the most befitting man to ferret out the haunts of the robbers, in order that they might be attacked successfully.

Pierce, without hesitation, undertook the hazardous work of ascertaining the rendezvous of the robbers. For the better execution of the work in hand, he held a secret conference with Mahtorra and his tribe, with whom he had long enjoyed the most amicable relations. His interview with the Indians was highly satisfactory. They informed him that, according to an ancient tradition of their tribe, there was a cave in the mountain of great length, sufficiently large to secrete an army of several thousand men. The entrance to it, however, it was said, might be passed and repassed without notice from the casual observer, as it was high up among precipitous rocks, and barely sufficient to admit the body of a man. The precise location of this cave was unknown to the Indians, but they inferred, from what knowledge they had of it, that it was in the vicinity of Joe's Hills.

From various circumstances which from time to time had fallen under the notice of Pierce, he was satisfied that the various gangs which infested the mountains were under the control of one leader—and, of course, were occasionally assembled together. He coincided in the opinion of the Indians that the robbers must have discovered this cave, and if so, it undoubtedly constituted their principal rendezvous or base of operations. He therefore felt confident, with proper management, a blow could be dealt the plundering horde that would either annihilate them or rid that portion of the country of their presence for all time to come.

As a preliminary to future operations, it became necessary to discover the locality of the cave, and preparations were immediately set on foot for the purpose. The Indians freely offered their services for the work, but it was deemed prudent that only Mahtorra should accompany Pierce in the search, lest the absence of so many of the tribe from their en-

campment if discovered might awaken suspicion and frustrate the object in view.

Notwithstanding the Indians had thus far readily acquiesced in every measure proposed by Pierce, and with vehement gestures had signified their readiness to render him all the aid in their power, yet, knowing the capriciousness of the race, he deemed it advisable before proceeding further to enter into a formal compact with them, lest they should desert him in the very hour of emergency.

He therefore invited the Indians to a council, to be held according to the ancient usages of the tribe when bound on the war-path, for he knew that on such occasions whatever agreements or contracts were entered into were considered sacred and binding by the red man.

The Indians readily agreed to hold a "talk," or pow-wow, as some writers have termed it, and for this purpose their council-pipe, unused for many years, was brought forth from its buckskin pouch and newly embellished. Their principal wigwam or council-house was carefully swept, and the few remaining emblems of the tribe used on such occasions were placed in conspicuous parts of the building. When these and several other minor preparations were completed, those of the tribe who were considered warriors seated themselves in a circle on the floor of the room, as did also Pierce, who occupied the place next to Mahtorra.

Silence the most profound reigned for some minutes, when Mahtorra filled and lighted the council-pipe, which lay in a wooden bowl in the centre of the circle, and from which he inhaled but a single puff, and then handed it to Pierce, who followed the example, and in turn handed it to the warrior next to him, which ceremony continued to be repeated until the pipe had completed the circle and each man had had his puff.

The pipe was then replaced in the bowl, by which procedure it was understood that the council was open for business. As it devolved on Pierce to explain for what object they had convened, he arose and proceeded to address the assembly.

Pierce, though but a poor diplomatist, yet possessed much tact and shrewdness. He had already explained to the tribe the object of his visit, but he found it necessary to recapitulate to some extent what he had already said, which he did with great minuteness and with appar-

ent effect. Knowing the weak points of his dusky friends, he embraced the opportunity of arousing their pride, by referring to the glorious achievements of their fathers in their war with the Five Nations of the north. In conclusion, he so far played the orator, as to awaken the enthusiasm of his auditors to that degree, that the exclamation of "good" frequently escaped their lips.

When Pierce had resumed his seat, Little Brier, who, in influence and position, ranked next to Mahtorra, and who was undoubtedly the acknowledged orator of the tribe, arose to reply. He commenced speaking in tones so low as to be scarcely audible, but as he proceeded, his voice gradually became clear and powerful; and, at times, such was the poetry of his language and the imagery of his figures of speech, that they might have been classed among the happiest flights of rhetoric.

The speaker commenced his address by saying that "many snows had come and gone since the tribe last met in council." He dwelt at some length on the former greatness of the tribe, contrasting it with its then failing condition. Suddenly pausing, he swept the horizon with his right arm, and in tones that thrilled his auditors, inquired, "Where is the red man who formerly inhabited these hills and valleys, and whose numbers were as the leaves of the forest? where," he continued, "where are those mighty braves—Bold Thunder, Brave Heart, and White Cloud, at the mention of whose names their enemies everywhere trembled? The Great Spirit," he said, "had need of such warriors, and had called them to the happy hunting-grounds far beyond the setting sun." And as his eye suddenly fell on the feeble band around him his voice became husky and melancholy, as he added, "The Great Spirit has need of more warriors. We, too, will soon be called away, and before the return of many moons, the last of the race of the great Wiccapie will be forever swept from the face of the earth."

He next reviewed the speech of Pierce, whom he at times complimented by the title of "Open Hand." "Our Brother," he said, "had come among them to solicit aid and co-operation against a band of plunderers. As for himself, although his head was whitened o'er by the frost of winter, yet he was ready to co-operate in any measure for the extermination of the robbers—be it by the tomahawk of the red man or the white man's rifle—and he felt confident he was speaking the sentiment of every warrior present."

We have given the reader but a feeble idea of the speech of Little Brier, as he spoke in the dialect of his tribe, which, owing to the peculiar construction of many of its words, is exceedingly difficult to render into English, and at the same time preserve its harmony.

After a short address by Mahtorra, an alliance was concluded between Pierce and his Indian friends, which was, in substance, that the Indians were to hold themselves in readiness at the call of Pierce; they, however, in all the movements which might be required of them, were to be under the control or leadership of their chief, Mahtorra. The whole proceedings were then ratified, as is the invariable custom on such occasions, by the bestowment of a plentiful supply of fire-water and the distribution of a few presents, the whole concluding with a feast and a dance which lasted long into the hours of the night. The next morning Pierce and Mahtorra, provisioned for several days, turned their faces towards Joe's Hills.

For many hours that day they kept strict watch on the hut of Glover. Their patience was finally rewarded by seeing Glover, in company with five others, leave the premises. It was immediately determined that Mahtorra should follow the party, while Pierce remained behind to explore the cabin. Pierce found no difficulty in effecting an entrance within the place, where he soon discovered abundant evidence of Glover's complicity with the robbers. In leaving the cabin, he was careful to leave no trace that any one had been within during the absence of the owner, and then started to rejoin the Indian chief. But it was several days before they again met. Mahtorra, in the meantime, had discovered the cave, and brought intelligence which demanded on their part immediate action.

It appeared the Indian had followed Glover and his party through many intricate windings of the mountain, and at last had the happiness of seeing them enter the cave, the entrance to which tallied very nearly with the account given by the Indians, it being in the side of a precipitous hill full one hundred feet above its base. Mahtorra lay concealed in the vicinity for nearly two days, keeping a close eye to matters. During that time several parties of men left the cave, when, thinking it entirely deserted, he concluded to make a personal exploration of the place. He had, however, hardly got within when he heard the robbers returning. By hastily clambering up over some pro-

jecting rocks within the cave he managed to escape observation—where for twenty-four hours he quietly lay within hearing of every word the robbers uttered.

While thus concealed he learned from the conversation of the robbers that they were on the eve of starting on an expedition to some part of Westchester County, which would require their whole force, and occupy at least a week's time. Mahtorra remained in his place of concealment until the expedition had got fairly under way, when he hastened to join Pierce.

The two men held a long conference—they cautiously examined the mountain in the vicinity of the cave, the approach to which was through a deep ravine, environed on each side by towering hills. After satisfying themselves as to the nature of the ground, they hastily left the mountain, apparently having determined on a line of action.

After a lapse of a few days, two parties of men appeared in the vicinity of the cave, one under the command of Pierce, and one under Mahtorra. The forces were immediately stationed on the hills overlooking the ravine, where they lay in ambush awaiting the return of the robbers.

Early in the morning of the third day after their arrival, word was brought by an Indian runner, sent out for that purpose, that the freebooters were returning, heavily laden with spoils. In a moment the parties stationed on the hills became as silent as the rocks around them. The plunderers came marching along in a compact column through the ravine, doubtless thinking themselves beyond pursuit, and wholly unconscious of the danger so near. When they arrived at a given point a signal was given, when in a moment the air rang with the simultaneous report of more than fifty rifles. So unerring was the aim of the attacking party, that more than forty of the robbers lay stretched in the agonies of death; seven only escaping, who were successfully pursued by the fleet-footed warriors of Mahtorra.

In those days summary justice was frequently meted to transgressors without awaiting the tardy operations of the law. It was so with the seven freebooters who escaped the sanguinary fire that laid lifeless so many of their companions—for they were immediately taken to the brow of a neighboring hill, and suspended from the limb of an oak—which tragic event caused the spot to be long celebrated, and even to this day the place is known as Hangman's Hill.

In examining the slain who had fallen, the body of Glover was discovered. He alone of all the number was known. The others were strangers, supposed mostly to be deserters from the British army.

So complete an extermination of so formidable a band of robbers reflected the highest credit on those who conducted the enterprise against them, and it proved the means of freeing that portion of the country ever afterwards of marauders of the like description.

For many years after the events described, Joe's Hills and vicinity was said to be frequented by a mysterious hunter, who was generally supposed to be the ghost of Glover. The apparition at times appeared riding on a fleet pony, causing the hills far and near to echo with its rifle—and then again it could be seen standing conspicuously on the brow of some lofty hill, firing at some object in the air, and then suddenly vanishing, as if by magic, in a cloud of smoke. And even to this day, when mysterious sounds are heard in that part of the mountains, the inhabitants of that region confidently assert that they are the reports of the rifle of the mysterious hunter of Joe's Hills.

AUNT PEGGY PRIM.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.



THE occasional traveller between Fishkill Landing and Fishkill Village can not fail to have noticed that midway between the two places the road passes over a ledge of rocks of a pale red color.

The earlier inhabitants of that vicinity generally entertained the opinion that the color of these rocks indicated the presence of a gold mine beneath. But notwithstanding such impressions, they were reluctant to incur the expense and labor of excavating without some positive assurance that in so doing, they would be rewarded in the finding of gold.

About fifty years ago, near the rocks, stood a small house of entertainment, kept by Miss Peggy Prim. Aunt Peggy, as she was familiarly called, was quite an institution in her day. When serving her customers she moved erect as a sunbeam, and assumed a dignity befitting any queen. Although Aunt Peggy has long since disappeared from earth's transitory scenes, and her ornamental sign of Cake and Beer no longer creaks on its hinges to attract the gaze of thirsty travellers, yet we doubt not that many of the old inhabitants remember Aunt Peggy, and can call to mind the pleasing influence that her cake and beer were wont to exercise over the inner man.

A half a century ago, the world jogged on in a quiet, sensible way. No telegraph poles with magnetic wires lined the waysides. No whistling locomotives traversed the country, hurrying travellers from place to place, neither were fortunes then made and lost in a single day; but mankind, aside from city life, moved on untainted by sordid ambition; they held, in the language of the poet, the noiseless tenor of their way.

Aunt Peggy Prim had but few relatives. Of a once numerous household, none remained to her but a brother and sister; the former was settled in the far-off West, and the latter, who was much younger than Aunt Peggy, was married and resided in New York. Aunt Peggy at an early age was deprived of both father and mother, and being the eldest of the family, on her devolved the care of the little ones, and nobly, through many a long and weary year, did she struggle to supply to them the place of a mother. The world, fortunately, has been blessed with many self-sacrificing spirits, who, like Aunt Peggy, have lost sight of self, and toiled unremittingly for the good of others—and we might add, would that their labors were better appreciated.

At the time of which we write, a journey to and from New York was considered by the inhabitants of Fishkill an affair of considerable magnitude. Nothing would have tempted Aunt Peggy to have visited New York by the then usual route, which was by water, in the good sloop *Caroline*, as she had a perfect dread of the limpid element in larger quantities than a quart, and besides, her opinions of city ways were not of an exalted character; she had once been induced to visit Newburgh, and returned highly indignant at the inhabitants of the place. She declared the people there had no manners; they ran against her from every quarter, much to the detriment of her new calico dress, which she had purchased especially for that occasion; and one person, she said, even went so far as to call her Old Gal, and wanted to know why she took up so much of the sidewalk. Consequently Aunt Peggy never could be induced to visit New York; therefore what visiting was done between herself and sister had to be performed by the latter, who for many years after her removal to the city, invariably made an annual visit to the home of her childhood. But, as time rolled on, these visits became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Aunt Peggy used to complain a little of her sister's neglect; she would say, "Sister has become rich and lives in a fine house, and I suppose she has forgotten me"; but when so speaking, her words contained no tones of resentment—for Aunt Peggy's heart was a stranger to either malice or guile.

On a bright morning in the month of June Miss Prim was rendered somewhat nervous by having a letter placed in her hands bearing the superscription, "Miss Margaret Prim, Fishkill." Miss Prim's corre-

spondence was exceedingly limited ; the post had not favored her with an epistle of any kind for at least a dozen years, and so unexpected a favor from that quarter drew rather strongly on her nervous system. After carefully wiping her spectacles, she opened the letter, and if the reader could have noticed her countenance during its perusal, he would have seen there depicted every shade of expression. First extreme gravity prevailed, then came a slight reaction in the way of playful smiles, and finally, as the letter was read and re-read, the whole face became radiant with joy. At this stage of affairs the voice of Miss Prim could be heard crying, "Jude! I say, Jude! where are you!" In obedience to the summons, the maid-of-all-work, who was of pure African descent, made her appearance. "Jude," said her mistress, "I've got a letter from sister 'Becca, and she writes me that she and the children are coming to see *us* next week. Now, Jude, we shall have our hands full, for sister's children are nearly grown, and they are real quality. Let me see, Margaret must be nearly twenty; you know, Jude, Margaret is named after me; how glad I shall be to see the dear girl! Then there is Phebe; Phebe must be eighteen. She is named after mother. And then there is master Tom, who no doubt considers himself by this time a young man, though he is nearly two years younger than Phebe. I wonder if Tom has forgotten how to eat suppawn. Why, Jude, when he was a little boy, and came to see me, it was astonishing how he could eat suppawn. Dear me, we will have to replenish our larder. York people know how to eat, especially when they get good country fare like ours; and sister's children, while they stay with me, shall have the very best. Sister writes that Margaret is not very well; no wonder; I don't believe the dear child has had a drop of fresh milk since she was last here, and that was when she was a little girl."

Thus rattled on Aunt Peggy, but whether she was soliloquizing or addressing Jude, would have been difficult to determine. If she was aiming to do the latter, Jude was but a poor auditor, for while her mistress was speaking she was performing the most startling evolutions. At times she would whirl around on one foot, and then with surprising nimbleness she would skip over a chair, and then again with rapid bounds she would ascend perpendicular to a close proximity with the ceiling, continually ejaculating through all her movements, "Just so, missus!"

But Jude's exercises were brought to a sudden termination by her mistress saying, "Now, Jude, if you will be a good girl and work right smart while sister and her family are here, you shall have a silver dollar." At the mention of a silver dollar Jude's eyes rolled like a ship in a storm, and her immense mouth opened like the entrance to some mighty cavern, when she made her usual exclamation, "Just so, missus!" "Now, Jude," continued her mistress, "you go into the kitchen and commence brushing up; mind and have every tin so you can see your face in it." In accordance with this order, Jude cleared the room at one bound through the open door, and the next moment could be heard singing in the distance:

"Oh! there is a good time coming!"

The extra quantity of smoke which for the next few days came puffing from Aunt Peggy's kitchen chimney, attracted great attention from the wondering neighbors. Old Mrs. Jacques, who in those days had the supervision of the domestic affairs of the neighborhood, declared that something unusual was going on over to Miss Prim's, or there would never be so much smoke coming out of the chimney; so throwing on her hood, she went over to ascertain what was going on. Instead of entering the reception-room, where cake and beer were vended, and which was open to visitors at all seasonable hours, she proceeded around to the kitchen door. As she neared the door, which, at that moment, stood partly ajar, odoriferous perfume greeted her olfactories, which greatly added to her inquisitiveness, for quickening her pace she glided into the kitchen, where, to her astonishment, she beheld long rows of pies fresh from the oven, and immense piles of cake which towered up like the peaks of the adjacent mountains.

Mrs. Jacques' surprise was so complete that she stood for a few moments with uplifted hands, then giving vent to her astonishment, she exclaimed, "Law suz! Aunt Peggy, ain't you crazy? Why, who on earth is going to eat up all those things?"

Aunt Peggy, whose face, owing to the heat and excitement of the occasion, had become the color of red flannel, on hearing her name mentioned, turned around, flourishing her sticking-fork with a science which would have done credit to a Roman gladiator. "Ah, Mrs. Jacques!" she said, "is that you? Come sit down; you see I am hard at

work preparing for my sister's family; I expect them here next week."

"Do tell!" rejoined Mrs. Jacques; "why, I hain't heard that before."

"Yes," said Aunt Peggy, "they are coming next week, and I want things done up beforehand, so that when sister arrives I shall have leisure to sit down and talk."

Mrs. Jacques' stay was short. Fearing some one might anticipate her in circulating the news she had just learned, she bade Miss Prim a hasty good-morning, and for an hour or two afterwards she might have been seen dodging in and out of the different dwellings in the neighborhood, explaining to her wondering friends why so much smoke was emitted from Aunt Peggy's chimney.

On the day when Aunt Peggy's guests were expected, she dressed herself with the most scrupulous care; cap after cap was tried on to ascertain which was the most becoming. Jude, who was called on to criticize, declared with emphasis, that all the caps "sot fust rate." "Missus," she said, "looked well in anything." A cap was finally selected which added greatly to the charms of Miss Prim, whose toilet, after several other decorations at the hands of the critic, was pronounced complete, when she sat down to await the coming of her friends.

At eleven o'clock a large wagon, drawn by two spirited bays, came dashing up in front of Aunt Peggy's. Jude, who had been on the lookout since eight o'clock, announced the arrival of the friends by innumerable jumps in the air, and with shouts which would have done credit to a whole tribe of Tuscaroras on the war-path.

The meeting of the sisters was of the most cordial kind. The fountains of Aunt Peggy's heart, long sealed, broke forth at again seeing her beloved relatives—unable to restrain her emotions, she threw herself on her sister's neck and sobbed like a child. Jude, seeing her mistress in tears, and being unable to divine the cause, concluded she was called upon to emulate her mistress on the occasion, whereupon she set up the most hideous cries, and notwithstanding she was repeatedly ordered to desist, yet for a long time she refused to be comforted.

We shall attempt no description of Aunt Peggy's nieces, Margaret and Phebe. Justice, however, requires us to say that they made a happy impression on their aunt during their short stay with her. But master Tom requires at our hands more than a passing notice. Tom's

dress was of a style peculiarly his own, for his habiliments were wholly unlike those then in use, or at least such as were worn in that vicinity. His head was garnished by a hat resembling a stove-pipe, which inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees; how it retained its position was a poser to the uninitiated. His shirt was furnished with prodigious ruffles, which protruded through the opening in his vest to such an extent that at a short distance they might have been mistaken for a snow-drift. The color of his pataloons was not easily determined, for immense yellow and blue stripes ran over and around them in zig-zag directions, like the coil of a serpent. Tom's pantaloons might have been considered a close fit, for they clung to his nether limbs with the tenacity of a vise, and in order to prevent their crawling upwards, they were held at the bottom by straps passing underneath his boots. To finish the description, a ribbon was fastened to his vest, to which was secured at the opposite end a fanciful quizzing-glass, and which to appearances was in no danger of becoming rusty, as its journeys between Tom's nose and vest-pockets were constant and unremitting.

The party soon sat down to a sumptuous dinner, which was greatly relished by the new-comers, for under their repeated assaults the good things provided melted away like snow in summer. Tom throughout stuck to the chicken-pie; no other dish or delicacy could for a moment divert his attention. Jude, who filled the office of waitress on the occasion, had been instructed by her mistress that as soon as any of the guests ceased eating to remove their plates, and substitute a clean one, and then ask what next they would be helped to.

Jude, in obedience to the instructions so given, kept a sharp lookout. Seeing Tom pause for a moment to take breath, she immediately caught up his plate, and brought him a clean one with the inquiry, "What next, master Tom?" "A little more chicken-pie," said Tom. It was immediately furnished, when Tom fell to eating again with renewed ardor, but in a few moments he was again out of wind, and obliged for the second time to pause. In a twinkling Jude again removed his plate, furnishing him with a clean one, and saying as before, "What next, master Tom?" "A little more of the chicken-pie," said Tom. The same manœuvres were again and again repeated—fortunately, for the credit of Aunt Peggy, the chicken-pie held out until Tom's appetite was thoroughly satiated.

After dinner the luggage was to be cared for. "Tom," said Aunt Peggy, "take hold of the side of this trunk, and help me carry it upstairs." Tom brought his quizzing-glass to his nose, curiously eying the old lady, as much as to say, that is not my work; but remembering the next moment that when in Rome we must conform to the custom of the Romans, he condescended to obey the order given. In stooping to raise the trunk a ripping sound was heard beneath his feet, which caused Tom rather abruptly to drop his end of the trunk, and raising up his leg at the same time, he exclaimed, "There, Aunt Peggy, see what you have done; one of my straps is bursted, and now how am I to keep my pantaloons down?"

Aunt Peggy viewed the accident with her usual composure. She said to Tom, "Never mind, I'll soon set that to rights; I see you are not prepared for this work; here, Jude," she continued, "you take hold," and by the aid of Jude, the trunks were stowed in the apartments above.

Tom and his sisters greatly enjoyed themselves from day to day. They took long strolls through the fields, clambered up the neighboring mountains, and enjoyed many a pleasant ride through the courtesy of the young men of the vicinity.

One evening the young folks returned rather late from an excursion. Their mother and Aunt Peggy had retired. They therefore immediately proceeded to their sleeping apartments. Tom had scarcely got in bed when his sisters came rushing into his room pale with fright, crying, "Tom, dear Tom, there is a ghost in our room!" At the mention of a ghost, Tom buried himself deeply beneath the bed-clothes, a clammy sweat stole over him, and his teeth knocked together as though he had an attack of fever and ague. At every appeal of his sisters, he dove deeper in the labyrinths of the bed. The sisters, not knowing what had become of him, rushed into the apartment where their aunt and mother slept. Aunt Peggy, on being informed of the cause of the alarm, proceeded to buckle on her armor. While she was preparing for action, Tom concluded, from the stillness that reigned, that all danger was past; consequently he crept cautiously from his hiding-place, and proceeded to look into the room where the ghost was said to have been.

Aunt Peggy, in the meantime, had gone into the room, and was ex-

amining the fire-place. Tom, as he peered cautiously into the apartment, caught a glimpse of Aunt Peggy's head, which was ensconced in a red flannel night-cap. Thinking he had seen the ghost for certain, he gave a wild cry and rushed back to his own room, burying himself again doubly deep beneath the coverlets.

The cry of Tom scared Aunt Peggy in turn, who, too, hastily skeddaddled, not knowing but the enemy was moving on her "in force."

During the remainder of the night, both Aunt Peggy and her guests "lay on their arms" expecting an attack from the supernatural foe; but as the enemy did not make his appearance during the night, their courage so far revived with the opening day, that dispositions were at once made to resume the offensive.

After fortifying the inner man with copious draughts of root beer, the forces moved—Aunt Peggy leading the column and Tom in command of the reserve. As they entered within the enemy's lines they discovered, much to their satisfaction, that there would be no occasion for the effusion of blood, as a swallow's nest containing some young birds had been the cause of all their fears. The nest had fallen down the chimney during the night, and the chirping of the little birds behind the fire-board had occasioned all the mischief.

Tom's nerves were so shocked at the events we have just related, that he prevailed on his mother to consent to an early departure for home. It was therefore decided, that the day after they would turn their faces towards the city. In the interim another event occurred, which greatly increased their desire to evacuate the place.

A mad dog that same afternoon passed along the highway, pursued by an innumerable company of men and boys. The next morning, as Tom was drinking his second bowl of milk, Jude came running into the room with an excited countenance, shouting, "Missus! I say, Missus! that dog what had the *hydropobila* must have bitten our cow, for all the time she acts madder and madder." This information made Tom feel very uncomfortable during the balance of the day, and he gave the milk-pans and the old cow an astonishing wide berth during the remainder of his visit.


At the appointed time, Aunt Peggy's friends departed for their home, and it gives us pleasure to add that their visit, at stated intervals, was repeated.

Miss Prim long since exchanged this world for a better. By industry and economy she amassed, for the time in which she lived, a handsome fortune, which she bequeathed to her sister's children. Her hand through life was ever open to the claims of charity, for the poor from her door went not empty away—and of her it may be truly written, "She lived for the good of others."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PETER PICKERAL,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

OWL DEBATING SOCIETY.

N these days of public demoralization, when virtue in high places is at a sad discount—when thieves, prize-fighters, and vagabonds of every description not unfrequently are elevated to offices of trust and emolument—it is refreshing to look back and know there was a time in the history of our country when good and true men alone administered the laws and labored with a self-sacrificing spirit to elevate the condition of their fellow-men. The memory of such men should not be allowed to perish; their names and deeds should be enrolled in transcendent characters on the canvas of immortality and handed down as bright examples, worthy of imitation by all succeeding generations.

Peter Pickeral, whose virtues we chronicle, lived and flourished some forty years ago, in a village then known as the Five Corners, and located directly opposite the village of Newburgh—the Hudson River intervening.

It gives us great pleasure to state that Mr. Pickeral was an unostentatious citizen. Unlike other men, he made no attempt to appear what he was not. He made no foolish pretensions of being a millionaire, but through rain and sunshine, amid summer's heat and winter's cold, under the most caustic caudle lectures or amid the balmy breeze of domestic bliss, he was ever the same unostentatious Peter.

But we are happy to say that friend Peter, notwithstanding his unostentatiousness, was decidedly a man of mark. In every sense, he was well red; as, for instance, his nose—which turned up at the tip like the hook of a pump—was always, without reference to wind or weather, of

a deep red color, and lighted up his "phiz" with all the brilliancy of a kerosene lamp. His hair, without the assistance of any artificial preparation, partook of the color of his nose; it was decidedly red. His mansion, too, had, by the genius of some native artist, been colored after the manner of Peter's nose, and was, therefore, red. On Mondays, when the laundress of the Pickeral household flung her banners to the breeze, the prevailing color so ventilated was red. The old rooster that strutted around Peter's door-yard sporting an audacious pair of spurs, and whose shrill, clarion notes were the delight of the young Pickerals, was of plumage red. The little dog, which for many a long, weary year had faithfully guarded the Pickeral mansion, and which snoozed unconcerned beneath Peter's bed at night, for the better protection of himself and master, owing to his daily contact with the outside of the Pickeral dwelling, looked rather red.

In fact, the entire Pickeral family—that is to say, Madam Pickeral, the two Misses Pickeral, and Master Pickeral, one and two, and Baby Pickeral—all instinctively had a charm for red. On Sabbath days, father Pickeral and Master Pickeral one and two, were each provided with a large red bandana, the ends of which, as they passed along towards the village church, conspicuously protruded from their coat pockets, floating like little banners in the breeze. These family emblems generally had a startling effect on those congregated within the porch of the sacred edifice, and not unfrequently might have been heard the remark from some unruly urchin, "Do you see anything red?"

Mr. Pickeral had long studied the science of acoustics, in which he had made great proficiency, for when his old rooster crowed he could generally tell within twenty feet where the bird stood. If his little dog barked he generally knew whether he was under the bed or out of doors. Peter's knowledge of sounds proved of immense benefit to him, and which he turned to advantage in many ways. In church, in order that he might have an attentive ear, he invariably folded his bandana in the form of a semicircle, which he carefully fastened to the back of his cranium—for the purpose, as he said, of better conducting the sounds of the pulpit to the drums of his ears. Peter, as he sat thus covered, was frequently mistaken by strangers for a bundle of red flannel. It was, however, doubtful if Peter's plan for conducting sounds

in church was altogether successful—for it was noticed that before the minister got to firstly, Peter's nasal organ began to grow musical; but whether it was influenced by the sermon or other causes, was never accurately known.

Mr. Pickeral, we believe, never filled any public office other than path-master, but in the duties attached to this particular service he displayed great executive abilities, as those who remember the horrid condition of the roads in and about the Five Corners some forty years ago can abundantly testify. Pickeral advocated the building of all public roads after the manner of the Great Wall of China, with the simple difference that the blocks of stone instead of being laid above should be placed beneath the surface of the ground. Peter's method of building roads was decidedly in advance of the times, and, of course in his day, was never adopted.

But Mr. Pickeral's genius as a public man shone more conspicuously in his knowledge of medicine. He was the inventor of the Universal Remedy, the virtues of which we herewith append, taken from an old paper, styled the *Sleepy Gazette*:

ADVERTISEMENT.

PETER PICKERAL'S UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public that his Universal Remedy is creating a great sensation in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the world, and is fast becoming known as the great "panacea." It immediately eradicates every ill the human flesh is heir to; lameness, deafness, blindness, and, in fact, every known disease flee before it with telegraphic speed. Old men, long afflicted with the gout, rheumatism, paralysis, etc., by placing a ten-cent bottle of the Universal Remedy in the crown of the hat, have been known in a few minutes to resume all the vivacity and sprightliness of youth. This remedy will increase the speed of horses and everything possessing motive power. It also has a surprising effect on smoky chimneys, as the following statement will show:

Mrs. Ann Blower, of Newburgh, writes to the *Sleepy Gazette* that for many years she had been troubled with a smoky chimney, so much so, that her neighbors frequently thought her house was on fire. Hearing of the Universal Remedy, she purchased four bottles of it, which she applied to the chimney according to the directions, and which in a few minutes so increased the draft, that herself and several other ladies she had invited to tea, were drawn up the flue and deposited on the roof.

This Remedy has also an astonishing effect in promoting the growth of the human hair. William Glazehead, of Glenham, writes that he was bitten by a monkey, and was so scared that his hair fell out, and he became entirely bald. He procured two gallons of the Universal Remedy, into which he dipped his head every five minutes during the day, and which so promoted the growth of his hair that it required two mowing machines in constant operation to keep it down.

This medicine has also a marvellous effect on vegetables. An old gentleman named Gruff, residing in Fishkill Hook, informs us that he planted four hills of pumpkin-seed, which he sprinkled copiously with the Universal Remedy, and in about two seconds from the time of sprinkling, the seeds sprang up and the vines grew so rapidly that he was obliged to run for his life—and notwithstanding he ran at the rate of forty miles an hour, the vines overtook him and tripped him up, and he became so imbedded in pumpkins as he lay on the ground, that it required the force of sixty men and twenty yoke of oxen for twenty days to extricate him from his perilous situation.

Persons using the Universal Remedy internally should be careful not to overdose, as many accidents have occurred from the immoderate use of the Remedy. We simply mention one case to put our friends on their guard.

The choir of the Bugletown church, wishing to improve the power of their voices, drank copiously of the Remedy before going to church on Sabbath morning; the result was, they sang so loud that they blew off the roof of the house, cracked the bell, split the organ, knocked down the sexton, and made a large portion of the audience permanently deaf.

Sold everywhere. Price, 10 cents per bottle.

PETER PICKERAL, *Proprietor*.

The Misses Pickeral having arrived at the age of womanhood, concluded to inaugurate some evening entertainments for the benefit of their neighbors and friends. What these entertainments should consist of was a question of long debate in the Pickeral household. Father Pickeral contended they should be of an elevated character. He generously offered to enlighten the society on the science of acoustics, but mother Pickeral thought that subject altogether too profound—for her part she favored blind-man's-buff. But the Misses Pickeral warmly contended that lady Pickeral was behind the times; they said that blind-man's-buff had become entirely obsolete, and was wholly discarded by the aristocracy.

It was finally agreed that the entertainment should be of a varied character, consisting of debates, music, declamations, etc. The programme being thus definitely settled, father Pickeral proceeded to

organize a society which became known by the sobriquet of the Owls, and the Misses Pickeral volunteered to superintend the other exercises.

The first meeting of the society was appointed at the home of the Pickerals, and was to be opened with a debate. Father Pickeral, in consideration of being the founder of the Owl Debating Society, was honored with furnishing the first question for discussion. Pickeral, after much grave deliberation, proposed the following elaborate question for argument: "Which animal is most useful to man, a dog or a rooster?" The question met with the unanimous approval of the society, and Mr. Pickeral was appointed to open the debate in favor of dog, and a young gentleman by the name of Chanticleer, of Long Wharf, was chosen to advocate rooster.

The evening appointed for holding the first meeting of the society arrived. The Pickeral mansion was most brilliantly illuminated. Many friends from the neighboring villages, by invitation, were present, and as a compliment to the invited guests, the officers of the society for that evening were chosen from among them. Mr. Endless Confusion, of Matteawan, was with acclamation installed as President, and Rather Moreso, Esq., of the same place, was appointed Secretary, and David Dumfounded, A.M., of Wappinger's Falls, was selected for Judge, whose duty it became to sum up and decide the question in accordance with the arguments adduced.

Mr. Confusion, in taking the chair, thanked the society for the great honor conferred upon him. The question for discussion, he said, was a very profound one. It was a question that had baffled the most astute minds of the nation for many succeeding generations. But, in the great order of events, it had been left for the Owl Debating Society to solve this question, which had for so long a time perplexed the human race. He was satisfied from the talent that would now be brought to bear on this momentous subject, that ere Phœbus should again come forth from her chambers in the east, it would be satisfactorily settled which of the two quadrupeds, the dog or the rooster, should hold the prior place in the estimation and esteem of their fellow-men. It gave him great pleasure to say, though he was not a member of the Owl Debating Society, yet he was personally, he might say intimately, acquainted with the learned gentlemen who were to open the debate. The name of Pickeral was a sufficient guarantee that the canine species

would be ably represented. As for Mr. Chanticleer, he was too old a bird to be caught napping, and would, no doubt, be found game to the last. In conclusion, he had the honor of introducing to the audience Peter Pickeral, Esq., who would now take the floor.

We regret our inability to give Mr. Pickeral's speech in full, but trust the few extracts we are able to make will prove acceptable. Mr. Pickeral, after placing the red bandana in such a position that the tip end might be constantly in view, proceeded to say that man had no firmer friend here, on this troublesome earth, than a dog. How dreary, he continued, would be life, what an aching void would be found in every human heart, if there were no dogs. Dogs, he said, were the emblems of civilization. The howls of a stray cur around our dwellings at night brought solace to every ear. When he walked or rode abroad, it was immaterial which, should he see a little dog in front of a dwelling, he knew that bliss reigned within that habitation. Should he see two dogs in front of a house, one *yaller* and one black-and-white, he knew that not only bliss but genius held sweet unison there. If he saw three dogs in front of a house, he felt a peculiar transport of joy, and longed to be an inmate of so favored a habitation. We have already, said the speaker, alluded to the fact that dogs were the emblems of civilization, in proof of which he would say that in whatever portion of the earth the foot of man had trod, be it among the burning sands of Africa, the jungles of India, or the great prairies of the West, he had been followed by his ever-faithful companion the dog, who had been his consolation in his hours of loneliness and toil. Why, Mr. President, continued the speaker, if we could penetrate this evening to the farthest verge of the ice-clad mountains of the North, and on their dizzy heights unfurl the starry flag of freedom—even there some member of the canine race would find us, who, inspired with the grandeur of the occasion, would, in tones of thunder, call on the nations of the earth to rally around the flag. [Tremendous applause.] In conclusion, the speaker urgently and affectionately enjoined on the society not to steal his dog, for he had made up his mind, come what would, blow high or blow low, though friends forsook him and fortune failed, even in the darkest hours of adversity, he should hold on to his dog. [Applause.]

To the able speech of Mr. Pickeral, Mr. Chanticleer arose to reply.

His features were rather sharp, but the general contour of his face gave signs of promise. Mr. C. commenced his address by complimenting Mr. Pickeral on his able defence of dogs. He said, since listening to the remarks of his learned friend he felt a deeper and more abiding attachment for the canine species. But, said Mr. Chanticleer, when we survey the wondrous traits of a rooster, and gaze with lustrous eyes on his gilded plumage, the dog dwindles into insignificance. Who is it, he asked, on each returning morn proclaims with terrific notes the coming of the orb of day—but the rooster?

The gentleman in the opposition, he said, had remarked how pleasant was the sound of a yelping cur at midnight; which sentiment, so full of poetry, he was happy in being able to indorse—but as for him he greatly preferred the music from the neighboring hen-roost, where the feathered songsters, through the livelong night, warbled forth their sweet libations in mellow cadence, so refreshing to the nocturnal rest of man.

What, said the speaker with an elevated voice, is a dog good for when he is dead, and here, gentlemen, he remarked, I come to the very pith of my argument. A dead dog is worthless, but a dead rooster, if fat and lately killed, is just as valuable when dead as when alive. If any gentleman of this society desires full information on this point, let him go to any of the restaurants in this village, or to those in Mat-teawan, or anywhere else for that matter, and ask the head cooks of those establishments what dish at the present time is in most demand, and the ready answer will be rooster-pie. [Great sensation.] Again, gentlemen, when fierce disease stalks rampant through the land, depopulating the earth, and lays its palsied arm on the loved ones of home; when the family physician, as is the case at such times, indulges in nods and winks, showing plainly he is perfectly at sea, knows nothing of the nature of the disease, then, in that hour of trial and gloom, if we ask what nourishment should be administered to the patient sufferer, the answer will be as ever, chicken, or what is better, rooster broth. Gentlemen, one thing you can bet high on, and that is, roosters are a great institution. The sale of them in the markets of the world, for the past thirty days, has been prodigious, and the demand, as we are credibly informed, is fearfully increasing. If any member of this society has a few old roosters to dispose of, I advise him to take advantage of the present state of the market, and am happy in being able

to say, that ready sale can be found for them in that portion of our village where your speaker has the honor to reside.

In conclusion the speaker hoped that the distinguished gentleman who occupied the judicial chair, would remember, in considering the argument, how many chicken-stews he had disposed of, and the number of roosters he had demolished—which, according to the science of ornithology, had become part and parcel of himself—and then, in view of these incontrovertible facts, decide the question by the light of science, in favor of so useful a bird—as the rooster.

Several other speakers in turn took the floor, and ventilated their views of the question. After which the judge, Mr. Dumfounded, summed up the arguments as follows :

He remarked that he had listened with great pleasure to the able remarks of the different speakers, but was forced to acknowledge from personal experience that all dogs were a humbug ; he said, when a boy he was bitten by a dog supposed to have been mad, and had felt very queer ever since ; and no later ago than last winter he had ten sheep killed by dogs, and among the number was an old buck worth at least nine dollars ; he was therefore down upon dogs, and if he could have his own way, every dog in the land would be speedily exterminated. As for roosters, they were a humbug, too. His wife, some three years ago, bought an old rooster in Fishkill Village, for the sum of thirty cents, which, after being boiled two days and two nights, was still so tough that no knife could penetrate it, nor axe indent it, and had to be rent asunder by some explosive oil, the name of which he had forgotten. He thought that that rooster must have been at least forty years old. He was therefore done with roosters. But he supposed as judge of the debate, it was his duty to decide the question somehow ; he therefore, in consideration that a dead dog was good for nothing, and a dead rooster some foolish fellow might buy, would decide the question in favor of rooster.

After recording the decision of the question by the secretary, and a vote of thanks to the various officers, the society adjourned.

We are happy in being able to say the Owl Debating Society continued its debates for many years, and left happy and good impressions on the community, and has been followed by many successful imitators both in that vicinity and elsewhere.

THE BLACK CAT OF WALL STREET.



THE Wall Street of the city of New York enjoys a wide reputation, not only as the financial centre of the new world, but as the place where the money-changers most do congregate to buy, to sell, and to get gain.

It is the place where colossal fortunes are frequently made and lost in a single day, for there the bold adventurer in stocks suddenly becomes a millionaire. And there, too, many a well-devised financial scheme has found a sepulchre, and foiled ambition, in the twinkling of an eye, has been buried out of sight. The bleached skeletons of wrecked fortunes tower up in monumental piles throughout the Wall Street of New York, and the daily turn of fate's capricious wheel keeps adding to the number.

But we turn our attention from the great moneyed mart of our continent to another Wall Street, whose history, we are happy to say, is devoid of so sad a picture.

Fishkill Hook, justly styled the garden of Dutchess County, and so long known for the intelligence and industry of its inhabitants, formerly boasted of a Wall Street; unknown though it may have been to commercial or financial fame, yet it had its history, to record which is the object of the present communication.

According to Conklin and Henry's map of the town of Fishkill, published in 1781, the Wall Street of Fishkill Hook commenced at DuBois Corners, and ran from thence southerly through Ladue City, to a cedar post on the top of Shaw's Hill, making a distance of two and a third miles. This street, we believe, has not for many years been known by its ancient name, as, according to Alfred Gruff, a writer of some prominence in those parts, we learn that the name of Wall Street, as applied to that locality, long since became obsolete.

However, as the documents in our possession abundantly show, very

many years ago, when the street, according to the boundaries set forth above, was known as Wall Street, and long before it could boast of its present aristocratic residences, its occupants awoke one morning suffering from a terrible malady, which for want of a proper name or medical term, was called the dancing hysterics. The epidemic appeared to be no respecter of persons, for throughout the entire street, young and old, bond and free, experienced the same moving sensations.

As may be supposed, the inhabitants so afflicted were greatly alarmed at the sudden and unexpected visitation. The physician of a neighboring village, who was facetiously called Dr. Strong, from the *strong* proclivity he possessed of blowing his own trumpet, was summoned in haste to allay the disease. The Doctor, who had not been troubled with a patient for nearly three months, was greatly rejoiced to learn that the epidemic was so extensive. He consequently shouldered his medicine-chest, which was a pillow-case, containing at the time about a peck of dried catnip and a few ounces of sassafras bark, and then proceeded on the "double-quick" to the relief of the distressed inhabitants.

The Doctor, on arriving within the infected district, was greatly amazed at the strange conduct of his patients, as he found them occupying the middle of the street engaged in an exercise somewhat similar to the well-known movements of the shaking quakers.

The Doctor, as he gazed on the antic movements of the populace of Wall Street, came to the conclusion that he had been grossly imposed upon, or, in other words, had been duped. He therefore commenced in a very earnest manner to expostulate with his dancing friends on the impropriety of their behavior, especially so in calling him, a professional man, to witness their childish buffoonery. But the Doctor's hearers gave but little heed to his expostulations, for they kept hopping and skipping around him, all exclaiming at the top of their voices, "Doctor, do stop us! Why don't you stop us! Can't you stop us?"

The man of herbs, believing his patients had suddenly become insane, began to belabor them with his medicine-chest, but in so doing the pillow-case burst open, scattering to the winds the catnip and sassafras bark. As the Doctor saw his treasures disappear he was so overcome at the loss that for a moment he stood paralyzed; a profuse perspiration stole over him, when, in an instant, he too was seized with

the epidemic, and commenced with alacrity to keep step with the dancing multitude.

The Doctor's attack was extremely violent, as for the next five minutes he performed the most astonishing feats in the gymnastic line. As soon as he had somewhat recovered from his terror and surprise in being so strangely handled, he cried out, "My friends, we are all bewitched, there is a conjuror among us!"

The idea that they were all bewitched threw the hysteric dancers into the wildest commotion, and caused them to step around with renewed activity. Amid the increasing excitement some one espied a large black cat quietly reposing on an adjacent wood-pile, and poor pussy was at once pronounced the author of all the mischief.

In order that our readers may fully understand why the cat was so wantonly charged as the author of the calamities which had befallen the good people of Wall Street, it will be necessary for us to say that it had long been currently reported in that vicinity that an old colored woman, named Black Bess, was a professed witch, who resided at that time on an angle of the street near Jack's Hill, and who, it is said, nightly roamed abroad on spookish errands, in the form of a black cat.

The various and wonderful doings ascribed to the old woman, when in the guise of a grimalkin, formed the subject of many a terrific tale, nightly told around the hearth-fires of those days in that vicinity, and which, if published, would make an entertaining volume.

An old gentleman by the name of Jolly, asserted that he had frequently passed the old witch's residence at a late hour of the night, and had often noticed a large black cat on the roof of the house, apparently engaged in placing bricks on the chimney.

But as Mr. Jolly frequented the tavern six nights in the week, and as often, while there, became a little jolly, he, of course, when returning homeward, doubtless travelled with a brick in his hat; it is therefore not to be wondered at if his mind at such times became a little excited or mystified on the subject of bricks.

We believe from time immemorial every community has had a scape-goat on whom was laid the responsibility of all their misfortunes. At least so it was with the community of which we write; no matter what occurred in the Wall Street of that day of an unpleasant character, the black cat was charged with being the offender.

If the good housewife's bread was heavy, the fault was attributed to the black cat. If any milk prematurely soured, the difficulty lay with the black cat. If any article in or around the house was missing, of course it had been taken by the black cat. If a young lady looked a little shy at her admirer or treated his attentions lightly, the love-sick youth, instead of blowing his brains out, vowed vengeance on the black cat. In fact the black cat was considered the author of all the mischief and difficulties which occurred throughout the street. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the afflicted populace of Wall Street should have regarded the poor grimalkin on the wood-pile as the cause of their new misfortunes.

With this view, they all vowed vengeance on the cat, and a rifle was immediately sent for, for the purpose of putting an end to poor pussy. But the sagacious Doctor contended there would be but little use in attempting to shoot the cat. A common cat, he said, had nine lives, and this witch cat had, at the least calculation, ninety and nine. But the dancing multitude determined to try the effects of the rifle on pussy, and one was accordingly procured. Knowing that nothing but a silver bullet could hit a witch, and not being provided with such an article, a silver quarter of a dollar was substituted, which was divided into four parts and placed within the gun.

An old gentleman among the crowd by the name of Shoot, who was considered a "crack-shot," was requested to take the weapon and give the cat her quietus. Mr. Shoot accordingly took the rifle, but the malady under which he was suffering prevented his holding the weapon with any degree of steadiness, for as he pointed the gun at the intended object, the muzzle played like a reed shaken by the wind. Mr. Shoot, however, blazed away, but as might have been expected, the silver messengers passed harmlessly over the head of the cat. The report of the rifle startled poor pussy from her dreamy repose, and awoke her to a sense of the danger that surrounded her, for with one bound she cleared the wood-pile, and with rapid leaps urged her way forward, taking the road over the mountains leading direct to Cold Spring, closely followed by the exasperated multitude.

As the procession approached Cold Spring, the inhabitants of that ancient borough, hearing in the distance the tramp of many feet, looked out and saw a cat followed by an immense crowd rushing fran-

tically towards their village, whereupon they hastily retired within doors, and secreted themselves under beds, sofas, and up the chimneys, where they remained passive, until such times as they thought all danger was passed.

The cat finding the press too great for her, yielded gracefully to her pursuers, who carried her back in triumph to the place of beginning. All agreed it would be folly to attempt to kill the cat, as she undoubtedly possessed ninety and nine lives. It was therefore deemed best to secure her in such a way as to deprive her of the power of committing further mischief. For this purpose a large excavation was made in Wall Street at the point where the Wiccapie road diverges, into which the cat was formally deposited and walled up, to the great joy of the inhabitants.

Remarkable as it may appear, after the imprisonment of the cat, the people of Wall Street immediately recovered from the strange malady, with which they had been so suddenly afflicted. And what is still more remarkable, the old colored woman who was considered identical with the cat, disappeared from that time, and was never heard of more. But the hut in which she had resided was, long afterwards, thought to be haunted, as strange sights were frequently seen there at night, and it became a special object of dread to the juveniles of the place. It was finally in the great storm of August 10, 1802, struck by lightning, and entirely consumed, and all associations connected with it have long since faded from the minds of the community.

Wall Street, after the exciting events related, enjoyed uninterrupted repose, freed from all unusual excitement. Its inhabitants, however, living in the vicinity of the incarcerated cat, were, in time past, frequently awakened at midnight by vociferous noises, peculiar only to the feline species. And even at the present day, as we are credibly informed, the belated traveller, in passing that locality, is frequently startled by the faint mewings of a cat.

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